Printed for H. Mosley, at the Princes Armes, in S. Church-yard.

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THE ACADEMY OF COMPLEMENTS.

WHEREIN

Ladies, Gentlewomen, Schollers, and Strangers, may accommodate their Courtly practice with gentile Ceremonies, Complemental amorous high expreſſions, and Forms of ſpeaking or writing of Letters moſt in faſhion.

A Work peruſed, exactly perfected, every where corrected and inlarged, and inriched by the Author, with Additions of many witty Poems, and pleaſant Songs.

With an Addition of a new School of Love, and a Preſent of excellent Similitudes, Compariſons, Fancies, and Devices,

The Ninth Edition, with two Tables; the one expounding the moſt hard Engliſh words, the other reſolving the moſt delightful fictions of the Heathen Poets.

London, Printed for *Humphrey Moſely*, at the Princes Armes in St. *Pauls* Church-yard. 1650.

TO THE *Ladies* and *Gentlewomen* OF ENGLAND.

IF *Cuſtome did not enforce a Complement of Dedication; yet this Book would deſire to inſinuate into the affection of Ladies and Gentlewomen; ſince it can arrive at no greater perfection of happineſs then your favour, which it moſt earneſtly deſires. Let other works covet their Patrons and Mæcenaſſes, to derive from them a golden ſprinkling of their bounty; whileſt this ſhall expreſs an ingenuitie beyond ſuch vulgar intents, and in a brave and free manner ſacrifice it ſelf to your acceptance and ſervice, deſiring onely that you would grace it with the influence of your propitious ſmiles, which carry in*

them a secret power, not onely to cherish and advance the object whereon they reflect, but also to endear it into others opinions, and make it precious in their estimations. In requital of this your favour, it shall be alwayes ready to furnish you with the best expressions of choyce complemental language; for though by nature and custome you can deliver your mindes in a smooth, and graceful manner; yet from hence, without study, or premeditation, you may command necessary Ceremonies. Besides, your Ladiships Chambermaids and waiting Gentlewomen are to be pitied; who having by their good carriage compassed Suiters, are often constrained to blush, in ignorance, for want of Complements, wherewith to answer them. Let therefore this one instance, instead of more which might be inserted, perswade your intelligible, generous dispositions, to receive this book now exactly perfected, as your devoted servant, and to honour it with your favour; which I shall esteem as an exaltation to the supremest sublunary felicity, and the highest Terrestrial happiness.

THE

The Authors Preface to the READER.

THere is no queſtion but Eloquence is a principal part in a well-qualified man; for to ſee a ſubtle and a quick wit foyled in this which is the only quality that is eminent, and adorns a man as uſeful in all occaſions, it were to be juſt like *Prometheus* Statue, fair in appearance, but without motion, wanting true Celeſtial fire: it is Eloquence which adorns our Diſcourſe, gives a grace and life to our actions, opens us the gates and doors to the beſt company, and puts us in ſuch eſteem as well-born ſpirits ought to arrive to: without this we reſemble walking Rocks, all our actions being dull and heavy, our words without effect, our conceits without fruits, and our lives diſguſted with thoſe, with whom we ordinarily aſſociate our ſelves: To this purpoſe in this little Volume feaſt thy fancy with variety of moſt eloquent expreſſions, and forms of delivering thy minde to all, from the King to perſons of the moſt inferior rank and quality; for in this laſt Edition, Let me

me tell thee that thou haſt a Cabinet, wherein the richeſt Jewels of our language are lock't up; Firſt thou haſt choyce and ſelect Complemets ſet thee down in a form, which upon an occaſion offered thou mayeſt imitate, or with a little alteration make uſe of: or thou haſt in the next place variety of ſubjects, with expreſſion to the height of eloquence penn'd to quicken thy minde upon the like object, preſented to view or fancy; thou haſt witty diſputes, amorous diſcourſes, with an addition of moſt excellent Love-Poems, Songs, complemental and moſt ſweetly harmonious, with a new School of Love, and other Fancies fitted to the taſtes of *Cupids* Gueſts: Thou haſt exquiſite Letters, ſuch as contain the Quinteſſence of that ſweetneſs our Engliſh Tongue affords at this day, as it is now refined: Then thou haſt Dedications, Superſcriptions fitted to thy own deſires, for thy uſe, upon any ſudden occaſion: Laſtly, thou haſt a Table of the hardeſt Engliſh words, with the derivations of the hardeſt words moſt requiſite, with a Key to the Poetical Fictions: In ſum, both Eloquence and Love, with their ſecrets and myſteries are made naked, and manifeſtly revealed to the weakeſt judgment; all theſe benefits are heaped upon thee by one, who is zealous for the honour of our Language; by one who be-

wayls thoſe weak Eſſayes that have been made by others to this purpoſe, and with grief viewed the former haſty and ſurreptitious editions of this Book, which now is purged and perfected to the Book-ſellers own content : read it therefore with diſcretion and deliberative conſideration, and endeavour to attain to the quality of ſuch worth that thou mayeſt learn from it to cure thy dumneſs, to diſcourſe confidently with thy friends, and aſſuredly to tender thy wit and ſervice, to thoſe thou ſhalt have occaſion to acknowledg, eſpecially in the Court, where neatneſs and curioſities of all ſorts, and principally of Speech, is to a ſyllable exactly ſtudied : I will reſolve thee (good Reader) but a doubt or two, and detain thee no longer from thy pleaſure; Firſt, thou ſeeſt not the name of the Author; if thou kneweſt the gravity of his perſon, thou mighteſt well have him excuſed. Next for thy Country objection ; That downright dealing is beſt, I anſwer, Thou mayſt ſometime be too plain in the way of thy preferment; if thou nameſt the word Diſſimulation thou erreſt, the whole Heaven: this work reliſhes, in reſpect of the ſubject, more of courteſie, unleſs it be abuſed by craft: accept it then as every way beneficial to thee, and take my wiſh with thee, that thou mayſt injoy as much pleaſure in the peruſing of it, as I had to pen, perfect, and finiſh the ſtructure of this beautiful and rarely-built *Academy*. Adieu.

Thine,

Philomuſus.

THE

THE AVTHORS EPISTLE to this new Edition.

Courteous Reader;

Having added so much, and altered so many notions in this smal Volume, (now so well filled) it cannot seem strange to thee, for to view another Epistle before such a labyrinth of new matter; wherein at the first sight, without such a Clue of thred to direct thee by, I might very well suppose that thou shouldest not onely be amazed but transported, (if not lost with wonder) so unexpectedly in these angry times to meet with such Novellaes from the Academy, *or the Court; but recollect thy minde, and then smile upon my charity, which hath endeavoured the more to enlighten thy Genius, and shew my self to thee in consideration of our late losses; which these sullen dislaureating times have occasioned, by bereaving us of so many excellent Poets; our* Sands, Davenant, *his* Suckling, Carrew, *and our late* Quarles: *Lest the Garland of the Muses*

Muſes ſhould altogether wither, I could not but preſent thee again with this ſprig, or rather more aptly compoſed Iliad of choiceſt Recreations, to imploy thy wit and behaviour in: Receive it with waſhed hands, and without a prejudicate opinion; for whatſoever thy cenſure was of it before, it was then well approved of, as this ninth Edition declares, which now carries ſo much ſtate with it, as not to ſtoop to thy Cenſure, except it be for ſome incident Errata's; my occaſions having made me a ſtranger to the City all the time it was a Printing: but if thou wilt ſtill be Critical, be withal ſo ſerious, as to conſider of the evil fate of thoſe that have ſlighted this piece, which (when moſt imperfect) deſerved better from their judgments: they have given themſelves up to traditions, or to deal more plainly with thee, have been but the Apes of Balzac: *of whoſe Letters, one in a Manuſcript* de Morbo Gallico *writes, that they are not to be toucht for fear of infection, no, not with a pair of white gloves.*

The other Idol of theſe Gentlemen, which hath ſo transformed, and made them ſtrangers to themſelves, is one de la Serre, *the Secretary now out of faſhion, a contemner of our tongue, and Engliſh method, one that hath writ very little to the purpoſe; his Tranſlator grew ſo arrogant, and was ſo ſwelled with ſuch a Lullian*

expectation

expectation that he thought ſurely that he could give his Reader the Philoſophers ſtone; for he talks of an Ars magno imo & ultima; *yet muſt take notice, that it is but onely of inditing Letters. But to paſs by theſe pictures in the Gallery, to draw a Curtain between them and their ſuperſtitious adorers, we have other Tracts and Pamphlets more alienate even in our Engliſh Common-wealth, to all Eloquence and Rhetorick,* viz. *our other Secretary of Tropes and Figures, a Packet that hath as much wit as the Poſt;* Cupid *with his blinder Meſſenger; and many other ſimplicities of our own tongue, ſtrangely humorous and phantaſtical, ſo that we need not to travail for any.*

But to be brief in my Diſcovery, generous Reader, beſides theſe collateral oppoſers of my endeavours, I have met with other down-right Delinquents; the firſt of them is baſhful, he is aſhamed forſooth to ſtep into the quaint edifice of our Academy; he will not buy it himſelf, but ſends another to procure it for him, and playes leaſt in ſight: Like a Wench that ſpreads her fingers wide before her face, that ſhe may ſee if, it were poſſible, the object more modeſtly, which otherwiſe ſhe muſt flie from: So this new eclipſ'd Gentleman that ſees, and will not ſeem to ſee, reads this Volume in his ſtudy more privately than his Prayer-book and perhaps with more

devotion

devotion, though he will not let the world know so much, for fear his phrases should grow common: it is his Diary, he looks oftner in it than on his Watch: in a word, he accounts of it as the Jewel of his practice, and the sum of his most refined conversation: This, Reader, is my publike enemy, but my secret friend.

A second, but of another form, that will be displeased, is a pretender to Wit and Language; but that's all can be said of him; to him the Fancies seem flat, the Lines are not sublime enough, the work throughout not well disposed; he would have Chimeraes in the expressions, Rodomontados in the stile; Tragical plots in the Discourses, and such lofty things as he speaks when he frights Children. But Reader, this man will not understand what he sayes himself: much less suffer others to speak or write to be understood. Away with this Gregory Nonsence to the Colledg of fools.

My third and last opposer is one that takes it very unkindly at my hands, that I should rob him of his Common-place Book; he hangs down his head, and bites his Lip for indignation; and to write seriously, 'tis a plain case, this Gallant is utterly undone, and sequestred of all; he pursued his Mistriss with such Language, writ thus, sang the same Songs, used the same Fancies, and was so happy as to win admiration from such set forms. Alas poor Gentleman! so Bares first learnt his Majesties Hocus Pocus tricks, and after printed them, and the man of Feats never appearing in his Calling again, there the Common-wealth lost a good Subject.

So be it known to thee, intelligent Reader, those of this silken Tribe must now of necessity be silent; For if any of their Marmalet-Mistrisses should catch them at their repetitions again, they may now take this Book, and turn them to the very Page and Leaf. For my part, I took this task in hand, not onely to benefit the Lay people, that never met with these Collections, but as my revenge ever lookt a

squint

a squint upon these ingrossers of Wit, that would cringe, talk, and sing for the whole company a week together, without any digested Method; yet ever still in their old Byas, troublesome and impertinent: whereas now there may be good use made of what they cast away upon every slight occasion; howsoever, let them now look quickly to it, for they are to begin the world again, and in these times Wit is a rare commodity: If I had not conceived these Gallants to be more than angry, desperate too, I had set my name, and fixed my Picture to this new Edition of Additions, it being so near finisht, that it wanted little more than rolling off from the Press: but I conceived they would Duel with my shaddow: 'Tis honour enough for me to hold this Book in defiance of such undeservers. And gentle Reader, since through the Pikes of all these oppositions, I have got into a clear field where I have found thee, give me leave to Court thee even to a studious perusal; more variety Fancy never dwelt upon, or Art ever spread before thee: Open the Leaves therefore, so as to cast a serious eye upon them, and then deliberate of what thou readest in thy minde, for I tell thee, thou mayest else soon surfet with delight: Be advised. Farewel.

Yours,

Philomusus.

Courteous Reader,

THese Books following, are Printed for *Humphrey Moseley*, and are to be sold at his shop, at the Princes Armes, in St. *Pauls* Church-yard.

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THE

THE
Academy of Complements:
OR
Pearls of Eloquence.

SIR, Your conceptions are so strong, that they transcend my ordinary imaginations.

Sir, You honour mee, as if you did erect me a thousand Statues.

Sir, You are above Fortune, which must stoop to your Honours.

Sir, Your deserts draw admiration from your very enemies.

Sir, I shall ever as really as at this hour, remain your creature.

You honour me so far, that I imagine my self to be some other thing, then I have been, which can be nothing else but your Servant.

I do repute my self happy to be valued by a person, who is able to give a true estimate of me.

Sir, Your judgment doth amaze vulgar wits, since in you alone all those perfections are found, can be sought for on earth.

Lady, Your form doth so ravish beholders, that you seem a heavenly Creature, such divine gems sparkle about you.

Sir, If you proceed to be so profuse of your treasures, mines of gold will not maintain your prodigal expences.

Good

Good Sir, give me leave to fear leſt ſome ſiniſter ſtorms of Fortune, ſtifle the early bloomings of my felicities.

Sir, The toyiſh conceits of your youth are unfit for the teſty cogitations of my age.

Sir, There is a confuſed Chaos of contrary conceits that whirls in my brains; and I am loſt in ſuch an endleſs Labyrinth, that neither choyce, nor chance can draw me out of.

Give me leave Sir, to gain that from your experience, that otherwiſe all the treaſures of the earth cannot purchaſe.

Sir, Should you continue to be thus exceſſive in your actions, the whole world would take notice of you, as the mirrour of an immoderate life.

Be not ſo inconſtant in your affections, leſt in the concluſion you prove like the Marigold, to open at the Sunſhine of proſperity, and to ſhut at the leaſt appearance of the clouds of adverſity.

Leave me Sir, whileſt I learn to deſpiſe ſuch *Gnathoes*, and beat off ſuch flattering curs with the whip of my defiance.

Theſeus, fair one, did never more triumph at his deliverance from the perillous Labyrinth, then I from the pernicious bondage of ſuch cruel beauty.

Fortune and Fate, place thee in the Palaces of their earthly felicities.

So rarely accompliſht, that it was hard to know, whether vertue or beauty, held ſupremacy in ſo rare a ſtructure.

Sir, being incenſed by your ſingular commendations, I am perſwaded to her, only to commit the chiefeſt treaſures of my life and fortunes.

Pardon my rudeneſs fair creature ſince neither love nor fortune delighteth, nor careth for them that are daſtards.

Madam,

Madam, Your are the Saint, to whose shrine I daily offer up my scalding sighes.

For your beauty, *Mistriss*, I may name you *Venus*, for your comelinesse *Pallas*, for your port and honor, *Juno*.

If I want an apologie, fair creature, let love and necessity plead for me, since they are tyed within no bounds.

Madam, You are an object beautified with the richest gifts of nature, polisht with more then terrene perfections.

Tis you alone, fair one, that have made a breach into the Bulwark of my brest, where like a gorgeous goddess you command all my powers.

Fear not, Sir, Love and Fortune favour those that are bold.

Sir, To grant you this one position, is to admit of innumerable absurdities.

Madam, It is the perfection of your exquisite person, Majestick features, and rare beauty, that kindles my desires.

Mistriss, Deceive me not, lest while I think to embrace you for *Juno*, I catch a cloud.

Madam, Take heed of using *Cupid* so crabbedly; for though he forgive and forget, *Venus* is a woman, and will seek revenge.

Sir, It is impossible that her heavenly beauty should be eclipsed with such cruelty.

Madam, Though I have fought never so valiantly under the flag of affections, yet except you crown my endeavors with a voluntary yielding, I can never prevail.

Mistriss, If you take me for frantick, blame love, which as it comes from you as the cause, so it consumes without reason.

Who

Who can degenerate, faireſt of women, or dare to entertain baſe thoughts, when he views ſo glorious an object?

Sir, I am deſirous to be ſuſpicious of thoſe felicities, I fear I ſhall not long enjoy.

I am out of love with my ſelf, that I may admire your vertues.

The charms of Magitians are frivolous to me, in reſpect of the power of your preſence.

I cannot look upon your face but I am perſwaded to reſign my ſelf up to you, as a wreath of victory.

That which blacks the *Moor*, and burns *Lybia*, hath not ſo powerful a luſtre as the beams of your beauty, which gives a brightneſs to deſire, and raiſes flames of love, pure and chaſt.

Half the Court is ingaged to your expreſſions; and thoſe whom you beſiege with your Language muſt needs acknowledg you for victorious, and yield up the fort.

Miſtriſs, Your breath is as ſweet as if you fed only on Pinks and Perfumes.

Sir, I cannot degenerate ſo far from mine own happineſs, as to forget you, to whoſe deſires alone the events of all things are ſutable.

Let me beg of you to take notice of thoſe advantages are beſtowed upon you above the reſt of men, which intitle you to that you ſo much ſeem to honor.

Sir, If in your imagination I am worthy to be eſteemed of, it muſt be your wiſdom onely which can ſet a value upon my defects.

Sir, Your Favour is the foundation of all my fortunes, on which I hope to rear a building ſhall magnifie the Founders bounty.

Sir, It is your preſence can onely diſſipate the clouds of my blackeſt melancholly.

Sir, In the midſt of all my felicities I ſhall have need

of

of you to make me happy, for without you I ſhall ever eſteem my ſelf abſolutely miſerable.

Sir, I will rather put my reputation to the adventure, then refuſe to act any thing you ſhall command me.

Sir, I have ever reflected on you, as an extraordinary perſon, & have ever paſſionately remained yours.

Sir, I am ſo taken with you, that I am even ſick at the relation of your indiſpoſition.

Sir, I ſhall not be backward in the expreſſion of your merits, ſince they do ſo exact an acknowledgment of all.

Sir, You ſhall never be able to accuſe this Tenent as erroneous, ſince I have never falſified my ſelf to you; but have ever thought my ſelf perfectly happy, to be reputed yours.

Be careful fair one, leſt being led captive by ſecurity, your minde float in the ſurging ſeas of idle conceits, whileſt the gales of voluptuous pleaſures, or the ſtifling ſtorms of unbridled fancy, with raging blaſts make a ſhipwrak of your beauty.

Sir, I will endeavour hereafter to encounter your graces and courteſies with an unwearied conſtancy in the ways of vertue.

Sir, I will endeavour to countervail much pains with a Princely liberty.

Sir, The trumpet of your Royal fame hath moved us, who are but ſubjects of your generous liberality, with all humility to entertain ſuch noble and heroick favours caſt upon us poor creatures, moſt unworthy of the leaſt of ſuch benefits.

Madam, There is no object can allure my wavering eyes, as your *Venus*-like beauty.

Madam, The force of your beauty hath overpowred the weakneſs of my fancy, ſince the exquiſite perfections of your vertues are charactered in my breſt.

Madam

Madam, Were you as wise as *Minerva*, or as gorgeous as *Juno*; yet the accounts of your beauty being cast up, the gains of his affection might be put in the eyes of your lover.

Coy one, what happiness insued the chastity of *Penelope*, nay rather what miseries pursued not the vertues of a *Lucretia*? how wretched are they then that deal with *Venus*, or *Diana*, that can so easily transform men into beasts?

Blame me not, fair one, though my fixed fancies once abused turn into a fury.

By those smiles of your beauty, your creature that before was plunged into a perplexity, is now placed in the height of earthly felicities.

Mistris, Pardon my rudeness for troubling thus rashly your musing meditations.

Certainly, *Madam*, if the gods, as Poets say, made beauty, they skipt beyond their skill, since they framed it of greater force then they themselves were able to resist.

Fair one, let the showers of your mercy mitigate the fires of my fancy.

Cruel one, if love be onely remedied by love, if fancy by mutual affection, give me leave at least to appeal to your grace and favour, and at the bar of your beauty, suffer your servant to lift up his hands in an expectation of mercy, though his life by your rigor be sentenced to death.

Fairest, it is impossible to perswade me to break the league I made with my fancies.

Sir, I am a mortal foe to affection, and now to vow my service to *Venus*, is impossible, since I have already addicted my self to *Diana*.

Sir, Whosoever readeth the records of the faithless protestations of men, their perjured promises, & feigned loves, cannot but view a poor *Ariadne* abused, a

Medea

Medea mockt, and a *Dido* deceived.

Fair one, your vertue and beauty by a stronger power then that of fate or fortune is deeply shrined in my heart.

Be pleased at last, fair beauty, to accept me for your slave and servant, and to admit me into your favour, as that I may feel & enjoy the sight of your sweet face, and feed my fancy in the contemplation of your perfections.

Fairest, if my deep desires merit no more from you, then I have no other choyce but to dye desperately, or to live miserably.

Madam, There is a civil assault within me, by which I feel a certain restraint of my own liberty and affections.

It is impossible, fairest of women, for any one to view your features, and not to be fettered with the power of your vertuous qualities.

Mistris, I feel such an alienation of my senses, such a metamorphosis of my minde; that it is impossible for me to become any other then a servile slave to fancy.

How can *I* fear to enter into a parley with *Cupids* fairest creature, since there is such hopes left of victory by the happy presage of your auspicuous smiles at the beginning of our loves conflict?

Sir, If I may continue to share in your favours, there shall not any under the Canopy of Heaven be more proud of their good fortunes then my self, who really am your most affectionate servant.

Sir, It is for the good of the world that you enjoy your vigorous health, since you are ordained for the service of Kings, and conduct of people.

Sir, I will reserve to speak of vertue, till your great works come to light.

Sir, That which others call vertue is the natural habitude of your worthy person.

Suppose

Suppoſe not I uſe the Court language, when I aſſure you I am more then any man living, Sir, your moſt humble Servant.

Sir, When I forget to confeſs my ſelf yours, you may juſtly ſuppoſe I ſuffer a perpetual ſilence, ſince whileſt I have a tongue, I proteſt my ſelf to be your affectionate ſervant.

Sir, I will make uſe of all occaſions, to teſtifie how paſſionately I am yours.

Sir, There is no other thing remaining for me, but onely the glory of humility and obedience.

I ſhould ſhew my ſelf inſenſible of rarities, were I not amazed with the curioſity of your beauty.

Sir, Your Heroical qualities ſhine forth in you, as bright as day.

Madam, They that do undervalue the comelineſs of your perſon, dare rob Nature, and bereave Lillies of their beauty, as the Criſtal of his clearneſs.

Sir, The vertues of our fore-fathers are to be eſteemed as vices in compariſon of yours.

Extremities are in other things reproveable, in this laudable, ſince they force me to confeſs my ſelf yours.

Sir, You are never ſo excellent a Poet, as when you ſpeak of me, ſince you have Art to invent new Fables.

Sir, Thoſe fine words, and quaint diſcourſes with which your Ladies are delighted, iſſue from their mouthes, as a pure and innocent breath perfumed with kiſſes.

Sir, You go through all employments with as good fortune, as noble reſolutions; neither can there be any thing above your ſpirit, ſince all things ſtoop to do you honour.

Who can diſtil ſleep into the eyes of Lovers, whoſe cares break forth with the morning light?

Love, Art thou but a vain name, and no eſſential thing, that haſt thus left thy profeſſed ſervant, when he hath

hath moſt need of thy reviving preſence? what is Muſick to me, but a doleful voyce, accompanied with the various diſcord of my ſighes?

O Love, Wilt thou, now at laſt, offer me Phyſick, which art my onely poyſon; wilt thou do me ſervice, which long ſince haſt brought me into eternal ſlaverie?

How long ſhall my languiſhing ſickneſs wait upon the triumphs of my paſſions?

At laſt, O fair one, caſt the eyes of thy reſplendent preſence on thy abject creature, that by the brightneſs of thoſe raies, his baſeneſs may be turned into a moſt high, and through thy perfections, a moſt happy preferment; for being thus diſconſolate, by the frowns of thy rigour, how ſoon maiſt thou raze down that Temple, which at firſt was built by the refulgent ſmiles of thy beauty?

From whence can theſe neceſſities proceed, that love hath laid upon me, moſt incomparable *Lady*? are they by your commandement, or is it by a power from your excellency, that *Cupid* hath ſuch a command over mortals: of a certain it is from you, whoſe fair aſpect, accompanied with ſo imperious a Majeſty, vanquiſheth me, by him, ſo far to reſign the happineſs of my former liberty, as that I muſt now confeſs my ſelf to be your ſlave, if you think me unworthy of the name of your priſoner.

Cruel one, how long can I make an oſtentation of my felicity, when the concluſion, even the laſt Scene of my Tragedy, with horrour preſents it ſelf to thine eyes? Can death and diſſimulation meet at the inſtant when I leave the world, and my dying proteſtations with thee: that for thee alone I forſook this earth, to be more kindly uſed there, where I ſhall certainly be eaſed of theſe ſorrows? if there be a *Leander*, a *Piramus*, or a ſociety of abuſed Lovers.

If thou art fair, is it to preſent thee too cruel? if thou canſt command affections, wilt thou therefore captivate them? to be beautiful and yet terrible are things incompetible, things that imply contradiction; yet even againſt the laws of nature thou deſtroyeſt nature, and where thou maieſt raiſe thee ſtructures to thy perpetual honours, thou ruin'ſt them.

Moſt certain it is, fair creature, thy love may make me ſacrifice my life at thy feet, and I may puniſh that body which hath ſo unjuſtly wounded my once free and ſerene minde: but alas, wherein canſt thou glory? not in thy beauty, for that will vail it ſelf at ſo black an act: not in my ruines, for they will purſue thee with ſome direful revenge: bluſh then thou fair one, ſince to be coy is to be cruel; to be cruel, is to alter the property of what thou art, beautiful.

Faireſt, be no longer ſo great an enemy to my deſires, as to impriſon them in ſilence.

I cannot expreſs the leaſt diſobedience to your commands, but rather hope my paſt diſpleaſures may deſerve pity, if not my future ſervices a reward.

Ponder my merits in the balance of your mercy, that the unworthineſs of my deſerts, by the fair ſufferance of your goodneſs, may procure your gracious reſpects in my behalf.

It is a ſin to ſuſpect ſuch vertue which glories to arm it ſelf againſt all deceits.

Fair one, you have a wit which delights not to judg it ſelf, and a beauty that glories to condemn others; reconcile your beauty to your wit, that the uſe of the one may reſtrain the abuſe of the other, whileſt we your ſervants live to admire your perfections, and you your ſelf ſurvive to perfect your vertues.

Fair one, what unremoveable ſuitor eclipſes your affection from ſhining on your devoted, and moſt conſtant ſervant?

Per-

Perfection of my desires, with one determinate answer, bless me with happiness, or silence my so long continued suit.

That my desires to enjoy you, are more then to live, proceeds from the effects of my affection, the efficient cause being your excessive beauty.

Madam, The eyes of a ravished Lover, cannot but have vertues aid so ready in himself, as alwaies to bewail the loss of a vertuous constancy in others, since such a loss, by his own affections, is ever placed in the very face of his memory.

By the memory of our fore-past affection, by the oathes of our yet continued love, by whatsoever is vertuous, credit me.

Can you, Sir, wear a *Marses* heart in a *Cupids* body, since the eyes of all spectators, judge you fitter for the pleasures of the Court, than the tents of War?

In him, it seems, Nature was not mistaken, since whatsoever was in mankinde, was in him to the uttermost.

Sir, It is a degree above humanity, and therefore requires the admiration of your friends, that your wit should so far out-go your age.

Is it not strange, O thou cruell'st of women, that those eyes of thine should strike him with terror, who stands unmoved with the sight of the most horrible countenances of death?

Sir, I am most infinitely bound to you, for this so rare and noble a courtesie.

It is you, and none but you which I am bound to love: and therefore, though I am presented with a likeness of your beauty, yet likeness of another cannot make the same essence of your person, much less can dissolve your commandements of my service.

The very image of your countenance, and outward expressions of your behaviour, are sutable to the ver-

tuous resolutions of your minde.

Faireſt, Grant me this happineſs, to have my poor affections raiſed to the honour of waiting upon your commands.

Violence of love, leads me into this diſcourſe, in which I am not ſo unfortunate, as full of deſires to be more happy.

Armies of objections riſe up againſt my accepted opinion.

Sir, Though I were to paſſe through all the ſplendors of the world, and frame them all to blazon forth your worth, my pen could never reach you.

Sir, Nature in you hath laid deep foundations, in reſpect of your qualities, both of minde and body, in both which ſhe hath made no promiſe of any mediocrity, by the diſtribution of which rare perfections ſhe hath rendred you lovely to the world, and fit for the ſervice of the greateſt Monarchs.

Sir, Your imagination, which you ſpeak in ſuch high terms, cannot but move me to believe great improbabilities.

Sir, How happy ſhould I account my ſelf, were the Characters of your vertues imprinted in my breaſt, by a more continued acquaintance?

Sir, No imaginary jealouſies ſhall deliver me from mine inclination to that goodneſs, to which I have alwaies had an extraordinary propenſion, by your royal example.

Sir, I have an intereſt in your proſperity, ſo far, that I will complain of Fortune, ſo you have an occaſion to commend her.

Worthy Sir, You know your ſelf too well, to ſuſpect me of flattery.

Vertue and Eloquence are beſtowed upon you, to make you be amongſt men as immortal.

Sir, I could n ot have the ambition to ſuppoſe that there

there could be any room left for you to entertain a man of ſo many imperfections as my ſelf.

The contemplation of your vertues amazeth me.

Sir, I finde in you whatſoever may give a reputation to the Courts of Princes.

Sir, I am reſerved for your ſake, that nothing might be wanting to your glory.

Sir, You are the man whom the neceſſities of the State require.

Opportunities would wax old, ſhould I neglect this preſent to ſerve you.

All ſpirits would prove favourable to you, ſince you have convinced them by your merits.

Your generous diſpoſition hath permitted me a longer audience then your affaires could wel permit.

Worthy Sir, Reflect upon your creature, with the bright beames of your generous diſpoſition.

I cannot allot more moderate limits to my ambition, or wiſh my ſelf a greater happineſs then to do you ſervice.

Your heroick acts, ſucceeding Hiſtorians ſhall crown with Lawrels.

Sir, For your ſake I will undergo the infelicities of cruel fortune.

Sir, there is no happineſs on earth but is included in your ſelf, or in what concerns you.

Sir, Your goodneſs doth bereave me of a voyce to expreſſe your vertues.

You cannot blame me though I hate ingratitude, ſince even beaſts are capable of acknowledgment.

Sir, If you withdraw from me your preſence, you overthrow all the honour you have hitherto acquired for me.

Sir, I ſhall fall ſick, for want of a capacity to digeſt your favours.

Sir, Whatſoever you undertake, permit nothing to

your ſpirit which may wound your reputation.

Sir, Of all men I dare free you from this crime, of violating the chaſtity of language.

Sir, I owe too much honour, to the memory of our fore-paſt acquaintance, to diſpleaſe you.

Sir, For your ſake, at the ſame time, I both enjoy pleaſure, and endure pain.

Sir, I muſt beg of you hereafter, to have a greater care of my modeſty, ſince you enforce me, either to loſe it, or not to believe you.

Sir, The whole Court is ſenſible of ſuffering your name to fall to the ground.

Sir, I am ſo far from hiding my own defects, that I acknowledg there is none ſo imperfect as my ſelf: neither can any man arrive to perfection, except he be adorned with thoſe abilities, whereof I am utterly ignorant.

Sir, I have neither power nor ability left me, but only to expreſs, I am yours.

Sir, You have anticipated me of all Rhetorick, either of being complemental, or returning you commendations for your worthy favours.

Sir, Inſtead of requital of thoſe vowes you offer me, I am put to a ſtand what to anſwer you.

Miſtriſs, I deſire to paſs my life in the pleaſing dreams of your perfections.

Your Courtly voice is like an Oracle, either to approve or condemn me.

Sir, I am none of thoſe, who ſlight the benefits are ſhowred upon them.

Sir, I cannot light upon that accent, wherewith I might authorize my own follies.

All my thoughts are your real inſpirations.

I have no ſervile dependencie, but upon your conceptions, I move by your directions.

In matters of Eloquence you ſeek out ſingularities, hitherto unknown to any.

From

From the first minute of my acquaintance, I made haste, as I shall ever, to acknowledg my self your most humble servant.

Sir, I entertain these passions, to the end that you may appease them.

Madam, If you still persevere to dote thus on your beauty, the time will come when your face will scare you more than the Judg doth a Felon.

Sir, I have quitted all complacency, and there is no meanes shall make me silent.

Faireſt, There is no part of the world so remote, whither my curiosity in your search shall not carry me.

Lady, The moral of my affection, is to instruct you to make use of your youth; and to gather Nose-gaies, before the Roses wither: for be confident, when you have no further attractions than an eloquent tongue, no man will seek for them in the furrows of your face; and you shall only be left to bewayl the ruines of your beauty.

Sir, Suffer your self to be convinced by reason, since you cannot resist the same, but to your disadvantage.

Sir, You must excuse me, since I know not in what manner to suffer so wounding a displeasure.

Sir, All the water in the Sea can never purifie me from this offence.

Lady, You have no more beauty then will serve to excuse you from being extreamly ugly.

Sir, If you grant me this favour, you shall elevate me to a more soveraign fortune than the State of Kings.

Sir, It were as great a crime to be ignorant of the diversions that attend you, as not to be acquainted with the great affluence of noble company daily repairing to visit you.

Mistris, In my most solitary walks it shall be my

ambition to presume onely to revolve you in my most secret cogitations.

Sir, In you alone I must commend the commencements of all vertue.

In all shapes, and under the most dreadful aspects that can appear, I am yours.

To return you complements for such excellent favours, were to undervalue their worth, since my language is too poor, and unable to lend me wherewith to pay you.

I fear I shall be indebted to you all my life, for the favours I have received of you.

It is the height of my desires to be passionately, as I am, your most faithful servant.

My passions cannot so far transport me, but that I shall remain as I have ever been, yours.

Sir, I intend to commence any real War against you, for I acknowledg my choler to be artificial, which I am readie to lay down at your pleasure.

Fair Creature, Painters and Stage-players are not guilty of those murthers which the darts of your eyes do most cruelly commit.

I am not so curious as to condemn the whole multitude, which have lost themselves in the admiration of your vertues.

I will dilate my self no further in my expressions, lest I dishonour your goodness with my undervaluing praises.

Sir, Mine eloquence will come too late, since there is no precept in all humane wisdom, which hath not presented it self to your view.

Sir, The consolation I have next to the assurance I have of my innocency, is the libertie I enjoy to professe my self yours.

The principal object of my intentions, hath ever been the glory of your name.

Sir,

Sir, I do profeſs my ſelf yours, with all thoſe proteſtations, which are able to make truth appear inviolable.

Sir, I proſtrate all my preſumption at your feet, and ſhall deſpair of being happy, if not reputed yours.

Sir, I can no longer conceal my thoughts, ſince you have an intereſt both in me and them.

I never gave you viſit, which cured me not of ſome paſſion.

How often with your golden Eloquence, have you taken me out of my ſelf?

You alone can conduct me to the higheſt pitch of accidental perfection.

The beams of your eminent vertues, have diſcovered to me mine own imperfections.

Inſtead of all thoſe high expreſſions you have beſtowed upon me, I muſt onely anſwer you, That I am your humble ſervant.

Sir, There can be no acknowledgment that I can make, can be anſwerable to the obligations I owe to your honour.

Sir, You miſtake my diſpoſition, if you ſuppoſe I affect praiſes, with the like intemperance, as I do perfumes.

Sir, Should I forfeit ſuch occaſions, my friendſhip would never appear, but remain as a Recluſe.

Sir, The World would end, and Nature prove imperfect, if there were not ſuch men to maintain her honours.

Continue to expreſs your ſelf what you are, that your vertue may be its own recorder.

Faireſt, My thoughts are not ſo often here, as where you are.

Time which preſcribes limits to all things, pre-

ſerve your beauty to the worlds end.

The Phyſitians have not ſo far exhauſted me, but that there are ſome drops of bloud left, to beſtow in part of your honours ſervice.

Madam, Put on thoſe rayes of your beauty, that it may bud again with the next Roſes.

I confeſs I was never more aſtoniſhed, then to finde ſuch an equipage of ſorrow about you.

Sir, You are adorned with all the excellent qualities that Art and Nature can beſtow, for the commanding of men.

Sir, There is not one part of your body, whereof another is not Maſter.

Sir, It is not in my power to diſpoſe of one ſingle hair, ſince I am all yours.

Madam, You draw the eyes of all to admire you, ſince you are as a fair proſpect, adorned with all pleaſures, to allure the beholders.

You are the Cabinet, in which Nature hath lock't all her miracles.

Though I receive injuries from you, it ſhall be my humility not to take notice of them.

Sir, I would viſit thoſe parts of the world, which avarice it ſelf hath not yet found out, rather then loſe your ſociety.

Sir, It is impoſſible for me to conceal my ſenſibilities.

Sir, What violence ſoever I offer to my anger, I can no longer contain it.

Sir, You do ſo heap your favours on me, that you will not ſo much as ſuffer me to ſeem miſerable.

Sir, Your innocent actions carry their warrant with them.

Sir, You do not ſo much expreſs your wit, as your Tyranny, in inflicting ſuch torments on me.

Sir, Be not confident, leſt he whom you have ſo often

ten injured, do at laſt grow wearie of his ſufferings.

You are the man with whom alone I deſire to paſs the moſt pleaſant hours of my life.

Sir, If you pretend excuſes for ſo poor a trifle, know, I am no longer your affectionate ſervant.

Sir, I ſhall hold my eloquence as pernicious as the perfections of a Courtezan, ſhould it prove any cauſe of your quarrels.

You uſurp a more abſolute authority over wits, than is lawful or reaſonable.

You ſmell too much of your Muſk and Amber, to expreſs your ſelf ſerious in the waight of affaires.

Sir, My conceptions are popular, and to be intelligible among women.

Your conceits are too far fetch'd, and they tranſcend the ſubject on which you beſtow them.

Faireſt, Let me raviſh a kiſs from your hand.

Sir, My affections ſpring not from the diſeaſes and diſtempers of my ſoul; ſince my inclinations to ſerve you, have their original from immortal reaſon.

Miſtriſs, You have a power to infuſe love and fidelity into the hearts of Barbarians.

You cannot beſtow favours amiſs on him who hath ſearcht the ſecrets of nature, and the depth of Philoſophy, that he might not appear to be ingrateful.

Sir, You muſt give me leave to admire your judgment, which appears to be far more excellent than your fortunes.

Sir, Let me not ſeem to incur a crime, ſince I am forced to extol your generous liberality.

Sir, You vary your ſhape, and change your perfumes according to the diverſity of ſeaſons.

Let it pleaſe you out of your nobleneſs, to afford me to be your graces moſt obedient and faithful ſervant.

Sir,

Sir, You have all those excellent qualities that are necessary in a Prince.

Sir, I measure the necessities and fatalities of this world by your contentments, or discomforts.

Sir, In this exigence of my fortunes I am forc'd to admire your vertues; since you still set so high a value on your creature, who is lost to all men but to your self.

Sir, your goodness is as unlimitable, as the desire I have to serve you.

Sir, In you are comprehended all the riches that Nature bestows on her most glorious creatures.

Sir, I speak this seriously, with my best sence; you may reduce me to any form.

All, who have either eyes or spirits, must place them on so deserving an object.

Fairest, Cast one glance of pitty on me, lest you deprive me of all conceits of mercy, with the terrible aspect of your eyes; which are to me the Ambassadours of life or death.

Sir, you are the embleme of terrour, and your furious looks are able to consume a woman.

Lift me not so high with your favours, lest you do but fit me for a precipice, and I behold my descent with a greater terrour.

Fairest, Let not your heavenly beauty, seated in its royal Majesty, draw forth the sword of disdain, to the ruine of your creature.

Fairest Creature, Since I am the pattern of all ill-fortunes, by the force of your affection, free me from all the miseries that oppress me.

You hit my inclinations, since to recompence such vertues, were a work most worthy of all generous spirits.

Sir, Your refusal to the title of eloquent, proves your modesty to be most unjust; since your tongue

long

long ſince did bereave you of all excuſes.

Sir, I dare not enter the liſts with you, in reſpect of your elegancies of ſpeech; for when I would become moſt perſwaſive in my language, I appear moſt barbarous in my expreſſions.

All your Rhetorical arguments are but like blue flowers amongſt the corn; which though they may ſeem pleaſant to the eye, prove moſt unwholſom to the body.

Sir, I ſhall alwaies acknowledg the moſt artificial language to be like Gentlewomen adorned with Rubies and Diamonds, which gliſter upon her garments, whileſt ſhe her ſelf wants the eyes of her body, and of her minde.

Fair one, Can I pervert the powers of the Planets, or reſiſt the force of the Stars? you may then conclude, I can then repel theſe affections.

I am yours, *Sir*, and will be yours in deſpight of Fates, and fortunes.

Madam, Your excellent qualities, and exquiſite vertues have ſo aſſaulted the Fort of my fancy, that I muſt of neceſſity reſign my ſelf up to you, as a trophy of your victories.

Miſtriſs, Since *Cupid* doth ſo fitly favour the cauſes of his Clients, let us not ſlip ſo happy an opportunity.

Madam, If the wiſhes of a poor mortal may be heard above, I queſtion not but heaven with felicities will crown your Royal deſerts.

Madam, Though I have not hitherto by dutiful ſervices made manifeſt the loyalty of my heart; yet ſince I firſt framed in my fancy, as in a mirrour, the ſhape of your ſurpaſſing beauty, with all humility I have caſt my ſelf and fortunes at your Royal feet.

Faireſt,

Faireſt, There is none upon earth doth with a more loving duty, reverence your perſon and vertues than I do.

Madam, In conſideration of my poor fortunes, let my affection appear ſo much the more excuſable, ſince I ſo far eſteem of your divine beauty and exquiſite vertue, as I would think my ſelf moſt unworthy, though I were Prince of the world, to poſſeſs your heavenly perfections, in reſpect of any of my own native honours.

Sir, I have learnt to know that it is the religion of Lovers, to ſwear and forſwear.

Madam, The parching heat of Summer makes the cool ſhades more pleaſant; and the frowns of Lovers make their ſmiles more delightful and cheerful.

Miſtriſs, I muſt never hope ſo entirely to love, as with my affections to requite your loyalty.

Sir, She which builds her fancy upon fading ſubjects, tyes her honour to the unconſtant wheel of fortune.

Faireſt, As a pledg of my proteſtations, you ſhall have both my heart and hand to be yours in duſt and aſhes.

Sir, You have a heart as large as the Sea, which contains in it a capacity of all the ornaments that uſe to dignifie Princes.

Strive not, *Sir*, to bereave me of the reputation of my honour, leſt thoſe that ſhall ſucceed me hereafter, read my infamy upon my Tomb.

Madam, The beames of your Sun-like beauty with their lively luſtre and ſparkling flames, dazle the eyes of your amazed lovers.

Madam, In the ſhady darkneſs of this Arbour, you ſeem like a heaven enameled with an infinite number of Stars.

Having diſpoſed ſo many affections to do you ſervice,

vice, fear it not, faireſt, your ſervant muſt of neceſſity viſit you.

Fair one, whileſt mortals enjoy your heavenly beauty, the luſtre of your reſplendent eyes, ſhall as the day light ſerve them for the diſpatch of their affairs.

Sir, I cannot be inſenſible of your miſeries, ſince the web of our deſtinies hath paſſed us both through the like misfortunes.

Sir, I am real, and uſe not to entertain my friends with dreams and illuſions.

Sir, This your inhumane uſage of your creature, ſhall never ſeem ſtrange to me, ſince the moſt fervent affections of the world, often-times degenerate into the vehementeſt enmities.

Sir, We equally ſhare of one anothers diſcontents, and diſſolve our hearts together, as one would melt one piece of wax into another.

Faireſt, thoſe eminent qualities, which nature, as a dowry, hath beſtowed upon you, like flowers ſpread themſelves forth by the rayes of your bright beauty, cauſing thoſe courtſhips, ſervices, and admirations which ſo ſweetly adorn you.

Miſtriſs, Ladies of honour to expreſs the ſincerity of their affections, have breathed forth their lives on the Tombes of their deceaſed Lovers.

Madam, If I am conſumed by the fires of *Cupid*, blame me not, ſince your eyes enkindled the flames of my affections.

Madam, Exerciſe not the extreamity of your rigour upon him that ſuffers ſuch miſeries, under the falſe title and quality of an offender.

Know fair creature, that ſuch a bright day may at laſt enlighten my innocency, when revengeful lovers ſhall ſearch into my aſhes, to finde out truth there buried.

Sir,

Sir, Theſe glorious progreſſions of your vertue will at laſt mount you to the higheſt pitch of admiration.

Madam, Shut not up theſe eyes from the light of your beauty, leſt they be perpetually open'd to tears.

Madam, It is impoſſible you ſhould ever draw to you a reputation of honour, ſigned with the effuſion of my blood.

Madam, There are thoſe will deplore my aſhes, and ſtrew ſome ſilly flowers on the place, impreſſed with the prints of your puniſhments.

Fair one, When my ſoul ſhall be ſeparated from my body, it ſhall every where wait on your purified ſpirit, as the ſhadow of it.

Madam, If you ſhould pleaſe to condemn me to darkneſs, by the eclipſing of the divine light of your beauty, yet I deſpair not; but that at laſt from the ſphere of your ſplendors due to my merits, you will vouchſafe the rayes of your clemency, to enlighten the duskie nights of my miſeries and misfortunes.

Fair on, Though death may ſeparate our lives, yet love ſhall unite our aſhes, and we ſhall preſerve the immortality of our affections, by the immortality of our ſouls.

Madam, Seated thus on your fair pavilion, you appear like reſplendent day, in the attires of a Majeſty, abſolutely royal.

Madam, Your goodly ſtature, well proportioned body, the bright colour of your face, the lively port and grave carriage of your perſon, all theſe ſpeak you to be a regal branch, ſprung from ſome Royal ſtem.

Fair one, Your hair negligently diſchevel'd, and careleſs attire grace forth your beauty, which ſhines in the midſt of ſo many obſtacles, as the Sun in a winters day.

Fair Creature, Caſt not thoſe eyes down, neither

colour

colour your face with thoſe modeſt bluſhes, ſince it would appear moſt admirable, that your vertues ſhould finde fetters in a place where they expect Crowns.

Sir, I deſire to end my dayes on the Theater of Kings in their glorious ſervices.

Madam, Heaven hath created me ſuch an one, as you ſee full of good will, though of ſlender fortunes and means.

Sir, We have continually lived together as one ſoul divided into two bodies, and ſince our amities have taken root in a mutual temperance, and correſpondency of humours, we have maintained in us a continual familiarity, which neither death nor hell can ever have power to ſeperate.

Faireſt, Our breaſts ſhall be ever interchangeably tranſparent.

Fair one, Diſſimulation or contradiction cannot approach the ſincerity of our loves.

Faireſt, Let me embrace you with the openneſs of my heart, and the profuſion of my love, that our ſouls may evaporate themſelves into one another.

Sir, Your favours create me again, and give me a new being.

Sir, I ſhall never pretend any right to any honour in the world, but only to obey your commands.

Miſtriſs, The grace of ſpeech dwels on your fair lips.

Sir, Hereafter ages ſhall take Palms and Lawrels to crown the reliques of your honour'd aſhes.

Faireſt, Theſe eyes of mine, are but emblems of tears mixt with love.

Madam, Spread not that Cypreſs vail o're your face, leſt you benight your beauty, and darken the bright raies of that which makes our day.

Madam, Your beauty is a divinity left on earth to be known and beloved of mortals.

Deſcription of Beauty.

BEauty is natures Ivy buſh.

It is her beauty only creates her Queen; 'tis that which adds a commanding power to every ſyllable.

Glory not too much in the prerogative of Nature; ſeeing ſhe hath made thee man, make not thy ſelf a woman.

Your beauty is a Tyrant of a ſhort raign, you can not call it your own; for you can neither give it, nor preſerve it long.

Beauty is the Conquereſs of man, never to be ſatisfied with the rayes of her cryſtal-painted eyes.

A feature that excels all mortal ſence.

Such a one, that when ſhe lay naked, his eyes did carve him out a feaſt of Love.

Her body doth preſent thoſe fields of peace that Poets ſing of in Elizium.

She lay like eclipſed *Cynthia*, ſweetly canopied with darkneſs, till he drew the curtains of Love.

Had *Paris* ſeen her naked, he had ſlighted his *Nell* of *Greece* for her.

Trimming her Beauty forth with bluſhing bravery, with the wonders of her Beauty mortal eyes are never to be ſatisfied, as if ſhe were made only for admiration, to be adored of men, or win grace from Heaven.

A complexion as clear as the Skie.

Beauty is the image of the Creator, and the Rhetorick of Heaven.

The

THE
Academy of Complements.

Choice and fair Flowers, ſelected out of the Garden of Eloquence, to adorn our Language with variety of expreſſions, upon ſeveral occaſions.

Upon his abſence.

I Shall no longer eſteem my ſelf abſent from you, whileſt I hold any room in your heart and memorie.

Let thoſe dul clods of earth, not yet informed with true Promethian-fire, meaſure affections by their Miles of Acres; we whoſe ſouls are caſt in a more pure mould, by a moſt ſubtile penetration and tranſfuſion of hearts, enjoy a ſecure freedom in one anothers wiſhes, and in the greateſt diſtance, are cheriſhed with a vertual contiguity.

It is a bruitiſh love, and wants the quickning fire of reaſon, that can by circumſtances be intermitted; the more extracted flames of our affections ſhall like more glorious Pyramids burn bright and clear, and light our ſouls, though thus ſeemingly disjoynted, to our daily mutual embracements.

Let not my remoteneſs change your purpoſes, more then it ſhakes the reſolution I have made, to live, yours.

Proteſtations of Love.

IT is as impoſſible for me not to love you, as it is for the Sun to forget his ordinary courſe.

So am I raviſhed with your beauty, that it will prove harder for me to forget you, than it would prove diffi-

difficult to reſolve for death: andknow for a certain, that I ſhall ſtill be rather content, and diſpoſed to conſent to the hatred of my ſelf, than to the love of any other object, but you.

Your ſight may be forbidden me, and you may hinder me from ſpeaking to you, but not to have the effigies of your divine beauty imprinted in my heart: and not to love and ſerve you, it is a thing, not onely out of your power, but mine alſo; for I am to you as an accident, ſo inſeparable, that you cannot be without me.

Upon her beauty.

I Should have thought I had too much failed in ſo much duty, had I not directed it to ſo fair a mark; but the favour of your affections is that to which I ſacrifice my beſt endeavours.

Vanquiſhed by your beauty, I have yielded up the arms of my liberty and freedom, under your obedience.

Nothing ſhall take from my heart, but death it ſelf, the fair Image of your divine beauty.

Death it ſelf ſhall here ſtand vaſſal, and homage pay to your more powerful darts; when every quickning glance from you ſhall add new life, as he deſtroyes the old.

In admiration of her goodneſs.

IT is your goodneſs that hath ſupplied my ſmall merit; which could not have dared to promiſe me the favours you can afford me.

The goodneſs of your ſoul is ſo clear and bright, that ſin dares not approach too neer, for fear of diſcovering its own deformity.

You need not ſeek for your inheritance, when the rich evidence of your vertue entitles you to heaven.

I wonder not to ſee ſo many bankrupts in goodneſs, when I finde the ſtock of vertue reſts alone in you.

This

Theſe Noble favours may quicken my endeavours, but never create a deſert in me; they are ſo much beyond my all.

On her leaving him.

LOvers in deſpight of abſcence, loſe not the remembrance of their Loves: they are as the Flowers; which, though trod on, do reſume their luſtre at the Suns approach.

Although thou goeſt away, yet we cannot part.

Here in my heart thou ſtill remaineſt, yet I muſt ſhed ſome tears, which like the morning dew, or April ſhowers, ſhall make the ſpring-tide of our Loves (though by this winter cover'd) grow freſh and green again.

To forſake me, when your company is deareſt to me, is no ſigne of true friendſhip, which parts not at death it ſelf, ſince love remains for ever.

Take pity on all thoſe bloody ſorrows, which the apprehenſion of your abſence makes me already ſo miſerably to feel.

To accuſe in a Letter.

IT is better to love with ſeverity, then to deceive with ſweetneſs.

I expected a Cordial, but I received a Corraſive, your bitter-ſweet was unequally tempered; and in your Pils, though ſuggar'd over, I found an unwelcom operation. I received thy Letter, but—— I muſt chide thee (ſweet;) another cloſe from thy fair hand, will make me ſurfeit; you frown'd when laſt we parted, and by that cloud you bid me expect a ſtorm: it is a double bliſs, thus ſweetly to be deceived: you frown indeed, but a thouſand *Cupids* lodg themſelves in every wrinkle of your brow.

I would forbear to write to you in this manner, were it not that the affection I bear you doth force, and by its authority, draw all theſe words from my heart and mouth. Miſtriſs,

Miſtriſs, The Bees are not hated for their ſtings, no more ſhould you hate me for the ſharpneſs of my circumſtances.

We muſt not praiſe our ſelves for being better then the worſt, but rather blame our ſelves for being worſe than the beſt; ſince then I fail in my merits, give me leave to mourn for my imperfections.

Farewel.

I Muſt depart from you, yet ſhall not your ſervice be deprived of mine obedience.

Adieu fair Sun of my life, I leave you for this preſent; but be alwaies aſſured, that my minde, and my deſires, ſhall never depart from you.

Dear Love, I know not which way to begin to bid you farwel, nor how to finiſh this Diſcourſe, which once ended, our diſconſolate departure followes.

Woe is me, muſt I needs wander away from all my felicities at once, loſing with the happineſs of your ſight, the moſt perfect object of beatitude?

Farewel, *Madam*, be alwaies fortunate, whileſt I ſhall languiſh unhappy, though moſt conſtant.

Expreſſions of Affections.

YOu can never do ſo much for me, but that the affection wherewith I adore you, and the faith I have impoſed in you, will prove far greater.

Miſtriſs, You are the firſt, to whom my affectionate heart hath been offered; and ſhall (if you pleaſe) be the laſt that ſhall have the poſſeſſion of it.

Do but let me once diſcover my affections to you, and then command me to perpetual ſilence if you pleaſe.

You are the eye of mine eyes, and thought of my thoughts, the perfecter of my defaults, the life of my love, the ſcope and end of all my deſires and hopes.

Bear well in minde mine affection, that though I be removed from your fair eyes, I may not be ſo far from your favours.

The

The Lovers expreſſions of conſtancy.

I Shall in loving you, manifeſt ſuch an affectionate ſtability, and ſtedfaſtneſs, that my loyalty and my love ſhall inſeperably wait upon you.

My conſtancy may eaſily ſhew you, that I have as good an heart to dye for you, as I have a minde and deſire to live and love you.

I ſhall make it appear to after-times, that I am the man, who for your ſake have made my ſelf an invincible rock of ſtedfaſtneſs : for I ſhall ſtill hug my conſtancy, and never let it ſtir from me, till my laſt gaſp.

Upon her Affability and Courteſie.

IT is your courteſie that lends me the favour which Heaven and Nature have denied me.

Your Courteſie will force the moſt rigid *Cato* to turn your Proſelyte, and make the *Cynick* leave his Tub ; enamoured with your urbanity.

Each part above you ſhines with a peculiar grace, but in your milde behaviour they all concentrate.

Upon your brow, beauty and honour ſit enthron'd, whence in your ſtately carriage they diſpence their powerful Laws.

It is out of your generous diſpoſition you wiſh me well, as it is of duty, that I honour you.

Upon a Lovers fear.

LOvers live alwayes in more fear then hope, and will ſooner conceive of their ſorrows, then credit their joyes.

Lady, I have juſt cauſe to fear, leſt by placing my love upon an object either too violent, or too much diſtant, my ſence my be deceived ; you far tranſcend my deſerts, but my deſires lye captive at your feet, one beam from your bright eye will kindle them anew, and add new vigour to me your languiſhing proſtrate.

The fear I have leſt my ſlender merit ſhould take away

away your good minde to wish me well, doth in a sort make all those joyes imperfect which my sweetest thoughts made me judg so full and entire.

On her desires.

FAiresT, Be but as desirous of my content, as I am of your service.

My desires make me as careful to please you, as I am bound by duty, and compelled by inclination to serve you.

I wish, Heaven that gave me the boldness of desire, had likewise graced me with desert.

To give or present.

THis I dedicate, consecrate, and offer up unto you, with the same heart, wherewith I vowed you my service.

Your bounty hath furnished me with power, and your example with will; accept therefore this small present, gleaned from your plenteous Harvest; which shall ever testifie to the ungrateful world, how much I glory, to proclaim aloud my wealths chief founder.

I should be ignorant and ungrateful too, should I presume to think it worthy your acceptance; when every Jewel receives its Character of value from your esteem.

The mass of all my wealth made up together disclaims the name of merit, and therefore here I freely give it all, and in the strong indentures of loyalty I binde my self your Prentice.

I had rather present you with some small thing, and so be reputed ignorant, than ungrateful.

Regard more the affection, than the merit of the gift; and so accept it, not as a thing of desert, but as a testimony of my good will.

On

On the effects of their Love.

YOu ſhall know one day in effect, what you now have but in imagination.

The conſtancy of my affection hath been ſuch, that it hath overcome the worſt of difficulties: and the expectation of the Harbor hath made the danger eaſie.

When amidſt the waves of your diſdain, my half-ſhip-wrack'd veſſel began to ſink; each ſigh I fetch'd (I ſee at length) found a courteous gale, to bring me home to you my bleſſed Harbor.

One day you will come to know the concluſion of the irreprochable teſtimonies of my true and faithful promiſes.

Upon her Elquence.

YOur Eloquence is able to ſteal the ſoul out of ones heart, and carry it whither it would not go.

O ſpeak again, 'twill make the Sphears lay by their warbling Lutes, and liſten to your tougue.

Each articulated ſyllable doth lay a powerful charm upon my ſoul, and captivates my ſenſes.

One day is no more able to overcome you with good words, then with good actions.

The eloquence of your moſt ſweet words cloſes my lips, and bindes them to a perpetual ſilence.

Excuſes.

IN excuſing your uniuſt fear, you ſeem to accuſe my boldnes.

It is a mercy that you yet afford me, to let me plead mine own excuſe.

I preſume upon your pardon for my former ſuſpitious fears; and the rather, becauſe the goodneſs of your nature ſtyles them, the individual concomitants of love.

I pray you hear my Reaſons patiently, and judg without paſſion of my Juſtifications.

It is for great mindes to excuſe great faults; upon the acknowledgment therefore of my late tranſgreſſion, you cannot finde a fitter ſubject for your mercy.

Experience of a Lover, and of a Friend.

I Have ſo much experience of your good will, that it only remains, that you make tryal of my deſire of acknowledgment.

I have had ſuch tryal of your friendſhip and fidelity, that I hope you will not fail me in time of need.

Each Meſſenger affords freſh characters of your friendſhip, and every day I ſee the ſpring of your love, breaking thorow new channels.

Upon her face.

THe wonders of your Face, made me their captive, as ſoon as I ſaw them, and that rare grace of yours, which makes me excel all others, retained me your priſoner.

As ſhe appears, ſo day breaks, and with her beams diſpierſes all my clouds and miſt of diſcontent.

The Epitome of Nature is compriſed in her face, where ſhe hath freely given a taſte of all her pride and glory.

Upon his favours.

IF you judg, or deem me worthy to favour you, hold that your merits are much more then my deſerts.

I am ignorant what ſervice might ſatisfie for the favours

favours I have received of you: if you please to increase my knowledg, in telling me how I may serve you again, I shall be doubly oblieged.

I want opportunity, dutifully to acknowledg this favourable proof of your condition, and honesty.

Upon his fortunes.

FOrtune strives, now to make me pay the interest of those pleasures, she formerly lent me.

Dame fortune is too covetous, and usurious, in taking from me the interests of my prosperity.

I appear to you, just like an empty vessel that wants his lading, with full blown Sailes of Love; indeed 'tis true, and I am bound for the Indies, and if my compass fails me not, my Genius tells me I shall soon arrive.

O withdraw not those two Stars; by their blest light I steer my crazy Bark, and hope, to enjoy the wished for shore of happiness.

Upon her hatred.

IDo not think (though I should give you occasion to hate me) that your good nature can wish me an injury, since you are not composed of any thing but love.

Courtesie dwelt on your fore-head, but malice resided in your soul, and lay concealed in your minde.

On her inconstancy.

YOu use your friends as one doth flowers, which please only when they are fresh and new.

I perceive that ardent affection which was wont to keep me so alive in your thoughts, doth now no more reign in you.

In praiſe of her.

I Could not, without making my ſelf guilty of irreverence, ſpeak otherwiſe to you, then in a way of praiſe.

I value love in all, but Madam, moſt in you, when I finde it richly ſitting on the neck of Honour.

Such is the galled condition of the age, that ſhould my feeble Encomiums, preſume to touch a little at what your beauty in the largeſt manner merits, the faireſt title I ſhould gain for my true meaning would be, Paraſite.

Madam, Let othets daub and flatter, I'll not give over to draw true lines; but maugre all their painting, will proclaim you aloud, Vertuous and Fair.

Madam, To live with you, is to live with all the Graces; for Nature hath made you the example of her liberalities.

For her retention of him in her memory.

DO not that wrong to your rrue love, to let him ſlide out of your memory, the only monument where his felicity deſires to be inſhrined.

Keep me alive in your thoughts, as I hold you in the moſt ſenſible part of my ſoul.

On his merits.

I Could never do ſo great a thing, but would be too ſmall for your merits and my deſires.

Your merits drive me to love you, my humor permits it, and my content will needs have me imploy my endeavors to ſerve you.

The praiſes you attribute unto me, proceed from your will, and not from any merit of mine.

The neceſſity of his affections.

THe neceſſity of love is moſt mighty in the world: for it over-comes all.

O How happy a thing is that neceſſity, that inforceth us to imbrace ſuch a deſired bleſſing as your ſelf!

I was all frozen, until the Sunſhine of your Favour thawed my benummed ſpirits; but when you darted your quickning beams, the ſpring of my affectionùs, budded forth in the moſt pleaſant blooms of love.

The Magnetick-ſtone ſtarts not with ſuch natural activity to the North-Stars ſummons, as I, when you command.

Proteſtations of his obedience.

I Shall not, all the dayes of my life, have a will which ſhall not obey yours.

You know the power you have over me, and that I am ſo much yours, as you can wiſh me.

To offer and preſent ſervice.

ALL the honor and ambition I aſpire at, is to ſee my ſelf imployed in your ſervice.

Let all men judg whether your beauty alone is not ſufficient to command the affection I bear you.

All that is mine, is no leſs yours, then are your thoughts and words.

The moſt favourable gift you can offer me, is your friendſhip, a jewel I prefer before all other treaſures.

Wiſhes.

HEaven, which hears the vows of the faithful, bleſs and content your deſires.

I need not wiſh you more, but a continuance of thoſe graces you moſt eminently poſſeſs already.

May you meet with ſuch a Paramor, as may equal, (for ſure out-go he cannot) your holier flames; may

the ſame ſhaft, with an undivided haſte pierce both your hearts together; may both your loves bear the ſame date, and when we have made our ſelves unworthy of enjoying any longer ſuch a worthy pattern, and rich example of pure affection; after you have ſeen a ſecond Generation, may death gently tranſport you to that place of bliſs, where he himſelf can never come.

God make you the happieſt woman that lives; even as he hath made you the faireſt, and moſt accompliſhed.

Heaven grant you may be as faithful, as you are dear to me.

Bewailing of a Lover.

I Do ſo bewail our ſeparation, that nothing can ever touch my ſoul, like the grief I endure by it.

The greateſt grief I carry along with me, when I part from this place, is, to ſee how I am for ever deprived of your fair preſence.

To give thanks.

IF I have done you any acceptable ſervice, think it was but the ſhadow of what I deſire to ſhew you, by real effects.

To tickle your ears with the breath of Complement, or the ayr of ſome preſently contradicted news, would be to imitate the *What lack you?* to give you good words, and make your better deeds pay too dear for them.

I take this benefit from you, but as borrowed; I will pay you rent for it.

Though the ſervice I have done you, be but ſmall; yet the deſire I have had to acknowledg the honors I have received from you, are exceeding great.

On the deceits of Love.

YOur fair eyes have too much Majeſty to ſerve for baits, or allurements of a diſſembling love.

Do

Do not deceive him that will outbrave death it ſelf to inſure your life, and withſtand the frowns of fortune, to protect your honors.

On his life.

MY Life is a Comedy, and therefore no matter how long it be, ſo that it be well acted: Sweeteſt, if the laſt Scene be Tragick, your cruelty muſt be the *Nemeſis*.

Our life without ſome pleaſantneſs is like a long journey without an Inne; or like to a bed of Roſes, where flowers are mixed with prickles. Lady, if you pleaſe, from your hoſpitable bounty, to refreſh my over-wearied and ſolitary progreſs, I ſhall conclude my time richly ſpent, having attained the end at which I always aym'd; but you have hitherto clos'd up your fragrant ſweet, and amidſt the ſterneſt bryers of diſcontent have left me miſerably entangled.

On the luſtre of her eyes.

YOur eyes flaſh ſo much lightning, that like Suns, they dazle the ſight of all ſuch as dare behold them.

Your ſouls bright luſtre ſparkles in your eye, and like the Perſian, that onely Sun I adore.

You have ſo eſtabliſhed your Soveraignty over my ſoul, that the leaſt twinkle of your eyes, diſpoſſeſſeth me of the ſtate of my life.

Amorous Expreſſions

THis kiſs and thy white hand.

Her ſprings of beauty raiſed in him noble deſires, which ſoon broke forth in liberall ſtreams.

Let me rule Lady, like a Planet, in the orb of your favour.

You have a moſt imperious beauty, I muſt obey it.

Delight ſhall ſtream into our boſomes.

A faint lovers wiſhes cannot recall the houres.

I will imbrace thee as all wealth or honours.

Though she were divided from me by armies, I would make way through death to gain her.

O let me dwell an age upon those lips.

She is a sparkling delightful piece of nature.

She is the Queen and goddess of beauty.

She is a Myne of pleasing joyes and sweetness.

The great Commandress of all hearts.

I cannot speak to thee, go thy ways.

We'll strive to make the example of Love an easie law.

As white as truth, as innocent as vertue.

Take all your vows again, you are as free as the ayr.

The Cyprian Queen compared to thee was but a Negro.

Whose love is the Exchequer of wealth.

A spring of love issues from thy soul.

I must walk in the dark, and be benighted to all the world, but thee.

Madam, I am a poor flye burnt in the candle of your beauty.

A woman worthy of so composed a man.

Crown your servant, Mistris, with this favour.

A miscellaneous present of Similitudes, Comparisons, and Examples, selected for the Readers discreeter application.

Like to *Diana* in her Summer weed, girt with a Crimson robe of brighest Dye.

The rivulets of tears hang on her cheeks like drops of pearled dew upon the riches of *Flora*.

Her

Her Treſſes are like the coloured Hyacinth of Arcadia.

Her brows are like the mountain Snows, that lye on the hills.

Her eyes are like glifterings of *Titans* gorgeous mantle.

Her Alablaſter neck like the purer whiteneſs of the flocks, and her face a border of Lillies, interwoven with Roſes.

Her bluſhing cheeks look like the ruddy gates of the morning.

Like fair *Aurora* in the morning gray, deckt with the ruddy gliſter of her love.

Like *Thetis* in a calm day, when as her brightneſs *Neptunes* fancy moves.

Like hearbs in Syria, that flouriſh in the morning, and fade before night.

As the Sea doth draw ebbs and tides from the Moon.

She ſits like *Juno*, when ſhe firſt watcht the fair heifer on the Lincean downs.

Like *Narciſſus* wrap not your face in a cloud of diſdain.

Her form like the ſphere, whence ſome bright *Venus* vaunts her ſilver ſhine.

As bright as ſilver *Phœbe* mounted on the top of the ruddy Element, painting the amorous affection of the Sun to his Hyacinth, and the relation of love between him and the Marigold.

Like one of *Æſops* apes, that finding a Gloworm, took it for the fire.

Her eyes are thoſe that did reform the Chaos.

Her breath is like the ſteem of Apple-pies, her teeth like to the tusks of fatteſt Swine, her ſpeech is like the thunder of the Ayr.

As the fineſt Gold hath its droſs, pureſt Wine

its lees; the fineſt Roſe, its prickles; each ſweet, its ſower.

He that will hear ſuch *Syrens* ſing, muſt with *Ulyſſes* tye himſelf to the Maſts of the Ship.

Who means to be a ſuitor to *Cyrces*, muſt take a preſervative, unleſs he means to be inchanted.

Like the moyſtened Torpedoes, that do not onely charm the hand, but the heart.

As the ſweeteſt Musk is ſour to be taſted, gilded Pills moſt biter to be chewed.

As the fineſt flower ſeldom hath the beſt ſmell; as the glittering ſtone, hath oftentimes the leaſt vertue.

As the Marigold, which as long as the Sun ſhines opens its leaves, but with the leaſt cloud begins to cloſe.

Like certain Trees in the deſarts of *Africa*, that flouriſh but whileſt the South-wind blows.

As the Elephant delights at the ſight of a Roſe.

As the *Cockatrice* dieth with beholding the *Chryſolite*.

Tarquin and all his poſterity were robbed of their regal dignity, for the Rape of *Lucrecia*.

As he that is hurt by the Scorpion, ſeeks a ſalve from him that gave him the ſore.

As it is impoſſible for iron to reſiſt the power of the Adamant, or the Straw the vertue of the ſucking Jeat.

Jaſon was never ſo trothleſs, as *Troilus* truſty; *Paris* was never ſo fickle, as *Pyramus* faithful; *Æneas* was never ſo light to *Dido*, as *Leander* was true to *Hero*.

As a Hound, which at the firſt default giveth off the chaſe, is called but a Cur.

As firm as the betrothed faith of *Eraſta* to his *Preſida*.

As it is madneſs to hop againſt a Hill, or ſtrive againſt a ſtream.

Like the greedy Kite, that leaveth the ſweet fleſh, to prey upon the ſtinking Carion.

As

As it is impoſſible for a man to ſleep by the Viper, and not be undaunted; to gaze on the Cockatrice, and not to be infected; to view *Meduſa's* head, and not to be tranformed.

As the Baſilisk loſeth his ſences at the ſight of a naked man.

As the Porcupine ſtaring againſt the glimmering light is taken by the Dogs.

Whileſt the Deer gazeth at the Bowe, he is ſtriken with the bolt.

Whileſt the Leopard looketh on the Panthers painted skin, he is taken for a prey.

As the moſt precious Stone is choſen by the glittering hue, and perfect colour; the beſt fruit by the braveſt leaves.

He that is ſtriken by a Scorpion, if his wounds take winde, can never be healed.

To ſtop the ſtream, to make the Ford flow more fiercely; to repreſs the fire, to make it flame the more furiouſly.

If the proud Centaur *Ixion* be bidden to the Feaſt of the gods, no leſs then *Juno* will ſerve his turn.

The love of a Woman, is like the Oyl of the Flint which being once congealed will never be diſſolved, again.

Will the ſilly Dove lay her Eggs in the Faulcons Neſt, or the Mouſe march under the enſign of the Cat.

As it is impoſſible to hatch a Swan in an Eagles neſt, or to temper Oyl and Pitch together in one Veſſel; to mix the blood of a Lyon and of a Wolf together in one bowl.

The Dutcheſs of *Malfy* choſe for her Husband her Servant, but you are ſo addicted to the opinion of *Danae*, that unleſs you turn *Jupiter* in your lap, with a golden ſhowre, he ſhall have the repulſe.

As the Bull by browſing on the back of a Juniper Tree, falls aſleep.

With *Venus* you let *Vulcan* injoy the tree, and poſſeſs the fruit.

The Eagle is ſo careful of her young, that if by her fault any of them periſh, ſhe woundeth her ſelf with her beak.

The Lyon ſo loveth her whelps that ſhe never taſteth of the prey, till they are fully ſatisfied.

Like the Apples of *Arabia*, which begin to rot before they are half ripe.

As the wounds of the body by often rubbing are ſometimes made incurable.

As the ſavour of the Panther ſeemeth ſweet to none but to bruit beaſts.

As continued rain moyſteneth the earth, ſo that it cannot be tilled to bring forth fruit.

As a ſhip in the Sea without a guide, leaning now on one ſide, then on another, is often in great danger.

As Bees, when they ſtrive together, are ſtirred up by ſome violent motion, with ſtrowing of duſt are brought into order and appeaſed.

As Apothecaries do cover their Pills with ſome ſweet ſubſtance, to make them go down the pleaſanter.

As the ſucking of a childe brings milk into the Mothers breſts.

As there is no ſhelter where there is no Sun.

As a Gardiner mingleth divers Seeds together, and caſts them into the ground, yet will they not be confounded together one with another, but every Seed will have its proper hearb.

As Swallows and flies are dead in the Wnter, but by vertue of the Sun, revive again in the Summer.

As the Goldſmith by his Art can ſever divers Metals one from another, and ſome men out of one Metal can draw another.

As the Sun and the Moon being of one ſubſtance, differ in dignity and excellency.

As *Prometheus* did make miraculous Images, ſuch as none ever could make but himſelf.

As continual drops of water hollow the hard ſtone.

As thoſe men that live by the river Nilus are made deaf by the continual noyſe of the waters.

As the diſeaſe of a Canker always infects the next part that is nigh it.

As the Sea when it rageth, the waters thereof caſt up dirt and mire.

As in fining the droſs is ſeparate from the Metals.

As there is a certain weakneſs in the ſight, which cauſeth a party to think he ſees ſtraws, whereas he ſees men.

As a Thunder-bolt caſt out of the Clouds ſpareth the matter that ſubmitteth it ſelf to the force thereof, but breaketh to powder whatſoever reſiſteth.

As the morning Dew ſoon after the riſing of the Sun languiſheth away.

As the Medicinal Playſter cannot heal a wound, if there be any Iron ſticketh in it.

As the Roſe, the moſt pleaſant of all flowers, is gathered upon rough bryars.

Like the Ape, which with embracings doth well nigh kill her young one.

As the Moon hath ſo much the leſs light, by how much the neerer it is to the Sun.

As the firſt ſtep to health, is to know the diſeaſe.

As by great ſhowers and ſtorms of rain the ayr is cleanſed.

As in a Garland the beauty of the flowers, except they be orderly compoſed, are not half ſo glorious.

As the Moon is not eclipſed, nor loſeth her light till ſhe is at the full.

As

As they that dwell in low Vallies are ſeldome hurt with Lightning.

As the pure Corral will not alter the colour.

Like as the Silk-worm keepeth her body ſpare and empty, uſing to faſt two or three dayes together, that ſhe may ſtretch out her ſelf, and ſpin her thred the finer.

As a little ſpark many times ſetteth a whole houſe on fire.

As Owls and night crows, ſee better in the night then in the day.

Like as out of a River or Fountain troubled, there can be no water drawn but what is muddy.

As a ſtrong Corraſive layd to a ſore, eats out all the dead fleſh.

Like as when the body is diſtempered, and ſome members putrified, it is then beſt for the Patient to have his blood taken away from him.

As fire is never ſuffieed with wood, nor earth with water.

As they that are ſick of the Dropſie increaſe their thirſt by drinking.

As Children are like to their natural Parents in honour, ſpeech, and laughter.

As the Libard with a ſtrange kinde of policy, to kill the Apes, lies down as if he were ſtark dead; which the Apes ſeeing, come altogether, and in delight, skip upon him; that the Libard bears patiently, untill he thinks they have all wearied themſelves with ſporting; then ſuddenly he leapeth up, and catcheth one of them in his mouth.

As the Lamb is the more nimble and lively for ſhearing.

Like as the Pelican, which having brought forth her young ones dead, being ſtung or killed by Serpents,

Serpents, ſhe pecketh out her heart-blood to revive them.

Like the undiſtinct ſound of Muſick, which delighteth not.

As the rain maketh the new-mown graſs freſhly to ſpring again, and comforts the earth, that it yields forth fruit.

As the Eſtridg hath wings, yet flyeth not.

As ſweet ſcents and perfumes comfort the brain and heart,

As the Sun in Winter, when it is fartheſt off from the Pole, is neareſt the Earth.

As lightning blaſts all it meets with, but the Lawrel Tree.

As the Surgeon cuts, and ſearches before he heals the wound.

As in muſick, if the harmony of the ſtrings be not conſonant, the ſound is not ſweet, nor acceptable to the tuneable ears.

As no man can behold the Sun, unleſs it be a little covered with a cloud.

As the head gives ſence and motion to the members.

As from the ſtock ſap is derived to the graft, that it may live and grow.

As a glaſs filled with an extream ſtrong liquor, cannot but burſt in ſunder, not becauſe of any antipathy is between them, but becauſe the Glaſs is not of ſufficient ſtrength to contain the liquor.

As a Whore hath no more to do with her Husband, nor any thing of his, becauſe of her breach of Wedlock.

As they that come out of the clear Sun into the ſhadow, have their ſight darkned.

Like as when one looks on any thing in the ayr, they appear in their proper forms and colours,

as they are, but if they be lookt upon through a green glaſs, they all appear green.

As the ſoul doth ſo quicken the body, that notwithſtanding the members of the ſame in themſelves are but weak, yet they fall not quite to decay, as long as they have any participation with the ſoul.

As the light of the Sun yields him no pleaſure that is in a dark dungeon.

As a woman brings forth children in ſorrow.

As the Ocean which is but one, is divided into parts, according to the regions and countries, againſt which it lyeth.

As the ſuperfluous humors in the veins, are no parts of the body.

As the Moon is not alwaies viſible, being in her change.

As the hand cut from the body dieth, and wanteth life.

As a Vine, or Garden, decayeth with overmuch heat or drought, except, after the planting thereof, it be watered with ſhowres.

As men diſcern the weather by the wind.

As *Apelles* the Painter much lamented, if he miſt one day without ſome line or picture.

As Vines, without lopping, grow wilde and fruitleſs.

As a Tree bringeth forth, firſt leaves, then bloſſoms, then fruit.

As water moderateth wine.

As fire is an inſtrument of medicinal Arts.

As the body without the ſoul enjoyeth no life.

As Roſes and Lillies grow among Thorns.

As a Phyſitian cures a man, by taking away his blood and ill humors, by cutting and ſearing the fleſh.

As

As fire is known two ways, by the heat, and the flame.

As the ſoul of man united to the body mounteth upwards, becauſe it is a ſpirit.

As the Sun and the Light are conjoyned together, that they cannot be disjoyned.

As the Clock muſt ſtill run as long as the pieces or plummets hang thereat.

As a Looking-glaſs, though it be moſt clear and bright, by the foul breaths of thoſe that look therein is obſcured and made dim.

As Corn though never ſo clean winnowed from Chaff, when it is ſown, the ſame ſeed will be full of chaff again.

As the Plant thrives beſt in the ſoyl where it firſt grew.

As the little Bee gathers Hony out of the moſt bitter blooms and flowers.

Venus is painted in ſilk, not rags; and *Cupid* treadeth on diſdain when he reacheth at Crowns.

Precious Diamonds are cut with the File, when deſpiſed pebles lye ſafe in the ſand.

Cedars are cruſhed with tempeſts, whereas low thoughts are not toucht with the winde.

Will Eagles catch at Flyes, or Cedars couch to Brambles?

As Nilus flowing more then twelve cubits, procureth a dearth.

Cupid is a childe, and *Venus*, though old, is painted with freſh colours.

Stars are to be lookt at with the eye, not reach't at with the hand.

So the Eagle, the nearer he ſoareth to the Sun, the further he hovereth from his prey.

As the Salamander is moſt warm, when he lyeth furtheſt from the fire.

So

So Birds ſing early when there hath been ſweet dew, and their morning Anthems ſhew their nights content.

So the ſtrongeſt Oak hath his Sap, and his Worms, and the Ravens will breed in the faireſt Aſh.

As the Adamant is made ſoft with the fire.

Womens tongues are like cryes of Lapwings, furtheſt from their thoughts.

Rhodope ſeemed coy to *Phanetias*, elſe had a Concubine never conquered a King.

Juno never frowned when *Jupiter* made his eſcape in a cloud, private pleaſures have never any Penances enjoyned them.

Like *Janus*, bearing two faces under one hood, wearing a Lawrel in her hand as deſirous of peace, and a Sword in her heart as wiſhing revenge.

As Poets uſed to decipher *Pallas* with a Helmet on her head, and a Book in her hand, and drew her ſphears alwayes wreathed with Lawrel, ſignifying by that embleme, that *Mars* and *Mercury* are of one brood.

As the wilde Bore not chaſed, thou mayeſt chaſten him with a wand, but being once endamaged by Dogs he is diſmal.

A Gentlewoman is no longer then her honour, but that loſt, ſhe is like a Diamond with a cloud, which is caſt into the Goldſmiths duſt.

As the the Phœnix never ſpreds her wings, but when the Sun beams ſhine on her neſt.

Her colour, though pale, could be compared to no worſe then the glittering of the Moon in a ſilent night

As he that plays with a Bee, may ſooner feel her ſting, then taſte of her honey.

For what, but for the love of *Admetus* did *Alceſte* die? *Portia* eat hot burning coals for the love of *Brutus*.

As Hemlock, whereſoever it be planted, will prove peſtilent.

As

As the Serpent, with the brighteſt ſcales, ſhrouds the moſt fatal venome.

As the Ruby, whatſoever foyl it hath, it wil ſhew red.

Leſs is the Margarite accounted of in the Weſtern world, then the ſeed Pearl in a ſtrange Country.

The Ancients have drawn vertue, figuring her bare counterfeit, placed by equal proportions, betwixt two vices, expreſſing thereby, that a mean is to be kept.

The feet of Princes have *Ceres* and *Bacchus* for their footſtool, ſo that it cannot be but *Venus* muſt play the wanton in their Palaces.

Like the Sugered Honey-comb, which whileſt a man touches, he is ſtung with a Bee.

With *Satyres* kiſs the fire, though they burn themſelves; or with *Pigmaleon*, not view a Picture without being paſſionate.

To fancy ones foe, is with the Cockatrice, to peck againſt the ſteel.

Not ſo fond, as with *Xerxes* to binde the Ocean with fetters.

Reſembling *Timantus* the Painter, who ſhrowded the worſt pictures with the beſt colours.

Andromache would never truſt the fair promiſes of *Pyrrhus*, nor *Dido* laugh when ſhe ſaw *Hiarbus* ſmile.

'Tis as if *Venus* ſhould wear the Target, and *Mars* the Diſtaff; that *Omphale* ſhould handle the Club, and *Hercules* the Shovel; that *Alexander* ſhould couch, and *Campeſne* be coy.

The pureſt Emerald ſhineth brighteſt when it is without oyl.

As the Loadſtone, what wind ſoever doth blow, driveth always to the North.

As the Panther, having firſt aſtoniſht one with his fair ſight, then ſeeks to devour.

Like *Ariſtotles* Quadratus, which, howſoever turned, always ſtands ſteadfaſt.

As

As the pureſt Diamond is to be cut before it be worn; and Frankincenſe to be burnt before it be ſmelt; thy eyes are like Salamander ſtones, that fire at every flame.

So the Eagle ſoars not ſo high in the ayr, but that he can eſpie a fiſh in the Sea.

As the fire is hot in the coldeſt part of the Earth, as well as in the Southern parallel.

Women ſet out their Faces, as Fowlers do their daring Glaſſes, that the Larks that ſtare higheſt, may be caught ſooneſt.

Some have as many Lovers, as their hearts have entrances; for love like a Pumice-ſtone, is light and full of holes.

No ſooner hatcht with the Lapwing, but they run away with the ſhell on their heads.

Soon pricks the tree that will prove a thorn.

Her eyes like Diamonds ſo pointed, that they pierce to the quick.

As the Cedar is fair, but unfruitful.

Like the Shrubs of India, parched with every ſtorm.

As the moſt glorious ſhells have not the pureſt margarites; the pureſt flowers have not the perfecteſt ſavors.

Having their hearts like Saltpeter, that fireth at the firſt, yet proveth but a flaſh.

As when the Tyger hunts for his prey, he then hides his claws.

Their looks are like *Circes* apparitions, that can preſent them in all forms.

As *Chremes* in *Terence*, ſome meaſure the flames of youth by their own dead cinders.

As buſie as Bees, and as true as Turtles.

As the Chryſolite is proved by the Fire, and the Diamond by the Anvil.

He

He ſtarted up, as when love-ſick *Mars* ſaw *Venus* enter his Pavillion in triumph.

Trembling as *Acteon* did, that he had doted too far in gazing on ſo gorgeous a goddeſs.

As the brighteſt bloſſoms are peſtered with moſt Catterpillars.

His thoughts as high as Cedars, but as brittle as rods that break at every blaſt.

Her face like ſilver *Luna* in her ſhine.

As clear as Cryſtal, but bruiſed as infectious as a Diamond.

As the crooked Cyen may prune a ſtraight tree, reſembling *Caliſto*, who hid her vanities with *Diana*'s veil.

Like Swallows, that think every Sunſhine a Summers day.

Her minde is like the Tapers in *Janus* Temple, which once ſet a fire, burn till they conſume themſelves.

Tenders of ſervice to ones Soveraign.

Sir, IT may appear great boldneſs in me altogether unknown unto your Majeſty, to hope that any beam of Favor ſhould reflect on my unworthineſs, to cheriſh my cheerful willingneſs, though with hazard of my life to do you any loyal ſervice; yet encouraged by your Royal goodneſs, that can let fall unequal, yet ſufficient bleſſings on all: I beſeech you to permit me, out of the valley of humility to look up unto the ſacred Hill of your Highneſs Majeſty, and at the foot thereof, kneeling to offer up my devotions, and my moſt humble ſervice; which if you graciouſly deign to accept, as I do humbly proſtrate them, I ſhall account your Favour the ſupreameſt felicity, whereof I can be capable in this world; and I bleſs the hour that gave me opportunity to preſent my ſelf and ſervice to your

your employment, then which ambition can have no higher object.

Another.

THat which hath been imagined of a golden age, as an *Idea* of all perfect happines, was but a propheſie of your gracious reign, ſhowring down felicity in ſuch a plenteous manner, that all your Subjects are thereby invited, to offer up unto you ſacrifices, of thanks and obedience; while I ſhall account it the chiefeſt honour, that my birth and ſtars could bequeath me, if I may approve my loyalty, in expoſing my life to any danger in your ſervice.

Another.

Sir, THough I cannot worthily deſire, nor deſerve your gracious Favour; yet it will ſhew you neareſt Heaven, and that you reſemble the King of Kings, in accepting my weak and humble devotions, with the tender of my loyal ſervice. Let not the poorneſs of my merit, or the obligation make them contemptible in your ſight; for I have long had an earneſt zeal, to expreſs with what integrity I adore the vertues wherewith you are repleniſhed, far above all flattery; ſo that your gracious reign is but the *Galaxia*, or milk-white path, through which you travel in your happy government, and by examples lead your ſubjects to Heaven.

Another.

Sir, If vertue and loyalty were not to be found in ſome of ordinary quality, I ſhould bluſh and tremble at my own forward deſires to do you ſervice. But ſince it is a ſign of ſome eminent worth, not to carry poor and narrow thoughts, but ſuch as may be high as Heaven, whereunto that ſoul is allyed, which dedicates its ſervice onely to God and the King: I therefore ever accounted it a nobleneſs of minde, to raiſe & advance my thoughts, to deſire that I might ſhew my willingneſs

neſs to do you ſervice in ſome employment, whereby I might expreſs and approve my ſelf, your faithful, humble ſervant.

A tender of ſervice to the Queen.

MAdam, The ſame ſervice and obeyſance which I offered unto the King, I do now with as great ſtrength of paſſion and affection, tender unto Your Majeſty; and as I am His loyal Subject, ſo to be Your faithful Servant, ſhall be the height of my glory.

Madam, My allegiance and ſervice is ſo divided between the King and Your Majeſty, that I ſhall eſteem it my higheſt contentment and chiefeſt advancement, to be accounted Your humble Servant; a Title will ſatisfie all my deſires, and reinforce all my endeavours.

Another.

Madam, There are no words ſignificant enough to expreſs how much I honour Your Royal perfections, which render you beloved and reſpected of all the world; while I make it the chief employment of my life, to attend upon Your Commands; which to obey, is perfect happineſs.

An humble addreſs to a great Lord.

MY Lord, in regard of thoſe many favors which your honour hath heaped on me; I am bound, not onely to acknowledg my happineſs therein, but alſo to deſire that you would always reckon me in the number of your moſt oblieged ſervants.

Otherwiſe.

My Lord, As it is a great happineſs for me to come into your preſence, and offer my devotions to your excellency, from the Altar of an humble heart; ſo it will be an addition unto my felicity, if I may improve this preſent opportunity, to make tender of my ſervice.

Otherwiſe.

Otherwiſe.

My Lord, It will become me amongſt others, to acknowledg your many excellent vertues, amongſt which your noble clemency and humility are the chiefeſt; whereof as others have had experience, ſo I doubt not but you will favourably accept the obligation and preſentment of my humble ſervice.

Another to ſome great Lord.

MOſt noble Lord, as I hold it for a principal favour, in admitting me to kiſs your honours hand, ſo ſhall I eſteem my ſelf moſt happy for ever, in that your honour will be pleaſed to accept me henceforth, as ranked in the number and Catalogue of your moſt humble and obſequious ſervants.

Another.

My Lord, the rank you hold with the great and ſingular ornaments of vertues in you, do obliege me to offer unto your Lordſhip all that little is in me, and to tender unto you upon all occaſions, my ſervice in obſequious humility,

Another.

Moſt honoured Lord, May your excellencies will be pleaſed to permit me to exerciſe my ſmall endeavours of rendring my duty to your honour, in expectation that Heaven will favour me ſo far, as to grant me opportunities, whereby I may make appear in effect, the deſires I have to preſent you with my beſt ſervice and endeavours.

To tender ones ſervice.

Cleodus.

Sir, I Muſt intreat you to pardon my boldneſs, in that I, who am a ſtranger, have preſumed to come to viſit you, being invited thereunto by the fame and report of your noble vertues, which have made me ſo ambitious of your acquaintance, and earneſtly deſirous

presumed much to invite you; but I hope our ancient acquaintance, and your own good nature will procure me a pardon, in that I have done this only to enjoy your company and society; for your good discourse is to me a feast far exceeding any dainties that I could provide for you.

Friend, *Your real kindness hath been such, and so unexpected that I cannot give you sufficient thanks for your courtesie and kinde entertainment: all that I can retribute, is to promise, that I will snatch an opportunity to express my gratitude.*

Alex. You have honoured me enough, in your acceptance of my good will. But it is not wholsome to stir suddenly after dinner. Let's discourse; you are conversant abroad, what news do you hear?

Fr. *Pardon me,* Sir, *the world runs round about me whilest I stand unmov'd, never marking the motions thereof, and therefore I am altogether ignorant in Novelties; it may be you hear more.*

A. Indeed Sir, I have so many affairs, that I can enquire after none; I thought you could have given us some good intelligence.

Friend. Sir, *I desire you to excuse me, for I hold fruitless imployment; but to satisfie your request, if I knew any fresh news, that were not yet in print, I should be bold to acquaint you with it, since you desire me.*

A. I will not importune any further, but desire your pardon, that I should impose on you the office of an Intelligencer; excuse my intent therein, since what I desired, was to pass away the time while we sit, but now if you please, we will rise.

Friend, Sir, *then I must really thank you, you have made me bold with you, I will accompany you a while to the fire, and then take my leave.*

To offer ſervice to a young Maid

AYM. Seeing you are alone, I would willingly attend on you, if you pleaſe to accept of my ſervice.

Maid. *It is more then I deſire or deſerve; and it would appear boldneſs in me to accept of a ſtrangers company: For it is not for me to entertain all ſhews and offers of kindneſs; I can but thank you for your good will, I am not far diſtant from mine own home.*

Aym. Pray let me bear you company, and by the way make me happy in ſome diſcourſe, reſolve me one queſtion; were you never in love?

Maid. *Though it be no manners to anſwer one queſtion with demanding another; yet I will preſume to ask you, if you were never in love?*

Aym. Fair one, from thence ſprings my unhappineſs. I am too forward in theſe deſires, I have beheld many beauties, but you have prevailed more then the reſt, to conquer my affection; and I muſt acknowledg, that in meeting you, I have met death or life.

Maid. *Pray ſpeak in plain tearms, I am ignorant of your meaning.*

Aym. I deſire you then, know and believe, that I am already far in love with you, and I hope you will not ſcorn my ſudden motion, if I ſhould deſire you to reward my love with your favour; and by the way, let me entreat you, to think that heaven hath appointed our ſtrange accidental meeting, and gave me boldneſs to petition your favour and affection, which I hope you will grant.

Maid. Sir, *I know not in this caſe how to give an anſwer that may procure you content, but I deſire you to importune me no farther, but grant me time to conſider your motion, this is my fathers houſe, whither if you pleaſe to come hereafter, I will ſtudy to reſolve you, howſoever you ſhall be welcome.*

Aym.

Aym. But before I loſe your preſence which is my chiefeſt happineſs, let me tell you, that when you go in, you bear away my heart with you, and I ſhall onely languiſh in ſorrow, till I viſit you again.

Maid. *Pray Sir, do not hold me longer in diſcourſe, there are many jealous eyes that do watch an occaſion to expoſe me to cenſures, for maintaining with you ſuch unuſual familiarity; let me entreat you, as you tender my credit, to leave me.*

Aym. I muſt obey you, honour me with an ordinary ſalutation, and I will vaniſh like a ſhadow, and return again to wait on you, who are the ſubſtance of my life.

To confer with a Widow in an amorous wooing manner.

Aym. *I would entreat you (fair Widow) not to diſcourage me in my firſt ſuit, ſince your modeſty and vertuous carriage, in your husbands life time, hath made me bold to plead for affection, and to cheriſh a certain hope, that I ſhall obtain your good liking.*

Wid. Sir, I would not have you imagine, that my love to my former husband was written in a Table-book, the letters whereof may be ſoon wiped out again; no, it was engraven upon my heart, and there doth remain, to inform me that I ought not to wrong him with a ſecond marriage.

Aym. *Nay,* Widow, *I muſt acknowledge you have a fair pretence to put me off, with the remembrance of your ſaid husband, but will you alwaies puniſh your ſelf, and faſt from the joyes of marriage?*

Wid. It is my full reſolved purpoſe, and therefore let not any wanton opinion concerning me, give you hope of obtaining my love. Alas! ſince his departure, I am dead unto the world, and do but onely live, to ſigh, when I remember that I had ſo good a husband.

Aym. *His goodneſs is gon with him, but for my part, I will be your living active ſervant; come, come put off grief and falſe imaginations of honouring the dead: for if his ſoul were capable of any knowledg concerning earthly matters, he would rejoyce to ſee you happily married; and as he gave you all contentment in his life, ſo he would deſire that you might be ſupplied in the ſame kinde after his death.*

Wid. You ſpeak unhappily, but pray be ſatisfied that I intend not to marry, yet I reſpect your good will, and in other matters will remain ready to requite your love.

Aym. *For other matters I am ſatisfied, but your love is the mark whereat I aim: why would you thus ſtrive to become a Virgin again, and forget the conceit of former pleaſures, which are yet freſh in your remembrance; fie, fie, you do not well to make your ſelf ſo dull of apprehenſion; I am come to offer ſervice in the right kinde, and therefore you are very much to blame, to refuſe the tender of my reſpects.*

Wid. You ſpeak myſterics; but I deſire if you love me, ſhew it in ceaſing to proſecute your ſuit; for I muſt tell you plainly, it will prove fruitleſs, and of none effect.

Aym. *I cannot believe but that I ſhall be more fortunately happy to obtain your favour; words are not alwaics the interpreters of the heart, and I am confident for all this, that you love me.*

Wid. Perſwade your ſelf to it, but I ſhall never give you cauſe to think ſo, yet I will ever reſpect you, and be ready to do you any lawful courteſie.

Aym. *Well I thank you that I have ſo far thrived in my ſuit; I hope hereafter to get deeper into your favour.*

Wid. Your hope is built upon a falſe foundation; and had I known your intent, I would not have held diſcourſe ſo long with you; I muſt leave your company.

Aym. *Let me rather take my leave, and ſeal a*

kiſs

kiſs upon your lips until I viſit you again; for no mortal widow ſhall diſcourage me, but I will come again with the more reſolute affections.

To excuſe ſome offence done to a Gentlewoman.

Aymwel. I Muſt acknowledg I was ſomewhat too bold to enforce a kiſs from you, in the preſence of other friends; but I pray excuſe my paſſion, and let your mercy be ſhewed in pardoning, as my folly was in offending.

Penelope. *Sir, It was ſo great a treſpaſs, and ſo directly aymed againſt my white fame and reputation, that no repentance can ſatisfie for a fault of that nature.*

Aym. It cannot exceed the limits of forgiveneſs; or if your wrath muſt not be otherwiſe ſatisfied, enjoyn me ſome penance, as great as your anger, whereby I may recover your loſt favour, and make it appear, how ſorry I am for committing ſo raſh an offence.

Penelope. *Nay, you may enjoy that kiſs violently took from me before ſo many witneſſes, but never any more.*

Aym. I muſt confeſs it was my raſhneſs, but if you will that I repay it back again, I will give you intereſt for that one, and vow unto you never to offend your patience in the like kinde.

Pen. *Well, ſince you are ſo willing to repent, and to ſhew unfeigned ſorrow, I muſt needs accept them for preſent ſatisfaction, deſiring you hereafter to be more careful of my credit, and never again to make ſo bold an offer.*

Aym. You have charmed me to obedience, ſince your words are a Law, which I dare not tranſgreſs; for I am in all things your obſequious ſervant.

The Lovers farewel.

Leonora. ALaſs! Sir, is this the hour that the ſevere rigor of your abſence muſt eclipſe my dayes of their bright beames? O how this ſad

news doth fire my ſpirits! and not without reaſon, ſince you (to whom I had wholly conſecrated my ſelf) will not vouchſafe a merciful eye on my ſufferings for your abſence.

Floreſtan. *Miſtris fear not, but reſt aſſured, that ſo long as life will give leave to enjoy the Suns brightneſs, never ſhall any other have power over me; do me only this favour, that having given you theſe new aſſurances of my fidelity, you would be pleaſed to render me ſome real promiſes of yours. Beſides, I proteſt to you Lady, I will never acknowledg other light then yours, no more then the earth doth any other then the Sun and Moon.*

Leon. Sir, they are no falſe promiſes that I have made you, but true aſſurances drawn from my heart by the force of my paſſion. And know, that all things here beneath, ſhall ſooner change their natural inclinations, than in me ſhall be ſeen any alteration from the reſolution I have made to love you; heaven it ſelf be my witneſs.

Floreſt. *If, Miſtris, you love me thus, let your minde be confident of an equal truth from me; and ſhould you doubt of my affections, I will give you my ſoul for a pledg, and my heart for ſacrifice, to ſhew you that my words are unfeigned; be pleaſed therefore to accept of this ſmal gift, not as a thing worthy of merit, but only as a ſufficient teſtimony of my good will, fidelity, and faithful love towards you; it being a thing ſo ſmall and unworthy of you, it will therefore be the more commendable in you to accept of it.*

Leonor. Sir, I give you infinite thanks, and withal, do beſeech you alſo to receive this in requital, for a remembrance of me, which is of a ſmaller value; be but pleaſed to take it in good part from her, who from henceforth ſhall not live but through your ſole remembrance.

Flor. *Thanks to you ſweeteſt; the gift truly is pleaſing*

ſing to me, but the giver much more.

Leonora. But Sir, is there no means to ſtay you for a little time, that I mighr enjoy your preſence, which ſtands me in ſtead of light and life; therefore your abſence will invelope me with darkneſs, and bring upon me (poor ſoul that I am) a thouſand grievous deaths.

Flor. *Miſtriſs, I hope not ſo; for I am conſtrained through neceſſity of my buſineſs to depart hence.*

Leon. O, I ſee now too well, that that conſtancy of yours, which I truſted to for remedy of my toubled thoughts, is vaniſhed, to give preſent vent to my plaints, which you ſhall receive with my ſights and tears, for true and burning teſtimonies of the ſorrow I have to ſee my ſelf about to be forſaken by him by whom I only I breath.

Flor. *Miſtriſs, I ſwear to you, my heart is alike touch'd with ſuch ſtrokes, for this our parting, that I can hardly breathe for grief of it, and do already ſee I have loſt my ſelf, in the loſs of the ſight of your ſtar-like beauty. For I am ſure, that once abſent from your luminuous aſpect, each pleaſure will be to me a ſubject of grief and ſorrow. However, ſince it will not be otherwiſe, I ſhall ſo part with you, as that my life ſhall ever be at your ſervice; and ſo farewel dear Miſtriſs, live ſtill happy and content, whileſt I languiſh unfortunate, though conſtant: let not then my remoteneſs alter your minde, more then it ſhall ſhake the reſolution I have long ſince made to live and dye yours; as for mine own part, I ſhall not think my ſelf abſent from you, ſo long as I am lodged in your heart, and memory.*

Leon. Farewel; Sir, you poſſeſs my ſoul; and I do even leave it in your power; conſerve it for a more happy ſeaſon then this of parting; and in the mean ſpace have pitty of all the bloody griefs, which the meer apprehenſion of your abſence makes me already

feel so vehemently, for I think it very strange to leave you, whose company is dearer to me then my life. But to make an end of this discourse, I do beseech you, *Sir*, and let me conjure you by the sweetness of that love I have born you, and will all my life long devote to you, in respect of my cruel fears, to write often to me, during the unhappy time of your absence: for in reading of your Letters, I shall perswade my self that I am not wholly deprived of you, or lost to your memory.

Floreſtan. *I vow to you, Miſtriſs, I will give you ſo many Letters for confirmation of my loyalty, and the love I bear you, that you ſhall have no cauſe to diſtruſt. And ſo I beſeech heaven to make you the happieſt alive; even as the Divine Creator hath made you the faireſt and moſt accompliſhed: that he alſo make you ſo pitiful to retain me in your moſt deſired favour, that I may be able continually to witneſs, how violent my affections are toward you.*

Lad. Heaven grant you may be as faithful to me, as I am to you: and give you as much quiet and contentment, as you take from me. But what ſhould I ſay more? I muſt ceaſe to remember you of the force and heat of my affections, but not entreat you to pity my martyrdom; and that whereſoever you are, to be mindful of me. And ſo once more I entreat the Deities, to grant you ſuch proſperity, that your fortunes may parallel your perfections.

Flor. *Reſt aſſured*, ſweet Miſtriſs, *to be beloved of me, though not equal to your merit, to which height it is impoſſible my affection ſhould raiſe it ſelf.*

A discourse betwixt *Mounsieur Device*, and his humorous Lady; upon the Fancies of the Ribbans he wore in his hat.

Mounſ. LAdy, the pleasures of this sweet morning attend you.

Lady. As pleasant hours I wish to you: but why so like a fore-horse, Sir: what mean those Hieroglyphicks on your Bever, those Ribbans of variety of colours?

M. They are several fancies, Lady, which Ile decypher to you: here is an Azure and a Peach; Azure is constant, the Peach is love, which signifies my constant love. Yesterday I wore Folimot, Gredeline, and Isabella. Folimot is withered, Gredeline is absent, and Isabella is beauty: which put together, expresse, that I wither and languish for your absent beauty.

Lady. But is there any reason for these distinctions?

Moun. O yes: for example, your Folimot is a withered leaf, which doth moralize decay; your yellow is------

Lad. I will inform you, Sir, of that colour, by sad experience: 'tis jealous.

Moun. You are mistaken Lady, it is your Lemmon colour that is jealous, a pale kinde of yellow: your perfect yellow is joy, your white is death, your milk-white is innocence, your Black is mourning, your Orange is Martial, a most orient colour in Heraldry: your Flesh-colour is lascivious, your Maidens-blush is envyed, your red is defiance, your gold is avaritious, your Straw is plenty, your Green is hope, your

Grass-green is youth, your Sea-green is unconstant your Violet is religious, and your Willow forsaken.

L. Out upon the ignorance I have lived in, Mounsieur, you are so exquisitely phantastical, that you cannot but win admiration from the Court-beauties.

Moun. You are your self all wonder, these are but Ensigns of that beauty your servant fights under.

L. The heavens smile upon you, farwel, and be victorious.

M. Your humble servant, and most constant Martyr.

The Gentleman Ushers Grammer.

FIrst, he must be bold to defend the right of his Ladies honor, both for priviledg and place: for the hand and for the wall.

Secondly, he must be most neat in his clothes, from head to foot: neat in his Office, in his garb, in his pace, in his coming off, in his coming on.

Thirdly, he must have a most artificial memory, to relate how his Lady and other Ladies do: how they slept, how their Physick wrought, how many visits they have had, with other circumstances of their Dogs, Monkeys, and Parachitoes.

Fourthly, he must be dexterous in his carriage, in his carving and marshalling of dishes, performances which require his most graceful demeanours.

Fiftly, he must be vers'd in his several postures and congees: more particularly, he is to observe how to hand his Lady, to arm his Lady, to side his Lady, to draw out his Lady, to present his Lady, to shoulder his Lady, which is when she takes Coach: to foot his Lady, which is when she alights.

Lastly, he is to be furnish'd with his Spanish shrugs, his French smirks and faces: all which he is most methodically to set off with his refined language and resplendent habit, thus prepared & instructed, through his

his dilligent and obedient attendance he may quickly ſtart up to be a pretty Adjunct, or Gentleman-Uſher, for the temper, or ſtatelieſt carriage of any of the *Strand*, or *Covent Garden* Ladies, and by putting himſelf forwards, he may do ſomething, and dare much more, provided that he be not daſht out of any thing, ſooner then diſcountenanced, until his preferment ſtumble upon him.

The Love-ſick Picture-Drawer.

OR

The perfections of ever to be admired *Clarinda*, repreſented and limmed forth by her ſervant, as with his youthful eyes he admired, and ſharpeſt fancies delineated her ſuper-excellent features.

On her face.

HER face is loves-copie, to read wonders on. She cannot put her face in ſuch a form, but I muſt like it.

Her lively face diſdains all adulterous Arts.

A perpetual ſpring of beauty dwels in that face of hers.

Fairer then *Chloris* in all her pride.

Her face vailed with a robe of darkneſs, ſhines clearer through it, than the eye of the day.

The faireſt ever Nature made for wonder.

But to look upon her face is to live.

Whoſe looks would force the warring Elements into order.

A tempting beauty, and full of wanton flames.

The behaviour of whoſe beauty, is like a ſingular Muſician to a ſweet inſtrument.

Care-

Care-causing beauty, comprehended in the white Lillies and blushing Roses of her cheeks.

Her face refresheth my sight like to the gloss of Emralds.

All the comfort that the Sun gives, is but a reflection of her fair and most radiant face.

Clarinda's face when it shines forth, expels the night more then a thousand stars.

On her hair.

In those twining curls *Cupid* is taken prisoner.

Her hairs, those golden Ensigns, those snares of love.

On her Brow.

She hath a lofty Brow, where love doth sit in triumph.

Her Brow is a smooth milky *Galaxia.*

On her Fore-head.

Her Fore-head full of Majesty and stateliness.

The stately Fort from whence the god of Love discharges his artillery.

On her Eyes.

Her Eyes shedding a firmament of light.

By those fair Eyes from which this little world borrows the light it has.

Her Dove-like eyes.

Her wounding eyes.

Eyes full of grace and quickness.

Her eyes those surfeits of delight.

She cannot close her eyes, but the sad world's benighted.

Her eyes the sphears of Love, and load-stones of affection.

Liquorous rolling eyes.

On her Smiles.

I am blessed with her immortal smiles.

Just so the Western-gales bring on the Spring.

In

In that ſweet dimple, when ſhe ſmiles, *Cupid* hath pitch'd his tents.

On her Lips.

Life-breathing Lips.

Her Lips like threds of Scarlet.

Her Cherry-Lips.

Such a Lip the morning gathers bluſhes from.

A thouſand *Cupids* call me to taſte her lips.

Thoſe lips would thaw a man into a ſpring, though he were more frozen than the Alps.

To riſe to her lips at firſt is too great an honour.

Cupid hanging down his wings, doth ſit comparing Cherries with her lips.

Permitted me to make an impreſſion, or dimpled print on my *Clarinda's* lips.

Her lips *Adonis* Garden, where he that gathers flowers, may gather ſtill.

To ſuck her heart out at her lips.

Her lips are Rubies of an infinite value.

For to taſte thoſe lips one would forſake Caſſia or Violets.

Her lips Loves ſweet Altar, where the heart is offered for a continual ſacrifice.

On her Kiſſes.

The unreproved kiſſes of chaſt *Clarinda*.

Her kiſſes ſpeak her Virgin, ſuch a baſhful heat at ſeveral tydes doth ebb, and flow, as it were afraid to meet our wilder flames.

A kiſs from her would warm the chilleſt bloud.

By the Law of Arms, faireſt *Clarinda*, I may demand a kiſs.

To take a wanton kiſs on Loves fair lips.

On her Cheeks.

Her Cheeks ſhine like ſparkling ſtones.

No ſadneſs dwels upon her Cheeks, to blaſt the tender Roſes.

Her

Her Cheeks are like to Punick Aples.

Her Cheeks are ſpread with Spices and Flowers.

Her Cheeks of a pure Carnation, inameled with white.

Her Cheeks kindle my blown appetite, never to expire.

The bloud in her Cheeks looks like the bluſhing *Sabin* Maids ſurprized.

On her breath.

Her breath doth ſcent of Amber.

Her Mother fed on Roſes when ſhe bred her: her breath is all perfumes.

Her breath diſſolves one, and he that taſts it, is pleaſed as with ſweet Violets.

Her breath is like to the Weſtern winde, when it glads *Arabia*, and breaths Gums and Spices.

On her Voice.

Her Voyce is adorned with graceful accents.

Her Voyce above the ayres of chirping birds.

The wel tuned harmony of her plealant voyce.

On her Language and Diſcourſe.

She knows no Barbariſm in her Expreſſions.

Her beauty ſet forth with ſuch ſweet Language cannot want an advocate.

Of a moſt diſcreet Diſcourſe, rich in Language.

Powerful of ſpeech and behaviour.

On her neck.

Her neck is poliſht Ivory, white as the ſilver Dove.

On her breaſts.

Her breaſts are a pair of Maiden-unconquered Worlds.

Her breaſts are the ſoft Pillows of Love.

Her breaſts are twins where Lillies grow.

Living Springs flow from her breaſts.

Her breaſts, two Ivory Balls of laſting pleaſure.

Betwixt the amorous beds of her two ſwelling breaſts,

breasts, Love summes his pleasures.

Her breasts as soft and tender as the Pelicans.

Her breasts are *Leda's* twins, interchangeably imbracing one another.

upon her Hand and Fingers.

A small Spider finger'd Lass.

Her slender delicate hand the wondring eye invites.

Her Lilly-hand lay under her Rosie Cheek, couzening the wanton Pillow of a kiss.

Her fingers tipt with Ivory.

On her Arms.

Who can do otherwise then imagine that those fair branches of my *Clarinda's* Arms were made to take the great men of the world her Prisoners.

A Girle of a sweet incircling imbrace.

On her Belly.

An Ivory rising hill.

Her lap is *Elizium.*

Her Navel the seal of loves impression.

The valley of affection is not far from her Hil of pleasure; in that Dale I would repose my self.

On her Womb.

Her Womb the Mansion of *Cupid*, and Summer-house of pleasure.

Her Womb, that wanton dwelling-house of Love.

On her Waste.

Her Waste as slender as a Wand.

About her waste *Joves* Messenger doth dwell, to inchant all beholders.

On her Thighes.

Her Thighes are fit subjects for the pleasant songs of youthful Poets to acquaint the world with.

On her Veins.

Her Veins swelling in blew branches.

The Skye hath so much blue as from her Veins.

On

On her legs and Feet.

Her Legs as ſtately and firm as Marble pillars.

Her feet active, nimble, and beautiful.

On her Chamber and Bed.

Her adorned Chamber, and bed perfumed, with bruiſed Spices, fruits, and odoriferous Flowers.

Her Chamber for ſweetneſs envying the flowring Spring.

Her Chamber needs no other Sun than her own beautiful beams to ſhine there.

Her Chamber is a mint of Jeſts.

On Clarinda's *Looking-Glaſs.*

Her ſmiling glaſs is an antidote againſt the Sythe of time.

She needs not look into that mirrour, for every thing becomes her exactly well, into which whoſoever looks, they do but read over again the *Syntaxis* of her beauty.

Further Obſervations, Expreſſions, and Concluſions upon the flames of Love, and Captivity of the ſervants of Venus *and her blinde Son, with ſome Rules and Remedies.*

OUT upon this Love, what Apes, Dogs, and Cats, it makes men look like? How heavy and dull-ey'd a Lovers Miſtriſs ſits, like *Phœbe* ſhaddowed to him in a dull ſable Cloud.

Love a fair Lady; but love her ſo, that you may finde room for a freſh beauty.

A Lover that with his proteſtations, and tedious Complements waſts his lungs.

A

A Lovers loyal death argues the inconſtancy of his Miſtris.

A Lover that diſperſes his ſoul in ſighes, his ears ſwoln bigger then his eyes.

A Lover that diſtils his thoughts into his Miſtriſſes ears.

One endeared to his Miſtriſſes eyes.

One endeared to his Miſtriſſes beauty.

A Lover that will prattle in his ſleep, and when he walks forth acquaint every Grove with his tel-tale love, then ſits croſs-armed, hangs his head over a Chryſtal Brook, and weeps till it ſwels to an Ocean.

The ſoft and ſimple war of Lovers.

A fellow that will praiſe the hand and foot, and ſay the face is Angelical; lye and diſſemble moſt groſly.

Drunk with the devices, and love-ſick glances of women.

One that will gallop on in praiſes of his Miſtriſs, and be a profeſſed *Homer* of women.

Coridon courted *Phillis* with a faint kiſs.

No better could the ſilly Swains then this.

What would *Hercules* with his five Miſtriſſes have ſaid to a *Platonick* love-ſick Heretick?

By the power of Love all things were made, and are ſtill continued.

Love was bred in the dear boſom of *Venus*.

Love that divine quinteſſence, that findes ſuch a ſympathy in beauty.

Luſt doth but uſurp the name of Love; for love it ſelf is a furnace of pure flames.

Love is that Tyrant in his Laws, that divorces our ſenſe from Reaſon, and makes a tempeſt in the ſoul.

Love is a ſpark of pleaſure, kindled by vain deſire.

Love is a fiery Froſt. Love

Love, though blinde, beholds beauty; and though naked, feels no cold.

Cupids Bark will sail with every winde.

Love keeps his revels, when they are but two.

Reason retires, when love and pleasure enters.

Unlawful means do make love lawful.

Love is most true, when he doth most faign.

Shew Passion in thy looks, entertain not any in thy breast.

A new School of Love, with Questions and Answers, resolving the doubts of Lovers.

Quest. *What is love?*

A. It is the receptacle of pensive mindes.

Quest. *How comes it to pass that many times we love those we never saw?*

A. Rare persons are like to Tapestries, that seem fairer far off then near at hand, and it is the reputation of what is absent, as concealed, that allures.

Q. *Why do lovers fall out to agree the better?*

A. Since afterwards they desire a re-union with the greater fervor and passion.

Q. *Who is more constant in love, a man or a woman?*

A. Experience confirms that, we see more women deceived by men, then men by women; they know their own unworthiness, and therefore not so confident.

Q. *Why do women love those so intirely that they delivered up Virgin-purity to?*

A. In

A. In acknowledgment of their perfection.

Q. *How is it that there are many more women in the world then men?*

A. Women are exempted from the War, and in nature the worſt things are moſt plentiful.

If women were as little as they are good,
A Peaſe-cod would make them a gown, and a hood.

Q. *What is the greateſt recompense a woman can make a man?*

A. To reveal to him her ſecrets, and make him lord of her body.

Q. *How muſt a man behave himſelf amongſt Ladies?*

A. He muſt be bold and hardy.

Q. *Why is love painted blinde?*

A. Becauſe the actions of Lovers cannot be hid or diſſembled.

Q. *Why be the ſecrets of love ſo eaſily kept?*

A. For the ſweetneſs of that modeſty that men finde in them.

Q. *Why do ſome mens hair curl?*

A. From the abundance of their heat; Females want beards, as they are more cool.

Q. *Why do ſome liſp?*

A. Their ſinews are putrified with flegme, or their brains are more moiſt, but their lips, according to the Proverb, have a golden mean.

Q. *Why doth a Lover often keep in the expreſſion of his Tongue?*

A. By reaſon of his paſſions.

Q. *Why hath a woman a ſhriller voice then a man?*

A. There is a difference in the compoſition of the Veins and moiſt Arteries; and the paſſage where their voice is framed is narrower.

Q. *Who are moſt ſecret in the ſports of love?*

A. Women, ſince it ſo neerly concerns them.

Q. *What*

Q. *What is the meat of perfect Lovers?*

A. Sighes and tears.

Q. *Why have old men the repulse of young women?*

A. Becauſe they have not wherewith to eaſe them of their greif.

Q. *Why are Lovers ſo puſillanimous?*

A. From their paſſion and feares of minde.

Q. *Why is* Cupid *pictured with wings?*

A. The deſires of Lovers for the moſt part tend to high things.

Q. *Why do Lovers write amorous Sonnets to their Miſtriſſes?*

A. Poetry is the friend of love.

Q. *Why hath love been eſteemed a god?*

A. Becauſe he makes the Coward valiant, the illiterate Eloquent, the melancholly merry, his cheerful divinity giving Garlands to his Martyrs.

Q. *Why doth Nature afford love ſo much pleaſure?*

A. For the preſervation of mankinde.

Q. *Why do lovers ſpend whole nights in love?*

A. Becauſe their fancies are wholly placed on their endeared objects, ſo that they are forced to reſign themſelves up to them.

Q. *Why do lovers ſo obſerve the looks and glances of their Ladies?*

A. Becauſe there is no part of the body that doth ſo declare and manifeſt the interior paſſions of the minde, as the eye.

Q. *Why are lovers forſworn?*

A. *Cupid* laughs at perjuries.

Q. *Why are lovers the better friends for their falling out?*

A. Becauſe Love is a flame that may be extinguiſhed, if it be not often blown.

Q. *Wherefore is it that many times love is conceived upon an inſtant towards the object?*

A. Since

A. Since the Eye, the informer of the intellectual part, no sooner presents the object, then at the same instant it discourses to the heart, to which it renders it as appetible.

Q. *VVhence is kissing so esteemed of Lovers?*

A. From the first celebration of the *Trojan* Wives, who to keep their Husbands from the danger of more Voyages fired their Ships, and for their pacification used this Ceremony of the Lips, which with the novelty of their embraces quencht the fire of their displeasures.

Q. *Who are more enclined to pleasure, men or women?*

A. Women, for men being of a better temper are drier and stronger.

Q. *VVhy are women more craftily revengful then men?*

A. By reason of the weakness of their natures; what they cannot do by force they maintain by subtilty.

Q. *VVhy is it naught to lye on the back?*

A. It causes Diseases, disturbs the fore-part of the brain, and procures the night-Mare

Q. *VVhy have women thicker bloud then men?*

A. By reason of the cold, which doth coagulate and congeal theirs more.

Q. *VVhy is Venery bad for melancholly and lean men?*

A. Because it dries them too much which are too dry of themselves.

Q. *VVhere are women of best use?*

A. In *Thalamo, in tumulo,* in the bed, in the tombe, as one of *Marcions* Scholars answered.

Q. *VVhy do young men naturally decline widows?*

A. They would not drink in those waters others have been dabling in before.

Q. *What waters of all other are most deceitful?*

A. A womans tears.

Q. *VVhere-*

Q. *Wherefore are amorous women more tickliſh then others?*

A. Becauſe their skins are more looſe, ſoft, and delicate.

Q. *How cometh it to paſs that women newly married, the firſt night, are ſo loath to go to bed, yet riſe the next day ſo luſty and joyful?*

A. It proceeds from the perfection of the man, which having acquired to themſelves, they then know they are women indeed.

Q. *Why do men kiſs the eyes of them they do affect?*

A. Becauſe they were the firſt beginners of love.

Q. *Why do many love fervently, yet are not beloved again?*

A. By reaſon their complexions cannot agree.

Q. *Why ſhould we not place our loves on thoſe that are ſo young?*

A. Becauſe they are ſo inconſtant, and evermore curious of new ſervants.

Q. *How comes it that he that is ſoon taken with love, doth as ſoon forget it?*

A. He is like to one that rides a Gallop, and by and by he waxeth weary.

Q. *VVhy do men ſay that love is a perfect Muſician?*

A. Becauſe he turneth and maketh harmonious the ſpirits that had before no agreement.

VVhy is there ſuch delights in the ſports of Venus?

A. That men might not abhor the uncleanneſs of them.

Q. *VVhy do ſome women love the white, ſome the black complexions?*

A. Some delight in black as hot, and more agreeable to their conſtitutions, ſome in white, as their natures are more cool.

Q. *VVhat quality hath the Sanguine?*

A. He is fair, ſmooth-haired, he is ſecret, ſhame-faced,

faced, ſpirited, Muſically given, a lover of Learning, liberal and courteous.

Q. *What properties hath the Phlegmatick complexion'd man?*

A. They are ſleepy, moiſt, fearful, covetous, weak in Venery.

Q. *What are the qualities of the Cholerick man?*

A. He is pale, unquiet, a great drinker, little ſleeper, a lover of the ſociety of women.

Q. *What is the melancholly mans qualities?*

A. His Complexion is brown, his Veins ſmall; he eateth little, hath a bad digeſtion, his Dreams are confuſed, he is timorous and incontinent.

Q. *Wherfore is it that we tickle not our ſelves?*

A. Becauſe our touch is natural and familiar to us.

Q. *Wherefore is it, that amongſt all kinde of Animals the Females are moſt ſubtile; and ſcape more cunningly and craftily from the embraces, then Males?*

A. It is for the moſt part that they being more weak then the Males, Nature to repair the defect hath given them a more wilely craft for the converſation of their lives.

Q. *What is the reaſon that women in the winter go thinner cloathed, and endure more cold then men?*

A. Every like is leaſt affected with his like; and women, becauſe they are cooler by nature, feel the leſs cold.

Q. *Why do learned men often beget ſottiſh Children?*

A. Becauſe their contemplations are higher raiſed then to minde ſuch beaſtial pleaſure.

Q. *If beauty failes, doth love decreaſe?*

A. Too often, for love is no other thing then a deſire of beauty.

Q. *Why do a certain Northern people feeth a ſtone called Gagates, and give it to them they are to lye with the night before they enjoy them?*

A. To

A. To know whether they retained their Virgin purity, for it forceth to Urine those that are not pure from man.

Q. Do you think love is so blinde as the Poets would make us believe?

A. Why not, when the faireſt dote ſo often, as we have daily experience, upon the moſt foul and deformed.

Q. What woman thinketh her ſelf moſt worthy to be beloved, the fair, or the deformed?

A. Before I return you an anſwer, ſhew me a woman that doth not think her ſelf to be beautiful.

Q. Why have men ſuch diverſity of opinions in their cenſures of beauty?

A. Becauſe all fair and beautiful things, according to the Greek Proverb, are hard and very difficult to be judged.

Q. Who is more conſtant in Love, the man or the woman?

A. The man, being both in body and ſpirit more firm, and more conſtant in his perſwaſions of love-affairs.

Q. How comes it that he that truly loves is moſt commonly requited with the like reſpects of love again?

A. Becauſe our ſpirits cannot alwa es reſiſt thoſe true and amorous looks and glances that are continually darted at us.

Q. What is the trueſt aſſurance we can give of our love?

A. Perſeverance.

Q. Why are lovers ſo unconſtant?

A. Becauſe youth aboundeth with heat, and is ſubject to divers and many thoughts, and ſo cannot ſtay it ſelf.

Q. Can charms work love?

A. Your Magitians, and thoſe that write of Nature, conclude ſo.

Q. Where-

Q. *Wherefore have women leſs liberty to place their affections on many, then men?*

A. Becauſe their modeſty reſtrains them; which take from them, and ye take away their lives.

Queſt. *Why do ſome bluſh and change their countenance, when they hear what they would not?*

A. Out of an anger which forceth the blood, till the ſpirits are quieted, to riſe from the loweſt parts, and to fluſh in the face.

Queſt. *Why is a womans wit unapt for good, and moſt prompt and ready in bad things?*

A. 'Tis according to that rule of Philoſophy, that a woman is a mans hurt, and but a privation; now the condition of a privation is alwaies miſchief.

Queſt. *Why do women love fine clothes, better then men?*

A. Becauſe too often wanting the beauty of their mindes, they ſtudy the more how to adorn and hide the imperfections of their bodies, which they are therefore the more ſenſible of.

Queſt. *Why do we love our ſight above our other ſenſes?*

Anſw. Becauſe the divine force of love is placed there.

Queſt. *What is the greateſt pleaſure that a true lover can feel?*

Anſw. To think that he is beloved again of his Miſtris.

Queſt. *Why are all things diſpoſed more to love in the ſpring-time, then in other ſeaſons?*

A. Becauſe then the humors do move themſelves, and the blood doth wax hot.

Queſt. *Wherefore are the angers of lovers of ſo little continuance?*

A. Becauſe they fall out for trifles.

Queſt. *Wherefore do the ancients picture love with flow-*

flowers in the one hand, and a fish in the other?

A. To shew that Love is lord both of Sea and Land.

Q. *Why are men rather amorous then women?*

A. Because they are of hotter complexions, and their spirits are more quick and prompt.

Q. *Wherefore are all joyes of lovers uncertain?*

A. Because in love are divers casualties, jealousie, suspition, anger, peace, disdain.

Q. *Why is it that secret love is more burning, then that which is discovered?*

A. Because in the one a fire doth consume, in the other a friend doth give advice to quench the flames.

Q. *Wherefore is it that women and children weep often, and with more facility then men?*

A. Because they are more humid, and therefore when they are oppressed with grief, they easily evacuate their plenty of moysture, with tears.

Q. *Why did Nature rather make the brain cool then hot?*

A. To moderate the heat of the heart, that it might serve in stead of a Fan to cool it.

Quest. *Wherefore is it said, what is a woman but her tongue?*

A. Because anciently they had no other defence or weapon but that, but now they have better fortified themselves with tongue, tooth and nails.

Q. *What kinde of people are those that do not sleep in their own faces?*

A. Whores that paint, and put on other faces.

Q. *What is the reason that if a man hath committed any great crime, he cannot dissemble it in his eyes and countenance?*

A. Because the eye is the messenger of the heart, and the glass wherein the minde doth shine, Nature her self as it were being a second conscience.

Q. *Why*

Q. *Why do those look pale that are much grieved?*

A. Because nature flieth to the inward parts, with that blood which doth paint the skin.

Q. *Wherefore have lovers feeble voyces?*

A. Out of the fear they have to displease their Ladies.

Q. *Wherefore is it, that a man being toucht with love cannot rid himself of that passion by any dexterity?*

A. Because a delicate sweet motion doth transport him to the thing he desires, and with a certain admiration windes him into the nets of love.

Q. *Wherefore are lovers for the most part ready to weep?*

A. Because by nature they are fearfull, suspitious, jealous, and always troubled.

Q. *Why be women so prone to yield to love?*

A. Because dame nature hath endowed them with a delicate touch, with Complexions, hot and moyst, things most requisite for the recreations of *Venus*.

Q. *What do lovers chiefly delight in?*

A. Tranquility and abundance, Revels, Banquets Masks, Plays, soft Beds, and pleasant Dreams.

Quest. *What creatures of all others are most wanton?*

A. Insatiate women, according to the old Verse:

One Cock sufficeth twice ten Hens,
Scarce one lew'd woman thrice five men.

Q. *What think you, do the eyes most betray that a man would keep secret?*

A. Love and Drunkenness.

Q. *From whence is derived the power of feeling?*

A. As the root of life, it spreds it self through every part of the body, by sinews, which descend from the head to the foot, like a net cast over the body.

Q. *What are the three first members formed in the womb after conception?*

A. The Heart, the Brain, and the Liver.

Q. *When a man dyes, which is the last part of him that stirs, which of a woman?*

A. The last part of a man is his heart, of a woman, her tongue.

Q. *What is death very fitly resembled unto?*

A. To a woman, or a shadow, for seek it, and it flyes you, and so a woman, according to the old Poet:

Follow a shadow, and it flyes you,
Seem to flye it, it will pursue you:
So court a woman, she'll deny you,
Let her alone, she will court you.

Quest. *What was the Philosopher so thankful for?*

A. For four things; 1. That he lived in the time of *Socrates*. 2. That he was a *Grecian*, and not a *Barbarian*. 3. That he was a man and not a beast. 4. That he was a man, and not a woman.

Q. *What Birds are shortest lived?*

A. Sparrowes, which for their salacity and wantonness eight times in an hour, live not above two years.

Q. *Why is love compared to a Labyrinth?*

A. Because the first entrance into it is easie, but it will put a man to his best wits to get out of it again.

Q. *Why do the amorous send forth so many sighs?*

A. Love is like a Cough, it hath too many passions, and therefore must have vent; it sendeth forth, in respect of its continual thoughts, all the heat of the heart, from whence of necessity it cometh, that they that are in love must often respire and breathe, from which respirations sighings arise.

Q. *Wherefore was Paris desirous to see the three Goddesses naked?*

A. That

A. That he might give the better judgment by viewing the proportion of their bodies; O, how many seem fair and beautiful to the outward appearance, which stript of their crimson and rich attires, would appear like fleyed Cats!

Q. *Why did the Poet call love a Tragedy?*

A. Because 'tis always accompanied with heavines, complaints, and many interchangeable mysteries and events.

Quest. *Why are the angers of lovers of so short continuance?*

A. Because they fall out for trifles.

Quest. *Is there any sensual pleasure above that of* Venus?

A. No, for that it causeth an universal delight throughout all nature.

Quest. *Wherefore do men esteem women to be evils, like the fire and the sea?*

A. Because from them proceed infinite and unspeakable misfortunes.

Quest. *What would a lover do being afar off, when he sees a ship wherein the Lady of his life is in danger of drowning?*

A. He would make ten thousand vows to love, and with tears and prayers beg heartily for her, though it cost him a taper as big as the Mast of his ship, his godhead shall be promised fair to have it.

Q. *Wherefore do young women love perfumes so wel?*

A. They are of *Venus* train; and the Greek Poets affirm, that they never went from any place, but they left a scent behinde them.

Quest. *Why is beauty compared to a flower?*

A. Because it so soon fades away.

Quest. *Wherefore is it that maids having past the age of ripeness, and losing that time of marriage, become pale-coloured and yellow?*

A. By reason of the retention of superflous humors, which are evacuated by the consummation of Matrimony, and those corrupted within them vitiates the blood, and springs them into great and dangerous diseases, which can never hardly be cured, but by marriage.

Q. Wherefore is it that Celestial influences are necessarily concurring to the generation of man?

A. Because, as Philosophers hold, man and sun beget man; *Astra regunt homines, sed regit astra Deus.*

Q. Which be the noblest hearts?

A. Those which love disdains not to warm with his sacred heat.

Q. Why is love painted naked?

A. Because the actions of love are such as should not be dissembled.

Q. Wherefore did Apelles *paint* Cupid *with these words writ in his forehead:* Spring-time and Summer?

A. To shew, that in love are prosperities and adversities.

Q. Why did Painters draw on the borders of Cupids *robe, Life and Death?*

A. To shew that love remaines, both in life, and after death.

Q. Why was Cupid, *drawn by* Zeuxis, *in a green robe?*

A. Green signifies hope, to express that Lovers live in a continual hope.

Q. What secret device hast thou to avoid discovery, yet send thy minde to thy Mistris?

A. To write with the juyce of Lemons, or Onions, which appears not, till held to the fire.

Q. Which is the most voluptuous seat of pleasure in the Female?

A. The Navel, moved with soft touches of pleasure.

Q. Where-

Q. *Wherefore do lovers delight to wear their Mistrisses Favours?*

A. The better to express how conformable they are to their desires and wills.

Q. *Why do lovers seek the dark?*

A. Because they go about that which they suppose not to be very handsome.

Q. *Where is it, that when lovers talk with their Ladies, the spittle encreaseth in their mouths, and when they dance their brests seem as if they would fall off, their veins do hop with such force?*

A. The first is caused from the heat of the tongue, whose motions resolve into spittle; the second is from the neer neighbour-hood that the heart hath to the Pap, from which all the vital spirits do proceed, whither as it were retiring, it causeth such motions.

Q. *Why doth an earnest view or beholding of beauty, make a man amorous?*

Q. Because the eyes are *Cupids* Messengers, when the beams which proceed from the heart, do invite and conform themselves to the thing viewed and looked upon.

Q. *Whereof cometh it that lovers do delight so much in Musick.*

A. Because Musick is lascivious, and they take pleasure in the effeminacy of it.

Q. *Why is it that young women in love are never satisfied with dancing?*

A. Because the immoderate exercise of dancing is venerial.

Q. *What are the chiefest causes of the Union and Conjunction of lovers?*

A. Complexions alike wrought upon by the Celestial influences.

Q. *Why is love pictured, standing between slothfulness and hatred?*

A. Becauſe idleneſs doth ingender love, and love many times changeth into hatred.

Queſt. *Which were it beſt to ſerve, a maid, a married woman, or a widow?*

A. The love of the maid is moſt conſtant, of the widow more pleaſant, of the married wife, ſlanderous and hurtful.

Queſt. *Of two lovers, which ſhall we eſteem to be moſt favoured, him from whom his Lady ſhall take away a Noſegay and put it into her boſome, or him to whom ſhe ſhall give a Noſegay that ſhe her ſelf did wear?*

Anſ. The property of a woman is to take, not to give; therefore ſhe loves him beſt, to whom ſhe gives the Noſegay.

Queſt. *Of what colour ſhould a woman be moſt deſired?*

A. Of that colour wherewith we paint Vertue, which is red, but moſt men love the paler complexions.

Queſt. *Of whom have women learnt to ſtop their ears againſt love?*

Anſ. Of the ſerpent *Aſpis*, which is deaf and venemous.

Queſt. *Who enjoyes moſt pleaſure, the Bride-groom or the Bride, when they embrace?*

Anſ. The Bride, as you may perceive by her cheerful looks the next morning.

Queſt. *The eyes of the Lady, have they ſuch force on their lover, as the beams of the Sun upon the things of the earth?*

A. Queſtionleſs they raiſe a ſpring of affection, if love darts them.

Queſt. *Falling into the hands of a pitileſs woman, is it better to abſent thy ſelf, or to have her continually before thine eyes?*

Anſw. To get far enough from her.

Q. *What are the ordinances of love?*

A. That

A. That affections be equal, that between a lover and his Mistress nothing be conceal'd.

Q. How is it that they which are dim sighted are most given to love?

A. Because they discern not the imperfections of the object so soon as others.

Q. Do Curtizans love, or do they seem to do so?

A. There have been many mad for love, some that have died for it.

Q. Is love the cause of good or evil?

A. Of good, it makes fools wise.

Q. Do you think that a woman, without prejudice to her honour, may spare a little of her chastity to one that hath served her a long time?

A. I dare not affirm the lawfulness of the act, or say, It is not without prejudice; but questionless she is in some respect to be excused, if she give him some ease, that hath for a long time faithfully served her.

Q. Is it sufferable to falsifie faith in love?

A. Some hold it to be but a venial sin, because love is nourished with falshood and treason.

Q. Who is most jealous, the man or the woman, or which of them hath the most cause?

A. The woman is most jealous, but the man hath the greater cause; my reason I will for this time keep to my self.

Complemental and amorous *Poems.*

Encomions on the beauty of his Mistris.

BRighter then inside Barks of new-hew'n Cedar;
Sweeter then flames of fire perfum'd with Myrrh,
And comlier then the silver clouds, that dance
On *Zephyres* wings, before the queen o'th spring;

'Tis

'Tis she doth teach those Torches to burn bright:
It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night,
As a rich jewel in the Ethiop's ear;
Beauty too rich for use, for Love more dear:
So doth a Snowy Dove, trooping with Crows,
As this my Mistris, o'er her fellow shows.
Since her whole bodies frame hath pow'r to have moved,
The chaste *Hyppolitus* for to have loved.
In sum, her parts are white as Milk,
As smooth as Ivory, and as soft as Silk.
O! who can her perfections tell,
In whom alone all graces dwell?

On her hair.

Her hairs reflex with red streaks paint the skies,
Stars fall to fetch fresh lustre from her eyes.
Whil'st that those golden threds play with her breath,
Shewing lifes triumph in the map of death.

On her Locks.

Her Locks being platted like a piece of wool,
Are full of sweets, as sweet of sweets is full.

On her Forehead.

Her stately front was figured from above,
Majestick, fair, well polisht, high and pale,
Pure white, that dims the Lillies of the Vale.

On her Face.

Her Face like *Cynthia*'s, when in the full she shineth,
And blushing to her Love-mates bower declineth.
Such brightness hath her Angels face,
Can make a Sun-shine in a shady place.

On the colour of her face.

Such colour hath her face, as when the Sun,
In Summer his first rising hath begun.

On her Eye-brows and Cheeks.

Each Eye-brow hangs like *Iris* in the skies,
On either Cheek a Rose and Lilly lies.

Another

Another on her eye-brows and breath.

Her bright brows drive the Sun to Clouds beneath,
Sweet Morn and Evening dew falls from her breath.

On her eye-lids.

Her Arches be two heavenly lids;
Whose wincks each bold attempt forbids.

On her eyes.

Her eyes the contradictors of the night,
Like Marigolds, unsheath their glorious light.

Another on the same.

Two jetty Sparks, where *Cupid* chastly hides,
His subtil shafts, that from his quiver glides,
Piercing the hearts of others, yet they be
Unhappy, since themselves they cannot see.

On her smiles.

Her smiles so sweet and nice,
On earth do make a heavenly Paradise.

On her cheeks.

Her Cheeks like ripened Lillies steep'd in wine,
Or go geous Clouds upon the Suns decline.

Another on the same.

Her Cheeks with kindly Claret spred,
Aurora-like, new out of bed.

On her nose and breath.

Her nose is straight, and of a stately frame,
Her bread a sweet perfume, a holy flame.

On her chin.

Her Crystal chin, like to the purest white,
Is loves Pavilion, and the boys delight.

On her ears.

On these Meanders if you gaze,
You soon will tread a lovers maze.

On her lips.

Her lips like Roses over-washt with dew,
Do by their breath their beauties still renew.

On

On her lips, and neck.

Her lips more red then Coral ſtone,
Her neck's more white then aged Swans that mone.
O, who thoſe ruddy lips can miſs,
Which bleſſed ſtill themſelves do kiſs.

On her mouth.

Sweet mouth that ſend'ſt a muſick-roſied breath,
Whoſe every word darts me a living death.

On her mouth and teeth.

Within the compaſs of this hollow ſweet,
Thoſe orient ranks of ſilver pearls do meet.

On her breath.

She breathes forth flowers, ſhe makes the ſpring,
Perfumes the ayr, and comforts every thing.

On her tongue and words.

Her words do fall like Summer dews on me,
Her tongue ſtrikes muſicks ſweeteſt harmony.

On her teeth.

Her lips ne'er part, but that they ſhow,
Of precious Pearl a double row.

On her ſpeech.

In all her words ſuch vertues couched be,
The learned thence fetch their Philoſophy.

On her voice.

A voice which doth the Thruſhes ſhrilneſs ſtain,
And makes declining nature young again.

On her neck.

Her neck is an Ivory ſhining tower,
Or like delight, that doth it ſelf devour.

On her ſhoulders.

Theſe parching ſquares with ſilver skin,
Do paſs the hate-ſpot Ermaline.

On her arms.

Her twin-like arms, that ſtainleſs pair,
Fit for a Kings embraces are.

On her hands.

Her azured veins do uſe to ſtray,
With pretty *Cupids* every way:
Moyſt Pearl, warm Snow, ſmooth Ivory,
Within theſe ſtrange compacts do lye.

On her fingers.

Long, ſmall, and fit for *Orpheus* Lute,
Which made the ſavage Tygers mute.

On her actions.

Her deeds are like great cluſters of ripe Grapes,
Which load the bunches of the fruitful Vine,
Offering to fall into each mouth that gapes,
And fill the ſame with ſtore of coſtly wine.

On her breſts.

Her breſts thoſe Ivory globes circled with blew,
Save of their Lord, no bearing yoke they knew.

On her Paps.

Her Paps like two fair Apples in their prime,
From thoſe bleſt ſweets love ſucks his Summer time.

On her good thoughts.

Her mindful breſt perfumes with Frankincenſe,
And ſweeteſt odors every fainting ſenſe.

On her waſte and ribs.

Fitly ſo named, ſince it doth waſte.
Mens lives, until it be embrac'd:
Her ribs with white all armed be,
Compact with curious ſymmetry.

On her skin and fleſh.

Her lovely skin is white, like curds new preſt,
And ſnowy fleſh is ſoft as wool new dreſt.

On her navel.

Here love delighs the wandring thought,
Whileſt that mine eyes aſtray are brought:
Since nature here would fain unite,
In curious circles buſie ſight.

On her belly.

Moſt beautious ſeal of Virgins wax,
Pity 'tis the impreſſion lacks:
This place with ſence my joy doth fill.
Since 'tis intitled *Cupids* hill:
From whence a ſeemly paſſage there doth flow,
To ſtranger pleaſures that are plac'd below.

On her womb.

Her maiden womb the dwelling houſe of pleaſure,
O bleſt is he, may ſearch that ſecret treaſure.

On her thighes.

Theſe are the ſubjects that do fir,
The genius of an *Ovids* wit;
Whoſe hanches ſmooth as is the glaſs,
Our Albions Cliffs in whiteneſs paſs.

On her knees.

Theſe Knots of joy, and Gems of love,
With motion makes all graces move.

On the calves of her leg.

Mark well how fair the fleſh doth riſe,
In her brave calves like Cryſtal skies.

On the ſmall of herleg.

View but her *Atlas ſmalleſt ſmall*;
More white then whiteſt bone of all.

On her feet.

Her feet ſo ſhort and ſlender little round,
On earth a finer pair cannot be found.

A taſte of his Miſtriſſes perfections.

She hath *Venus* lip and eye,
With *Diana's* chaſtity,
In thoſe parts I have reveal'd,
Venus beauty is expreſt;
Yet there are ſome parts conceal'd,
Which my fancy judgeth beſt.

The concluſion.

Thus every part impairs a grace,
And beauty dwells in every place.

Love's

Loves moneth.

May is not loves moneth, *May* is full of flowers,
But dropping *April*, love is full of showers.

Definition of love.

Love is a friend, a fire, a heaven, a hell.
Where pleasure, pain, and sad repentance dwell.

Love will out.

The light of hidden fire, it self discovers;
And love that is conceal'd, bewrays poor lovers.

On the parting of Lovers.

Lovers well wot what grief it is to part,
When 'twixt two bodies liveth but one heart;
And lovers say, the heart hath double wrong,
When it is bart'd the assistance of the tongue.

On the constancy of affections.

Love well is said to be a life in death,
That laughs, and weeps, and all but in one breath.

Loves Lottery.

The world's a Lottery, a Lovers prize,
Is such a Girle that's fair, that's chaste, and wise.

The quality of love.

Love is a spirit, all compact of fire,
Not gross to sink, but light, and will aspire.

What love is.

Love is a golden bubble full of dreams,
That waking breaks, and fills us with extreams.

Lovers delight to be alone.

Lovers best like to see themselves alone,
Or with their loves, if needs they must have one.

Vows of Lovers.

We know not how to love, till love unblinde us,
And Vows made ignorantly can never binde us.

On the purity of their affections.

Needs must *Venus* wars be sweet,
When two maiden-lovers meet.

Impossibility

Impossibility of concealing love.

The sight of hidden fire it self discovers,
And love that is conceal'd, betrays poor lovers.

On one sick with love.

Where *Venus* strikes with beauty to the quick,
Great are the cares of those that are love-sick.

The errors of lovers.

All men do erre, because that men they be,
And men with beauty blinded cannot see.

What love is.

Love is a subtil influence,
Whose smallest force still hangeth in suspence.

Love admits of no contrary arguments.

Love hates all arguments, disputing still,
For sense 'gainst reason with a senceless will.

What love is.

Love is a blinded god, an angry boy,
A slave to beauties will, a witless toy;
A ravening bird, a tyrant most unjust,
A private hell, a very sea of lust.

Another definition of love.

Love is a sowre delight, a sugred grief,
A breach of Reasons Law, a secret thief,
A living death, an ever-dying life,
A sea of tears, an everlasting strife:
A bait for fools, a scourge of noble wits,
A deadly wound, a shot which ever hits.

On sudden affection.

From hasty love see thou abstain,
'Tis lust, not love, that seeks thus to obtain.

The effects of love.

This is the least effect of *Cupids* dart,
To change the minde, by wounding of the heart.

Cruelty of love.

Love is not full of mercy, as men say,
But deaf and cruel, where he means to prey.

The parting of lovers.

Love goes to love, as School-boyes from their books,
But love from love, toward School, with heavy looks.

A maxime of love.

'Tis folly by our wiſeſt worldlings proved,
If not to gain by love, to be beloved.

Loves wounds.

One was the Bow, one was the Dart,
That wounded us both to the heart:
Then ſince we both do feel one pain,
Let one love cure us both again.

The conſtancy of lovers.

Once learn to love, the leſſon is moſt plain,
And being learnt, is never loſt again.

The force of love.

Were beauty under twenty locks kept faſt,
Yet love breaks through, and picks them all at laſt.

Of muſick and love.

As without breath no pipe doth move,
No muſick's kindly without love.

A loving conjunction.

The day unto my hopes doth now ſhine fair,
I and my love in love united are.

Love findes an opportunity.

When love hath knit two hearts in perfect unity,
They ſeldom fail to finde an opportunity.

Offers of love, not to be refuſed.

Occaſion's winged, and ever flieth faſt,
Coming ſhe ſmiles, and frowns once being paſt.

Patience of lovers.

One may endure; for when the pain is paſt,
Reward though long it ſtay, yet comes at laſt.

Sorrows of lovers.

Sighs are the eaſe calamity affords,
Which ſerve for ſpeech, when ſorrow wanteth words.

To his Miſtriſs on her expected humiliation from him for a rude kiſs

If that I muſt ſuch penance do,
I'le bow unto no Saint but you.

On the Tears of Lovers.

In ſighs the lover ſpeaks his ſecret pains,
Tears are his Oratory, words do make him tremble,
Yet womens tears fall when they moſt diſſemble.

On frozen affection.

There where the hearts Atturney once is mute-
The Clyent breaks, as deſperate of his ſuit.

Of true and falſe love.

True love's a Saint, ſo ſhall you true love know,
Falſe love's a *Scythian*, yet a Saint in ſhow.

Love breaks all ſilence.

What Fiſh ſo dumb, what beaſt ſo dull of heart,
That hears love ſing, and will not bear a part?

No buſineſs like that of love

The fair, the falſe love can
Admit, all but the buſie man:
He that hath buſineſs and makes love, does do
Such wrong, as if a married man ſhould wo.

The perſeverance of a lover.

Deſire being Pilot, and bright beauties prize,
Who can fear ſinking where ſuch treaſure lyes?

The beginning of love

Fair beauty is the ſpark of hot deſire,
And ſparks in time will kindle to a fire.

On the lovers adverſity.

As the Stars in darkeſt night,
So love by ſuffering ſhines more bright:
For like unto a hidden flame,
It will at laſt break forth again.

On luſt.

Luſt makes oblivion, beateth reaſon back,
Forgetteth ſhames pure bluſh, and honours wrack.

On

On Virginity.

The ripeſt Corn dies, if it be not reapt,
Beauty alone is loſt, too early kept.

A Cruel Miſtriſs.

Nothing ſo ill becomes the fair,
As crueky which yields unto no prayer.

On Coyneſs.

A way-ward beauty, doth not fancy move,
A frown forbids, a ſmile engendreth love.

Another.

Fair words and power-attractive beauty,
Brings men too wanton in ſubjective duty.

Another.

Hope and deſpair, attend a lover ſtill,
Hope for to ſave, deſpair to kill.

On jealouſie.

Where jealouſie in baſeſt mindes do dwell,
'Tis metal *Vulcan*'s Cyclops ſent from hell.

On pleaſures.

Something muſt ſtill be left to cheer our ſin,
And give a touch of what ſhould not have been.
To thoſe that know but pleaſures price,
All's one, a Priſon, or a Paradiſe.

On Chaſtity.

The unſtain'd vail, which Innocents adorn,
The ungathered Roſe defended with the thorn.

Another on the ſame.

Penelope in ſpending chaſte her dayes,
As worthy as *Ulyſſes* was of praiſe.

A chaſte vow.

To thee as conſtant as the Sun to day,
Till from this light night hurries me away.

Proteſtations of ſervice.

I have vowed both love and duty,
To your vertue and your beauty.

On the Court.

Thither let *Phœbus* ſons reſort,
Where ſhines their father, but in *Jove*'s great Court?

On her delaying marriage.

Where hearts be knit, what helps if not to enjoy,
Delay breeds doubts, no cunning to be coy.

On his deſires.

What can be ſaid, that lovers cannot ſay?
Deſire can make a Doctor in a day.

On hand and heart.

Heaven ſeals that faith which firmly ſtands, (hands.
And joynes our hands with hearts, our hearts with

On misfortunes.

The man that ſtill amidſt misfortunes ſtands,
Is ſorrows ſlave, and bound in laſting bands.

On fate.

They fall which truſt to Fortunes fickle wheel,
But ſtaid by vertue, men ſhall never reel.

On diſdain.

In high diſdain love is a baſe deſire,
And *Cupids* flames is but a watry fire.

Proverbs on their Complexions, with their Expoſitions.

To the red man read thy read,
With a brown man break thy bread,
The one's wiſe, the other truſty:
At the pale man draw thy knife,
From a black man keep thy wife;
The one's peeviſh, the other luſty.

On the power of tears.

Tears tye the tongue of an excuſers grudg,
And ſofts the rigor of the ſterneſt Judg.

On Muſick.

Muſick can hardly ſolace humane ears,
When ſtrings are broke, and eyes are fil'd with tears.

On

On continued grief.

Drops pierce the flint, not by their force or ſtrength,
But by oft falling wears it out at length.

On Marriage.

Maids do take more delight, when they prepare,
And think of wives ſtates, then when wives they are.

On pleaſures and griefs.

Pleaſures like poſting gueſts, make but ſmall ſtay:
Where griefs bide long, and leave a ſcore to pay.

On Youth.

Youth learns to change the courſe that he hath run,
When he perceives and knows what age hath done.

A merry Companion.

Like to the ſelf-inhabiting Snail,
Or like a Squirel pent-houſed under his tail;
Even ſuch is my Miſtris face in a vail:
Or like a Carp that is loſt in mudding;
Nay more, like to a black-budding.
For as the pudding the skin lyes within,
So doth my Miſtris beauty in a taffity gin.

On a modeſt fair one.

Beautie's a begger, fie, it is too bad,
When in it ſelf-ſufficiency is had:
It was not made to pleaſe the wandring eye,
But an attire to adorn ſweet modeſty:
If modeſty and women once do ſever,
Farwel our fame, farwel our name for ever.

On his Will.

It lyes not in my power to love or hate,
For will in me is over-rul'd by fate.

On the loſs of Virginity.

Jewels being loſt, we finde again, this never,
'Tis loſt but once, and once loſt, loſt for ever.

On women.

Let Wolves and Beaſts be cruel in their kinds,
But Women meek, and have relenting minds.

On

On Coy Dames.

Hate and diſdain is painted in their eyes,
Deceit and Treaſon in their boſome lies.

Another.

Suppoſe thy Miſtriſs fled from thee,
As *Daphne* from *Apollo*:
Yet ſhe at laſt changed will be,
If thou the chaſe do follow.

On the unconſtancy of women.

They melt with words, as wax againſt the Sun,
So weak are many womens modeſties:
That what ſometimes they moſt would ſeem to ſhield,
Another time, poor ſouls, unaskt they yield.

Another on the ſame.

Women have tongues of craft, and hearts of guile,
They will, they will not, Hell is in their ſmile.

On Luſt.

Luſt never takes a joy in what is due,
But ſtill leaves known delights to ſeek out new.

On Virginity.

Like untun'd golden ſtrings fair women are,
Which lying long untoucht, will harſhly jar.

Another.

Virginity's a Roſe, which from the ſtem,
All fain would gather, gathered they contemn.

On the modeſty of women.

Though men can cover crimes with their ſtern looks,
Poor womens faces are their own fault-books.

On a womans tears.

A womans tears are falling Stars at night,
No ſooner ſeen, but quickly out of ſight.

A conſtant woman.

Conſtant in love, who tries a womans minde,
Wealth, beauty, wit, and all in her doth finde.

On the passions of a woman.

A womans passions doth the fire resemble,
Never alike, they sin if they dissemble.

A lovers grief.

As if my self, my own sad mourner were,
Down from mine eyes there stealeth forth a tear.

On the fading of beauty.

The fairest flowers of beauty fade away,
Like the fresh Lilly in the Sun shine day.

Another on the same.

Fair flowers that are not gathered in their prime,
Rot, and consume themselves in little time.

On the power of beauty.

The *Lybian* Lyons lose their sternest might,
If of a beautious face they once get sight.

Women envy one anothers beauty.

It is a common rule, that women never
Love beauty in their Sex, but envy it ever.

On a beauty cloystered up.

Things much retain'd, do make us most desire them,
And beauties seldom seen, make us admire them.

On beauty in mean attire.

It is decreed, that features shall content,
And that true beauty needs no ornament.

On beauties not enjoyed

Never were Cheeks of Roses, Locks of Amber,
Ordain'd to live, imprison'd in a Chamber.

Beauties for the court.

In vain our friends from this do us dehort,
For beauty will be where is most resort.

Beauties not to be confined.

Heaven made beauty like her self to view,
Not to be lockt up in a smoky mew,
A rosie tinctur'd feature is Heavens gold,
Which all joy for to touch, all to behold:

On the excellency and power of Beauty.

Beauty brings fancy to a dainty feast,
And makes a man, that else would be a beast.

A Rule.

Complain unto thy love with flattering art,
For gentle words do move the hardest heart.

The effects of Beauty.

Beauty in heaven and earth, this grace doth win,
It supplies rigor, and it lessens sin.

To his coy-Bride on the bridal night.

Why art thou coy, my *Leda?* ar't not mine?
Hath not the holy *Hymenean* twine
Power to contract our natures? Must I be
Still interpos'd with needless modesty?
What though my former passions, made me now
You were an Angel; be a mortal now.
The Bride-maids are all vanisht, and the crue
Of virgin Ladies that did wait on you,
Have left us to our selves, loath to be
Injurious to our loving privacy.
Come then, undress, why blush you? prethee smile,
Faith, I'le disrobe you, nay, I will not spoyl
Your Neck-lace, or your Gorget: Here's a pin
Pricks you, fair *Leda*; 'twere a cruel thing,
Not to remove it. O! how many gates
Are to *Elizium*, yet the sweetest straits
That ere made voyage happy: Here's a Lace,
Me thinks should stifle you, it doth embrace
Your body too severely, take a knife;
'Tis tedious to undo it, by my life
It shall be cut, and your Carnation Gown
Shall be pull'd off: Come, I must needs pull down
This Rosie Peticoat; why should this cloud
Keep that light from me, that is now allow'd?
I am priviledg'd, appear to me in white;
'Tis like my innocent aym, what means this light?

Thou

Thou ſhalt be *Eve* i' th Garden: VVe are alone,
Come let's to bed, why look you ſo, here's none
Sees you, but I, be quick, or by this hand
I'le lay you down my ſelf; in faith you ſtand
Too long i'th cold, why do you lye ſo far,
I'le follow you, diſtance ſhall never bar
My arms from your embraces, ſo, 'tis well, and now
I'le let thy Virgin-purity know how
Kings propagate young Princes; Marriage beds
Never deſtroy, except be Maiden-heads:
Fair Virgins fairly wedded, do repair
Declining beauty in a proſperous heir.
Come then, let's kiſs, let us embrace each other,
Till we have found a Babe like to the Mother.
Such a waſte, breſt, a belly; ſweeteſt, why
Do you remove ſtill further, if thus vye,
Yyou'l make me ſtrive, I think you know
I have a warrant for what I am to do,
And can commit no treſpaſs, therefore come,
And let us enter Loves *Elizium*.

A return of the lye to his Miſtriſs.

You ſay I lye, I ſay not, judg you whether:
But if I needs muſt lye, let's ly together.

To his Miſtriſs.

I love, becauſe it comes to me by kinde,
And much, becauſe it much delights my minde:
And thee, becauſe thou art within my heart:
And thee alone, becauſe of thy deſert.

A Clowniſh court ſhip.

Excellent Miſtriſs, brigher then the Moon,
Then ſcowred Pewter, or the ſilver ſpoon;
Fairer then *Phœbus*, or the Morning-Star,
Dainty fine Miſtriſs, by my troth you are;
Thine eyes like Diamonds ſhine moſt clearly,
As I am an honeſt man, I love thee moſt dearly.

Loves prime.

Dear love do not your beauty wrong,
With thinking ſtill you are too young;
The roſie-lilly on your cheek
Doth flouriſh, and a ripening ſeek:
Thoſe flaming beams ſhot from your eye,
Do ſhew loves Mid-ſummer is nigh;
Your Ivory lips, red, ſoft, and ſweet,
Proclaim thoſe joyes lovers do meet.
Then loſe no time, for love hath wings,
And flies away from aged things.

How to woe a Maid.

He that intends to woo a Maid,
With youthful heat muſt ſhun the ſhade;
When *Flora's* Gardens are i'th prime,
Let him and her pluck *May* and *Time*;
There where the Sun doth ſhine birds ſing,
Let them two both kiſs and fling:
Till Summers faireſt Carpet ſpread,
Yields them a green and pleaſant bed;
If lovers there would ſtrive together,
Chaſtity would not weigh one feather.

On an incomparable kiſs.

Give me a kiſs from thoſe ſweet lips of thine,
And make it double by enjoying mine,
Another yet, nay yet, and yet another,
And let the firſt kiſs be the ſeconds brother,
Give me a thouſand kiſſes, and yet more,
And then repeat thoſe that have gon before,
Let us begin whilſt day-light ſprings in heaven,
And kiſs till the Meridian's mask'd with the Even,
And when the modeſt Secretary, night,
Diſcovers all, but thy heaven-flaming bright;
We will begin revells of hidden love,
In that ſweet Orb, where ſilent pleaſures move,

In

In high new ſtrains of unſpeakable delight,
Wee'l ſpend the dull hours of the drouſie night,
Reſiding 'twixt thoſe breaſts that are ſo white,
Where I ſhall know an innocent delight
Embracing ſtill, for time runs on before,
And being ſpent, we ſhall embrace no more.

A vow to his ineſtimable miſtris.

By thoſe ſweet Roſie bluſhes, that did move
Your dainty Cheeks, when I firſt receiv'd my love;
By thoſe fore-running ſighes, whoſe gentle calmes
Perfum'd the aire, ſweet as the Indian Balmes;
By thoſe ſweet Ruby Portals, that diſcloſe
Two Hemiſphears of pearl, contriv'd to poſe
The yet amaz'd beholder; by your eyes
Brighter to me, then *Titan* when he flies
Over Arabian Mountains, e're his heat
Doth cauſe the tiring rural *Negro* ſweat
Under his preſſing burthen; by your hair,
Which pardon, ſweeteſt, if I term a ſnare,
To catch a *Cupid* in; next by thoſe breaſts,
Moiſt banks of Lillies, your Lover thus proteſts,
With regiſtred vowes of love ſeal'd in this kiſs
Of truth and zeal, that Deities want ſuch bliſs.

To his miſtris.

When firſt I ſaw thee, thou didſt ſweetly play
The gentle thief, and ſtol'ſt my heart away;
Render me mine again, or leave thine own,
Two are too much for thee, ſince I have none;
But if thou wilt not, I will ſwear thou art
A ſweet-fac'd creature with a double heart.

On the pautity of the fair.

Number the dayes, the cloudy and the clear,
And thou ſhalt finde more fair then foul i'th year;
But womens beauties, if thou ſo compare,
The greateſt number are more foul then fair;

But he that takes a foul ſlut to his wife,
Doth penance daily, yet ſins all his life.

To his Miſtris, on the frailty of Beauty.

Let not brittle beauty make
You wiſer thoughts forſake:
For that lovely face will fail;
Beauty's ſweet, but beauty's frail:
It ſooner fades, 'tis ſooner done,
Then ſummers rain, or Winters Sun;
Moſt fleeting, whilſt it is moſt clear,
'Tis gon, whilſt you but ſay 'tis here.
That time will come, when cheek, chin, noſe,
Shall be defiour'd o'th Lilly, and the Roſe;
And what will then become of all
Thoſe which you now your ſervants call,
Like Swallows, when the Summer's done,
They'l flye unto ſome warmer Sun;
Then ſeek amongſt the multitude
Of Lovers, that dare to intrude
Into your favours, One that may
Love for an age, and not a day;
One that will quench your youthful fire,
And feed in age your hot deſire.

Diſdain for diſdain.

Tell him that hath my heart in chaſe,
But now at other game doth flye;
Green-ſickneſs ne'r ſhall ſpoil my face,
Nor puling heigh-hoes wet mine eye.

To his Miſtriſs.

Ask me no more, whether doth ſtray
The golden Atomes of the day;
For in pure love the heavens prepare
Such powders to enrich your hair.
Ask me no more, whether doth haſte
The Nightingale, when *May* is paſt.

For

For in thy ſweet dividing throat,
She winters, and keeps warm her note.

Ask me no more, where *Jove* beſtows,
When June is paſt, the fading Roſe;
For in thy beauties orient deep,
All flowers, as in their cauſes ſleep.

Ask me no more, where thoſe Stars light,
That downwards ſhoot in dead of night:
For in thine eyes they ſet, and there
Fixed become, as in their Sphere.

Ask me no more, whether Eaſt or Weſt,
The Phœnix builds her ſpicie neſt:
For unto thee at laſt ſhe flyes,
And in thy fragrant boſome dyes.

On his Miſtriſs kinde expreſſions.

Thy words ſo cheer up this faint heart of mine,
'Tis briſker now, then when 'tis glad with wine.

An invective againſt women.

Oh heavenly pow'rs! why did you bring to light,
A thing call'd woman, natures over-ſight;
That ſlave-born tyrant, ſhop of immunity;
That gilded weather-cock, trunk of miſery.
Why? what is woman? She is ſuch a creature
As nature ſeeming to adorn her feature,
Forgot to make her honeſt; this is ſhe
That firſt did pluck from the forbidden tree;
From which ſhe then began to fall
From bad to worſe, from worſe to worſt of all:
And therefore thus I will define a woman,
To be a ſpeculative thing, that's good for no man:
A woman can do more then any devil;
Man, God made good, but ſhe hath made him evil;
And theſe fond women, which we moſt men cheriſh,
Are the efficients why the wiſeſt periſh.

On his Miſtriſs walking in the Sun.

I ſaw *Clarinda* walk alone,
When feathered-rain came ſoftly down:
Then *Jove* deſcended from his tower,
To court her in a ſilver ſhowr:
The wanton ſnow flew to her breaſt,
Like little Birds into their neſt:
But overcome with whiteneſs there,
For grief it thaw'd into a tear;
Then falling down her garments hem,
To deck her, froze into a gem:

On Love.

Love is a game of Tables, where the Dye
Of Maids affection doth by fancy flye;
And if you like ſuch pleaſures in a blot,
'Tis ten to one if that you enter not.
But being a Gamſter, you may ſafely venture
VVhen that your point is oppoſite to the center,
And watch your play, for now and then,
Do what you can, they will be bearing men.

A deſcription of true love.

Two hands, two feet, two ears, two eyes,
One tongue, one heart, where love ne'r dyes;

A reprieve for a love-ſick minde.

Thoughts do not vex me whilſt I ſleep,
Grief do not move me.
Smile not falſe hope, whilſt I weep;
She cannot love me:
Had I been as cold and nice,
And as often burning,
Then as ſhe, had I been Ice,
And ſhe as I, now burning.
Tears flow no more from my ſwoln eyes,
Sighes do not ſo oppreſs me;
Stop not your ears at my ſad cries,
Oh! but releaſe me;

VVere

Were you as ſad I,
And as full of mourning,
Very grief would make you dye,
At leaſt leave off your ſcorning.

A Reſolve.

Shall I be ſlave unto a womans will,
Or fear her frowns, that with a frown can kill?
Shall I pour out my thoughts to ſuch a one,
That cannot reſt till ſhe hath made them known?
Oh no, Ile hate your Sex, yet hate Ile ſmother,
Becauſe I know a woman was my mother.

A whimſie to his miſtreſs.

Venus naked in her chamber,
Wounds more deep then *Mars* in Armour.

Her Reply.

If ſuch an enemy you fear,
Look to it, ſee you come not there.

The Lovers Ghoſt.

Go reſtleſs Ghoſt, tell that proud Fair,
She was my cauſe of dying,
And if ſhe will prove coy to hear,
Importune her with crying:
If angry looks ſtill threaten war,
Oh then tell beauties jewel;
Though Angels are leſs fair by far,
Yet Tygers are leſs cruel.
Tell her thoſe eyes that wrought my ill,
Never gave them power to kill
The heart that ſo adored them:
Tell her it comes to beg of her,
What cannot be prevented,
Upon my grave to drop one tear,
And I ſhall be contented.

Loves Exchange.

Hand, heart, and all I have is thine;
Hand, heart, and all thou haſt is mine.

The Lovers complaint and resolution.

Oh Love! are all thy arrows gone
That shot chaste fire?
Or is it my poor fate alone,
To feel desire,
Whose ends do fright us to begin,
And makes it though of love a sin?
Break heart: what strong affection
Will it prove,
That is not lust? yet none
Dares call it Love;
I'le gaze no more on her
Bewitching face,
Since ruine harbours there
In every place:
For my enchanted soul, alack she drowns
With calms and tempests of her smiles and frowns;
I'le love no more those cruel eyes of hers,
That pleas'd or angry, still are murderers:
For if she dart like lighning through the ayr,
Her beams of wrath,
she kils me with despair;
If she behold me with a pleasant eye,
I surfeit with excess of joy, and dye.

Of the Complexions and Constitutions.

The fair to folly is easie to be led,
The long are lazie both at board and bed;
The little for the most part they are curst,
The black are proud, so from the cradle nurst;
The fat are frolick, unto mirth enclin'd,
The lean with sadness are like famine pin'd;
The red are subtile, and their browes are sure
Both to their friend, and to their wedlock pure;
The fearful and the peevish pale and wan,
The black, a woman-lover more than man:

In

In fine, my friend, for thy more quiet life,
Too far trust no complexion with thy wife.

Vpon Clarinda's *begging a lock of hair.*

Divine *Clarinda*, she whom truth cals fair,
Begged my heart of me, and a lock of hair;
Should I give both, said I, how should I live?
The lock I would, the heart I would not give;
For that, lest thieving Love should steal away,
Discretion hath lockt up, and kept the Key:
As for the lock of hair which lovers use,
My head laid on her knee, I prayed her chuse:
Taking her Scisars by a cunning art,
First pickt the lock, and then she stole my heart.

The Lovers undertakings.

Fierce Buls when *Venus* stings incite,
Loud bellowing for their Heifers sight
The jealous Hart not then enclin'd
To fear, dares combat for his kinde.
If Beasts these bold attempts dare do,
VVhat is't I will not venture too?
I'le climbe up rocks my love to please,
And do much more to give her ease.

Clarinda's *Picture to be drawn thus.*

INgenuous Artist, teach thy Pensil how
To paint a goddess; I would have thee know
I have a Mistris thy admired art.
Must limme like my description do not start;
If I command a work above thy skill,
And send thee once more to *Parnassus* hill;
To hear *Thalia's* Lectures. Have you seen
The lovely feature of the Cyprian Queen?
Her cheeks resemble somewhat, though each Rose
In hers seem'd pluckt, but my *Clarinda's* growes.
Yet may they pass, the Lillies that do stand
Upon her brests, tels you my Mistress hand.

As pattern to the whiteneſs of her eyes,
Nor want that heavenly vertue to ſurprize
Onely my heart; Let them be lov'd by none
Whoſe glories are to captive every one:
'Tis onely my ambition for to be
Fit for my Miſtriſs, here's juſt jump for me:
But to my firſt deſcription, for her hairs,
Let them be ſuch as chaſte *Diana* wears;
And let the fore-head not inferior be,
To that which ſhews great *Juno's* Majeſty.
Let theſe two roſie portals, that I call
Her rubie Lips, be but ſo magical,
As is her own, ſo ſweet, ſo balmy made;
Sure I Shall leave the ſubſtance for the ſhade:
If you think theſe Enigmaes, and that I
Strive but to poſe you with my Poetry:
Making an argument you never ſaw,
Such goddeſſes feigned by Poetick law:
I anſwer, ſuch divine parts you ſhall ſee,
Get ſuch a Miſtriſs, and but love like me.

On an ugly woman.

Kate doth not onely hide her privy ware,
But breſt and neck, where coyeſt Maids go bare;
Yet there is one foul unbeſeeming place
Uncover'd left; What call you that? Her face.

To his Miſtriſs.

Deareſt, thy twin'd hairs are not threds of gold,
Nor thine eyes Diamonds, nor do I behold
Thy Lips for rubies, nor thy cheecks to be
Freſh Roſes, nor thy dugs of Ivory;
Thy Skin that doth thy dainty body ſheath,
Nor Alablaſter is, nor doſt thou breath
Arabian Odours; theſe the earth brings forth,
Compar'd with thine, they would impair thy worth.
Such then are other Miſtriſſes, but mine
Hath nothing earth, but all divine.

Upon

Vpon the withered Roſes of his quondam *Miſtriſſes cheeks.*

DOſt ſee how unregarded now
That peice of beauty paſſes:
There was a time when I did vow
To that alone,
But mark the fate of faces.
That red and white works now no more on me,
Then if it could not charm, nor I not ſee.

And yet the face continues good,
And I have ſtill deſires,
And ſtill the ſelf-ſame fleſh and blood
As apt to melt,
And ſulter from ſuch fires.
Oh, ſome kinde powers, riddle where it lyes,
Whether my heart be faulty, or her eyes.
She every day her man doth kill.
And I as often dye:
Neither her power then, or my will
Can queſtion'd be.
What is the myſtery?
Sure beauties Empire, like to greater States,
Have certain periods ſet, and hidden fates.

A Ladies Prayer to Cupid.

SInce I muſt needs into their School return,
Be pittiful, Oh Love, and do not burn
Me with deſires of cold and frozen age,
Nor let me follow a fond Boy or Page:
But gentle *Cupid*, give me, if you can,
One to my love, whom I may call a man,
Of perſon comely, and of face as ſweet,
Let him be ſober, ſecret, and diſcreet:
VVell practiſ'd in loves School, let him within
VVear all his beard, and not upon his chin.

To his Miſtriſs.

A conſtant heart within a womans breſt
Is Ophir gold, within an ivory cheſt.

Her anſwer.

Of ſuch a treaſure then thou art poſſeſt,
For thou haſt ſuch a heart in ſuch a breaſt.

A back-ſide Complement.

Miſtriſs believe me, for I tell you true,
I cannot but diſ-gorge to you,
The quezy maw of my o're-cram'd affection,
Suckt from your magazine of full perfection.
The comely ſpreading of your twelve ſiz'd feet,
Made me enamour'd when we firſt did meet.
Thoſe ill-matcht twins, then your columnious leg,
Gramercy ſhort-coat, ſcrewed up the peg,
From love to admiration; ſure ſaid I,
The Fabrick's arch'd with monſtrous rarity;
What's underneath, ſhould one but dare to ſee,
'Twould caſt him ſtraight into a Lethargy.
Keep cloſe I pray your Arcanum, 'tis enough
To view your Non-ſuch (moſt egregious ſtuff.)
Your hand ſo like the fair paw of a puttock,
Your face the Effigies of my Grannams----
Your eyes like to the Sun in an Eclipſe:
But O the fulneſs of your wel-hang'd lips!
Your Gnomon noſe; oh how it doth me pleaſe!
'Twould ſerve me for an Ephemerides:
To precipitate my ſatiated ſence,
With its illuſtrial opal influence:
Who travelleth the craggie Alps ne're ſeeth
More choice variety than in your teeth.
All dainty Virginal-Jacks how they do chatter,
And make ſweet Muſick on each tinckling platter!
Your neat compoſed bundle, to be brief,
Is of all Pack-horſe carriages the chief.

But

But what needs praiſes? I'le ſay no more but thus,
Thou art a pretty ugly durty pus.

Another.

Fair Madam, thee, whoſe every thing
Deſerves the Cloſe-ſtool of a King!
Whoſe head is fair as any bone,
White and ſmooth as pumice ſtone:
Whoſe natural baldneſs ſcorns to wear
The needleſs excrements of hair;
Whoſe fore-head ſtreaks our hearts commands,
Like *Dover* Cliffs, or *Godwin's* Sands.
While from thoſe dainty Glo-worm eyes,
Cupid ſhoots Plum-pudding Pies.
VVhile from the Arches of thy Noſe
A Cream pot of ſweet Nectar flows:
Fair dainty lips, ſo ſmooth, ſo ſlick,
And truly Alablaſter cheek:
Pure Saffron teeth, happy the meat
That ſuch pretty Mil-ſtones eat.
O let me hear ſome ſilent Song,
Tun'd by the Jews-Trump of thy tongue.
O how thy chin becomes thee well,
VVhere never hairy beard ſhall dwell;
Thy Corral neck doth ſtatlier bow,
then *Io's* when ſhe turn'd a Cow.
O let me, or I ſhall ne're reſt,
Suck the black bottles of thy breſt,
Or lay my head, and reſt me ſtill
On that dainty Gogmagog-hil.
O curious and unfadomed waſt,
As ſlender is the ſtatelieſt maſt;
Thy fingers too breed my delight,
Each wart a natural margarite:
O pity then my diſmal moane,
Able to melt thy heart of ſtone.

Thou

Thou knowſt how I lament and houl,
Snort, condole, look ſad and ſcoul:
Each night ſo great my paſſions be,
I cannot wake for thought of thee.
Thy Gown can tell how much I loved,
Thy Peetticoate to pitty moved;
Then let thy Lover mercy finde,
To kiſs thee once, though it be behinde.
Sweet kiſs, ſweet lips, delicious ſence,
How ſweet a Zephyrus blows from thence?
Bleſt Petticoat, moſt bleſt her ſmock,
That daily buſſeth her Buttock;
For now the Proverb true I finde,
That the beſt part is ſtill behinde.

A wooing fit, in verſe.

HE. much ado I have, god wot,
I would love, but thou wil t n o
SHE. Reaſon, Sir, men are not true,
HE. VVhy, was any falſe to you!
Sweeteſt I have lov'd thee long;
SHE. Yet, Sir, Love ſhould do no wrong.
HE. Prethee ſweet, come kiſs me then,
SHE. No, Sir, Maids muſt kiſs no men,
HE. I the heavens for witneſs crave,
SHE. They will ſhine clear, though you'r a knave.
HE. Never lov'd a truer youth,
SHE. Men do not alwaies ſpeak the truth.
HE. By all thoſe vows that Lovers uſe,
SHE. Thus they proteſt, yet do abuſe:
And full oft maids are deluded,
VVhen with kiſſes love's concluded.

Love Queries.

BEL. When will love be void of feares?
TEL. When jealouſie hath neither eyes nor ears.
BEL. When is love moſt male-content?
TEL. When lovers range & bear their brows unbent.

BEL.

BEL. Tell me when love is beſt fed? (bred.
TEL. When it hath ſuckt the ſweet that eaſe hath
B. When is Lovers time ill ſpent?
T. When Love doth farm and take no rent.
B. When is time wel-ſpent in Love,
T. When deeds enſue, and words work Love.
B. What cal'ſt thou Love, I prethee tell,
T. It is a fountain, and that well,
Where pleaſure and repentance dwell.
It is a work on holy-day,
It is December match'd with May.
B. I prethee fair one, do not fain,
T. It is a Sun-ſhine mixt with rain,
It is a tooth-ach, or like game:
It is a yea, it is a nay,
A pretty kinde of ſporting fray.
B. Come, come, I'le hear no more, away.

A parley betwixt a Frier ſomewhat laſcivious, and a fair Nunne.

FR. Since both our age, our ſex, and all do move,
Why doth not thy reſpects, requite my love?
N. Thy habit pleaſeth not, others love black.
The white that's in my eye beſt fits a Lovers back,
Fr. Under this robe of black behold white skin,
Though black thou do'ſt exclude, let whitneſs in.
N. To chaſtity Fryer thou know'ſt thou art wedded
And that black robe is whiteneſs to thy vow. (now,
Fr. My vail Ile caſt aſide, if that hath bred
Any diſlike of me, to enjoy thy naked bed.
N. Thy vail though thou forſake, thou art the ſame,
Or is my ſin the leſs, or leſs thy ſhame?
Fr. A fault I do confeſs it, but a ſmal,
And if a ſin, ſure 'tis but venial:
N. To violate Chaſtity is the great'ſt of crimes,
But as a Votreſs, more a thouſand times.

F. Sure

F. Sure I can ſhrift thee for thy greateſt ſin,
If thou wilt not conſent, let's both walk in.

Another ſhort wooing fit.

I. SVVeet ſoul, to whom I vowed, I am a ſlave,
Let me the enjoyment of my wiſhes have.
M. Sweet Sir, let not a wretch that is ſo poor,
Expect to hoord up treaſure for his ſtore.
I. Yet ſtill take heed, leſt thou thy ſelf ſubmit,
M. To one that hath his wealth, but wants his wit.
I. Prethee be ſilent, beauty takes in rent:
M. but folly bought, is worſe then money ſpent.
I. VVell, for this once Ile take thee as thou art.
M. For richer, for poorer, agreed mine own ſweet (heart.

The fears and reſolutions of two Lovers.

D. VVhat would'ſt thou wiſh? tell me dear Lover.
S. How I might but thy thoughts diſcover.
D. If my firm love I were denying,
Tell me with ſighs, would'ſt thou be dying?
S. Thoſe words in jeaſt to here thee ſpeaking,
For very grief this heart is breaking.
D. Yet would'ſt thou change? I prethee tell me,
In ſeeing one that doth excel me?
S. O no, for how can I aſpire
To more than to my own deſire?
This my miſhap doth chiefly grieve me;
Though I do ſwear't, you'l not believe me.
D. Imagine that thou doſt not love me,
But ſome beauty that's above me.
S. To ſuch a thing ſweet do not will me,
The naming of the ſame will kill me.
D. Forgive me fair one, Love hath fears:
S. I do forgive, witneſs theſe tears.

The wooing of a coy Dame.

B. THe cauſe, my ſweet, thou doſt deny,
R. Becauſe thou doſt not pleaſe my eye?

R. Thy

R. Thy reaſon why to me impart.
M. Thou doſt offend and grieve my heart.
R. There is no heart ſo fierce and hard.
M. Nor perſon of ſo ſmall regard.
R. The reaſon doth thy love controul.
M. Thou do'ſt torment my very ſoul.
R. O remedy my loving ſmart,
M. I'le keep ſuch dangers from my heart.
R. Why doſt thou thus thy beauty keep?
M. It will deſtroy it, Sir, to weep.
R. My paſſions doſt thou mock at too?
M. Farewel, Sir, without more to do.

The Lover and his Miſtris.

HE. I ſay I love, and if you ask how well,
My tongue replies to thee, no tongue can tell.
SHE. You ſay you love, be ſure you do,
For lying will not profit you.
HE. Madam, I love, and love to do,
And will not lye unleſs with you.

A contention between a wife, a widow, and a maid.

VV. If to be born a maid, be ſuch a grace,
So was I born, and grac'd by nature too;
But ſeeking more perfection to embrace,
I did become a wife, as others do.
VV. And if the maid and wife ſuch honours have,
I have been both, and hold a third degree;
Moſt maids are Wards, and every wife a ſlave;
I have my livery ſued, and I am free.
M. That is the fault that you have maidens been,
And were not conſtant to continue ſo,
The falls of Angels did increaſe their ſin,
In that they did ſo pure a ſtate forgo.
wife. Why, marriage is an honourable ſtate.
w. And Widow-hood is a reverend degree;
M. But maiden-head that will admit no mate,
Like Majeſty it ſelf muſt ſacred be.

wife.

wife. The wife is Miſtriſs of her family.
W. Much more the widow, for ſhe rules alone,
M. But miſtriſs of my own deſires am I.
VVhen you rule others wills, and not your own.
wife. Only the wife enjoyes the vertuous pleaſure,
W. The widow can abſtain from pleaſures known;
M. But the uncorrupted maid prefers ſuch meaſure,
As being by pleaſures woo'd, ſhe cares for none.
W. The wife is as a Diamond richly ſet.
M. The maid unſet, doth yet more rich appear;
VV. The widow, a jewel in a Cabinet.
VVhich though not worn, is ſtill eſteem'd as dear.
W. The wife doth love, and is belov'd again.
W. The widow is awak't out of that dream.
M. The maids white minde hath never ſuch a ſtain.
No paſſions trouble her clear vertues ſtream.
VV. Then what's a Virgin? but a fruitleſs bay.
M. And whats a widow? but a Roſeleſs bryer.
And what are wives, but wood-binds which decay,
Yea, ſtately Oaks, which by themſelves aſpire?
VV. VVives are as Birds in golden Cages kept,
VV. Yet in thoſe cages cheerfully they ſing,
VV. VVidowes are birds out of thoſe cages lept,
VVhoſe joyful notes make all the Forreſt ring.
M. But maids are birds amidſt the woods ſecure,
VVhich never hand could touch, nor yet could take,
Nor whiſtle could deceive, nor bait allure,
But free unto themſelves, do Muſick make.
VV. The wife is as a Turtle with her mate,
VV. The widow as the widow-Dove alone,
VVhoſe truth ſhines moſt in her forſake n ſtate.
M. The maid a Phœnix and is ſtill but one,
VV. The wife's a ſoul unto her body tyed.
VV. The widow a ſoul departed into bliſs.
M. The maid an Angel which is ſtellified,
And now unto fair heaven aſcended is.

W. VVives

w. VVives are fair houſes kept, and furniſht well.
w. VVidows old Caſtles void, but full of ſtate.
M. But maids are temples where the gods do dwell.
wife. An office well ſupply'd is like a wife.
w. The widow like a gainful office void.
M. But maids are like contentment in this life.
VVhich all the world hath ſought, but none enjoy'd.
M. Go wife to Dunmow, and demand thy hire.
w. Go gentle maid, and lead thy Apes in hell.
wife. Go widow, make ſome younger brother rich;
And then take thought and dye, and all is well.
wife. Alas, poor maid, thou haſt no help nor ſtay.
w. Alas, poor wife, that nothing doſt poſſeſs.
M. Alas, poor widow, charity doth ſay,
Pity the widow and the fatherleſs.
wife. VVe wives have children, what a joy is this?
w. VVidows have children too, but maids have none.
M. No more have Angels, yet they have more bliſs
Then ever yet to mortal earth was known.
wife. The wife is like a fair manured field.
w. The widow once was ſuch, but now doth reſt.
M. The maid like Paradiſe, undreſt, until'd,
Bears crops of native vertue in her breaſt,
wife. VVho would not dye a wife, as *Lucrece* did?
w. Or live a widdow, as *Penelope.*
M. Or be a maid, and ſo be ſtellified,
As all the vertues, and the graces be.
wife. VVives are like apples ſerv'd in golden diſhes.
w. VVidows good wine, which time makes better.
M. But maids are grapes deſir'd by many wiſhes (much
But that they grow ſo high as none can touch.
w. I have a daughter equals you my girle.
M. The daughter doth excel the mother then,
As pearls are better than the mother of Pearl.
Maids loſe their value when they match with men.

A maid's the perfect'ſt of created things,
The pureſt gold that ſuffers no Allay,
The ſweeteſt flower that on earth's boſom ſprings,
The pearl unbor'd, whoſe price, no price can pay;
The Chriſtal glaſs that will no venome hold,
The mirrour wherein Angels love to look,
Diana's bathing fountain, clear and cold,
Beauties freſh Roſe, and vertues living book.
Wife. Maids cannot judg, becauſe they cannot tell,
What comforts and what joyes in marriage be.
M. Yes, yes, though bleſſed Saints in heaven do dwel,
They do the ſoules in Purgatory ſee.
Wife. There never was a wife that lik't her lot,
W. Nor widow but was clad in mourning weeds.
M. Do what you will, marry, or marry not,
Both this eſtate, and that repentance breeds.

A Lover and his Miſtriſs.

L. Whilſt thou didſt love me, and that neck of thine
More white and ſoft than Roſes ſilver'd down,
Did wear a neck lace of no arms but mine;
I envied not the King of Spain his Crown.
M. Whilſt of thy heart I was ſole Soveraign,
And thou didſt ſing none but my beauties praiſe,
Which now poor maid, thou doſt ſo much diſtain,
I envied not the Queen of Englands fame.
L. What though I ſue to thee again for grace,
And ſing thy praiſes ſweeter then before,
If I within my heart imprint thy face,
Wilt thou love me again, and love me more?
M. Thou ſhalt be then again my morning-Star,
Though lighter yet then floting Cork thou be;
And then the Iriſh-Sea more angry far:
With thee I'le wiſh to live, and dye with thee.

A Lovers diſcourſe with his heart

L. SHe's cold, thou hot, how can we then agree?
H. Not nature now, but love doth govern me.

L. What

L. What if her heart be hard, ſhe ſtops her ears,
H. I'le ſigh aloud, and make it ſoft with tears.
L. Why then deſpair, go pack thee hence away,
H. I live in hope to have a happy day.

A diſcourſe between a Lover, Death, and Cupid.

L. COmegentle death. *D.* Who cals? *L.* on's oppreſt
D. What is thy wil? *L.* That thou abridg my wo,
By cutting off my life. *D.* Ceaſe thy requeſt,
I cannot kill thee yet. *L.* Alas, why ſo?
D. Thou wanſt thy heart. *L.* who ſtole that ſame away?
D. Love whom thou ſerv'ſt. *L.* Entreat him if thou may
L. Come *Cupid* come. *C.* Who calleth me ſo oft?
L. Thy vaſſal true, whom thou ſhouldſt know by right.
C. What makes thy cry ſo faint? *L.* My voice is ſoft,
Quite broke and ſpent with cry'ng day and night.
C. What then, what's thy requeſt? *L.* That thou reſtore
To me my heart, and ſteal the ſame no more.
And thou, O death, when I poſſeſs my heart,
Diſpatch me then at once. *D.* Alas, why ſo?
L. By promiſe thou art bound to end my ſmart.
D. But if thy heart return, then what's thy woe?
L. That brought from froſt it never will deſire,
To reſt with me, that am more hot then fire.

The Curſe.

May that man whom thy embrace
Would make happy in my place,
By thy example prove
As falſe to thee and Love.
And e're thy amorous ſheets invite
Him to glory in my right,
May thy own fears make thee ſee
Meduſa in his face; that he
VVith every lock of hair,
May teach thee to deſpair.
Yet reſt not there, but be more fond to know
VVhether thy heart be ſtone or no;

Till

Til of thoſe doubts to be releaſt,
Thou ſtrik'ſt a wound upon thy breaſt:
So bold, ſo great, that I
May be aſſur'd that thou wilt dye:
Thus offer'd up a ſacrifice to me,
I may at laſt forget thy perjury.

A Vapour.

Give me a breath of thunder, let me ſpeak
Amorous accents, till their clamours break
Rocks with the noiſe obſtreperous; I will warble
Such bouncing notes ſhall cleave obdurate marble;
Upon mount Caucaſus heavens knocking head
Boreas ſhall blow my trumpet, until I ſpread
Thy fame, grand Patron of the thrice-three Siſters,
Till Envies eares ſhall hear it and have bliſters.

Praiſes on her ſinging.

The Graſhopper chaunts not his Autumn quire
So ſweet, nor Cricket by the Chimney fire.

On her Dancing.

Have you beheld the little ſable beaſt
Clad in an Ebon mantle, height a ſpan?
Whoſe ſupple joynts ſo nimbly skip and caper,
Dancing a meaſure, o're a Ladies ſmock,
With motion quick, and courtly Equipage;
So trips my Miſtriſtis, o're the flowry ſtage.

On her ſleeping.

Zephyrus breaths not with a ſweeter gale,
Through a Grove of Sycamores; the ſoft ſpring
Chides not the peebles that diſturb his courſe
With ſweeter murmur: Let *Amphions* Lute
That built the *Theban* walls, be henceforth mute:
Orpheus ſhall break his Harp, and ſilent be,
The Reed of *Pan*, and Pipe of *Mercury*.
Yea, though the ſpheres be dumb, I care not for't,
No Muſick ſuch as her melodious ſnort.

On

On her Spitting.

Like the ſweet Gums that from Electar trees
Diſtil, or honey of the labouring Bees;
Like morning dew, that in a pleaſant ſhowr
Drops Pearls into the boſome of a flower:
Cupid with Acorn cups, cloſe by her ſits,
To ſnatch away the Nectar that ſhe ſpits.

In praiſe of Sack.

Fill me a Bowl of Sack with Roſes Crown'd.
Fil't to the brim, Ile have my temples bound
With flowry chaplets, and this day permit
My Genius to be free and frolick it;
Let me drink deep, then fully warm'd with wine
Ile chant *B. Johnſons* praiſe, that every line
Shall prove immortal, 'till my moiſtned quill
Melt into Verſes, and Nectar-like diſtil:
I'me ſad, or dull, till bowls brimfil'd infuſe
New life in me, new ſpirit in my muſe;
But once reviv'd with Sack, pleaſing deſires
In my chi'ld bloud, kindle ſuch active fires,
That my gray hairs ſeem fled, my wrinkled face
Grown ſmooth as *Hebe's*; youth and beauties grace,
To my ſhrunk veins freſh bloud and ſpirits bring,
Warm as the ſummer, ſpritful as the Spring:
Then all the world is mine, *Crœſus* is poor
Compar'd with me; he's rich that asks no more;
And I in Sack have all which is to me,
My home, my life, health, wealth and liberty:
Then have I conquer'd all. I boldly dare
My trophies with the Pelean youth compare.
Him I will equal, as his ſword, my Pen,
My conquer'd world of cares, his world of men:
Then fill my bowl, that if I dye to morrow,
Killing cares to day, I have out-liv'd my ſorrow.

To the Painter and his Picture.

I could not write before, but when I saw
The quaint presumer offering to draw
A piece beyond the richness of his Art,
I was as bold as he, and took't to heart:
For (if the Authour fails not) Poets may
Dare with their Pens, as with their Pencils they;
Lord how the Painter look'd! her face he spy'd,
And her fair face does make his colour rise:
He was amaz'd at first, when every part
Advanc'd by Nature, and not help'd by Art,
Came out to view him, as he thought, and shew
How he and's piece must to the pattern owe.
He questions mispent time, and swears he had
Great injury when he first learnt the trade;
For had he seen you then, and known you too,
His service had been prentise unto you:
To you, in whose most perfect figures shine,
What Painters call most rare, Poets divine.
Now let me tell thee truly, what I see,
Thou mak'st the Picture, and the piece makes thee.
'Tis true, thou do'st it well, for I have seen
Thee, when th'ast often lim'd out beauties Queen,
Not to have shewn such curious workmanship,
Either in eye or brow, or cheek, or lip:
Thou do'st it well, I say, but yet, good Sir,
Allow most credit of the work to her;
Did not she shew thee, when she sweetly smil'd,
How to paint *Venus*, sending of her child
About Loves powerful errand? one may know
By th'cast o'th eye to whom her heart doth go.

On two Lovers playing for kisses.

My love and I for kisses play'd,
She would keep stakes, I was content;
But when I won she would have pay'd,
This made me ask her what she meant?

Prethee

Prethee since I see (quoth she) your wrangling vain,
Take your own kisses, give me mine again.

On a Mistris too learned for him.

One proffer'd me a wife, was fair and young,
Who had the *French*, *Dutch*, and the *Latine Tongue*.
I thanked him, but I will have none such,
For I think one tongue for a wife too much:
VVhy, love you not the learn'd? yes as my life
A learned Shollar, not a learned wife.

On his Mistris sick of a Calenture.

And must she languish, and we sorrow thus,
And no kinde god help her, or pity us?
Is Justice fled from heaven? Can she permit
A foul deformed raviſher to sit
Upon her Virgin cheeks, and pull from thence
The Rose-buds in their Maiden-excellence?
To spred cold paleness in her lips, and chase
The frighted rubies from their native place,
To lick up with his scorching flames a floud
Of dissolv'd Corral running in her blood;
And with the damps of his infectious breath,
Print in her brow moist characters of death?
Must the clear light 'gainst course of nature cease
In her fair lips, and yet the flames increase?
Must Favours shake this golden tree, and all
The ripe fruit from her faireſt branches fall;
Which Princes have desir'd to taste? must she
Who hath preserv'd her spotless chastity
From every mans aspersions, now at last
By Agues and Diseases be imbrac'd?
Forbid it holy gods, or else who shall
Pay vows, or let a drop of Incense fall
At your neglected Altars, if you bless
No better this your zealous votaress?
Haste thou O maiden goddess, to her ayd apply'd,
And let not thy saving medicines be deny'd?

O rock her fainting body in thine arms;
Then let the god of muſick with ſtill charms,
Her reſtful eyes in peaceful ſlumbers cloſe,
And with ſoft ſtrains ſweeten her calm repoſe;
Cupid deſcend, and whilſt *Apollo* ſings,
Fanning the cool ayr with thy gentle wings,
Ever relieve her with refreſhing winde,
And let thy mother with her treſſes binde
Her labouring temples, with whoſe balmy ſweat
She ſhall perfume her hairy coronet,
Whoſe precious drops ſhall upon every fold,
Hang like rich pearls upon a chain of gold:
Her leſſer locks as they embroidered lye,
Shall ſpred themſelves into a Canopy;
Under whoſe ſhadow let her reſt ſecure
From chilling cold, and from a Calenture;
And if ſhe freez with Ice of chaſte deſires,
O holy *Hymen* kindle Nuptial fires,
And when at laſt death comes to pierce her heart,
Convey into his hands the golden dart.

On love.

How ſhall I do to be reveng'd on love,
There is but one way that I dare approve;
I'll ſteal his arrows, and I'll head them new
with womens hearts, and then they'l ne'er flie true.

A lover on the day break.

Wherefore peep'ſt thou envious day,
We can kiſs without thee:
Lovers have that golden ray
That thou bear'ſt about thee.
Go and give them light that ſorrow,
And the Saylor flying.
Our imbraces need no morrow,
Nor our pleaſures dying.

On Maids.

When *Phœbus* firſt did *Daphne* love,
And could no way her fancy move;
He crav'd the cauſe; the cauſe ſaith ſhe
Is, I have vow'd virginity.
Then *Phœbus* raging ſwore, and ſaid
Paſt fifteen none ſhould dye a maid.
If maidens then chance to be ſped
Ere they can ſcarcely dreſs their head:
Yet blame them not, for they are loath,
To make *Apollo* break his oath:
For better were a child unborn,
Then that a god ſhould be forſworn.
Yet ſilly they, when all is done,
Complain mens wills have their hearts wone;
When 'tis for fear leſt they ſhould be
Like *Daphne* turn'd into a tree:
And who would ſo her ſelf abuſe,
To be a tree, if ſhe could chuſe?

To a Gentlewoman.

In your fair cheeks two pits do lye,
To bury thoſe ſlain by your eye;
Then this at length doth comfort me,
That fairly buried I ſhall be:
My grave with Roſe and Lillies ſpread,
Me thinks 'tis life for to be dead.
Come then and kill me with your eye;
For if you let me live, I die.
When I behold your lips, your lips again
Recover thoſe your eyes have ſlain
With kiſſes, like that Balſam pure,
Deep wounds ſo ſoon as made can cure.
Me thinks 'tis ſickneſs to be ſound,
And there's no health like ſuch a wound;
Come thou and kill me with your eye,
For if you let me live, I dye.

When in your bosome I behold
Two hills of snow, yet never cold:
And lovers whom your beautie kils,
Revive by climbing up those hills.
Me thinks their life is such a death,
That gives perhaps more future breath.
Come then and kill me with your eye,
For if you let me live, I dye.
Then sure my death prevails not, where
So many Antidotes there are;
And your bright eyes do but in vain
Kill him whose life you do sustain:
That I no more such deaths survive,
You were best to bury me alive
In place unknown, seeing that I
Can dying live, and living die.

On women.

Women are dainty vessels fine,
Both tender, neat and soft:
They must be sometimes born withal,
Since they do bear so soft:

Against proud women.

Breath of *Pandora's* box, thou female sex,
Sent to the world to plague it, and to vex
Poor lovers: O that it had been so,
That man without thee might be man, we ow
His birth to thee; but as of trees we see
A skilful Gardiner plant a Colony
Without an ayd, and also here a Date
Unto a Peach-tree doth enoculate;
And there adopt into a Crabtree stock,
The mellow Pippin, and the Apricock;
That from one branch, with wonder you may reach,
A Plumb, a Cherry, and a velvit Peach.
Or as the Phœnix in her funeral flame,
Springs from her Ashes, and returns the same;

Who

Who whil'ſt ſhe makes her cradle in her tomb,
Her birth ſhe ows not to the female womb;
But boaſt not weaker ſex that thou bear'ſt them,
That like a Lilly from a baſer ſtem.
Or as a Roſe pluckt from a ſpiny thorn,
Is honour'd, when the ſtalk is left in ſcorn;
So ſang and wept *Philander* as he ſate,
Bewailing to the woods his cruel fate,
And *Phillis* tyranny: A Cryſtal ſtream
Flow'd from his eyes, each pearly drop a theam
Of ſorrow, whil'ſt the birds with tuned wing
Sate liſt'ning round about to hear him ſing
The ſtories of his love, on every buſh
The Linnet ſate, the Nightingale, or Thruſh,
The Hare, the Ape, the Cony, and the Goat,
The Doe, the Fox ſtood wondring at his note;
Fountains wept tears, the Echo wrought this Song,
The Rocks, the Brooks that run along,
Wiſht to be glaz'd to Cryſtal, and to ſtay,
To hear him tune his grief to *Phillis* lay;
Who whil'ſt he ſate and mourn'd, and ſung, and wept,
Rockt with the murmur of a river, ſlept.

On a ſhepherdeſs dying for love.

Cloris ſate, and ſitting ſlept,
Sleeping ſigh'd, and ſighing wept;
Sate, ſigh'd, ſlept, and wept again
For *Amyntas* that was ſlain:
O had you ſeen his face (quoth ſhe)
How fair, how full of Majeſty.
And then ſhe ſlept,
And then ſhe cry'd,
Amynt'as twice,
And then ſhe died.

On a Gentleman dying preſently after his miſtriſs.

She firſt deceaſed, he liv'd, and tryed
To live without her, lik'd it not, and dyed.

On the praise of his Mistris.

What would any man desire?
Is he cold? then she's a fire,
Is he hot? She'll gently school him,
Till he finde that she doth cool him:
Is he sad? then she's a pleasure,
Is he poor? then she's a treasure.
Loves he musick? here's the choyce
Of all sweet sounds in her sweet voyce.
Doth he hunger? she's a feast
Whereat a god may be a guest;
To taste Viands, if he thirst,
She's Nectar for him, since the first,
Of men that was for sin a debtor,
Never any tasted better:
Here's all compleat, from head to heel,
To hear, to taste, to smell, or feel.

On his Mistris.

My Mistris is a Tennis-ball,
Compos'd of Leather fine:
Full oft she's strucken to the wall,
But strucken under line.
He that will win my Mistris will,
Must strike her in the hazard still.

My Mistris is a Tinder-box,
Would I had such a one:
Her steel endureth many knocks
Being struck against the stone.
But if you strike the tinder much,
The match will fire without a touch.

Clarinda.

Poor credulous and simple Maid,
By what strange wiles art thou betray'd?
A treasure thou hast lost to day,
For which thou canst no ransom pay.

How

How black art thou transform'd with ſin,
How ſtrange a guilt gnaws me within;
Grief will convert this red to pale,
When every Wake, and Whitſon-ale
Will talk my ſhame; break, break ſad heart,
There is no medicine for my ſmart.
No herb nor balm can cure my ſorrow,
Unleſs you meet again to morrow.

On women.

All you that women love,
and like the amorous trade;
Come learn of me what women are,
and whereof they are made.
Their head is made of ruſh,
their tongue is made of ſay:
Their love like ſilk, ſilk changeable,
that laſteth for a day.
Their wit mockado is,
of durance is their hate;
The food they feed on moſt is Carp,
their gaming is check mate:
Their pride doth ſpring from Satan,
their vanity is a feather:
Their beauty is, ſtand further off,
their conſcience is of leather.

On his Miſtriſs being let blood.

Fools that believe their clearer blood
will forth thoſe purple channels flow;
Or that thy pure unſtained floud,
can any foul diſtemper know;
Or that thy weak ſteel can inciſe
that cryſtal caſe wherein it lyes:
Know that her blood doth proudly beat
a dance quite through her azure veins;
Whoſe harmony no cold nor heat
diſturbs, whoſe hue no tincture ſtains:

And the hard rock wherein it dwells,
The keeneſt dart of love expels.
But thou reply'ſt, Behold, ſhe bleeds,
Thou art deceiv'd, and doſt not know
The myſtick knot whence it proceeds:
How lovers in each others grow.
Thou ſtrok'ſt her arm, but 'twas my heart
Shed all the blood, felt all the ſmart.

Lackwits *Ironical praiſe of his Miſtris.*

Her hairs they are but thin, in all but three,
O curious hair, as big as wheaten ſtraw;
Her noſe ſurmounts three inches in degree,
In ſhape and colour like a Lobſters claw;
Her lips like two blew Figs of Liquoris, kiſſing
Her teeth like ranks of clouds, O double bleſſing;
Her forehead flat, pleighted with lovely folds,
Her eyes like ſnuffs of candles prick and beck;
Her paps like globes, which up her belly holds,
As *Atlas* doth the heavens on his neck;
Her fingers ſhort, yet fat, piec'd out with nails,
No waſte at all, her body is ſo ſquare;
Her girdle may in any place be found,
Her legs like arms, her feet ſo broad they are,
Like two Colloſſes fixed on the ground:
But what may not be nam'd, I hear omit,
So large a mark, that who ſo ſhoots may hit.

On Muſick.

When whiſpering ſtreams with pleaſing winde,
Diſtil ſoft paſſions through the heart,
And whilſt at every ſtrain we finde
Our pulſes beat and bear a part:
When threats do make
Our heart to quake,
Philoſophers can ſcarce deny
Our ſouls conſiſt of harmony.

When

When unto heaven joyes we fain,
What ere the ſoul affecteth moſt;
Which only thus we can explain
By muſick of the winged hoſt,
Whoſe lays we think,
Make ſtars to wink,
Philoſophy can ſcarce deny
Our ſouls conſiſt of harmony.
O lull me, lull me, charming ayr,
My ſenſes rock with muſick ſweet,
Like ſnow on wooll thy fall'ngs are,
Soft like ſpirits are thy feet.
Grief who needs fear,
That hath an ear,
Down let him lie,
And ſlumbering die,
And change his ſoul for harmony.

To her ſuiter that would have lain with her before marriage, ſhe being too young.

FOnd Lunatick forbear, why didſt thou ſue
For thy affections, e're Nature had her due:
Loves fruits are legaluſe, and therefore may
Be only taken on the marriage day;
VVho for ſuch intereſts doth too early call,
By that exaction loſe their principal.
Then gather not theſe immature delights,
Before their riper autumns thee invites:
He that abortive corn cuts from his ground,
No husband, but a raviſher is found;
And he that reaps his own, before he is wed,
VVhores a chaſte wife, and cuckolds his own bed.

A Lovers reſolution.

Purſue no more (my thoughts) thou falſe, unkinde,
Thou maiſt as well impriſon the North-winde,
Or catch the lightning as it leaps, or reach
The leading billows, firſt run down a breach;

Or undertake the flying cloud to track,
In the same path they yesterday caus'd a wrack.
My love's a torch turn'd downward, and the same
Desire that nourisht it, put out the flame:
And thus I do divorce thee from my breſt,
Falſe in thy Vows, and traitreſs to my reſt.
Henceforth áll tears ſhall be, though thou repent,
A pardon after execution ſent:
For ever ſhalt thou my loves ſtory read,
But as ſome Epitaph on one that's dead;
So may my hope on future bliſſes dwell:
This is my firm reſolve, my laſt farewel.

A Health.

To her whoſe beauty doth excel
Story, we toſs theſe Cups, and ſell
Sobriety a ſacrifice,
To the bright luſtre of her eyes,
Each ſoul that ſips here is divine,
Her beauty deifies the wine.

On an ignorant lover.

Clarinda, the beauty of whoſe ſplendent rayes
Gain'd heavens high wonder, & the earths beſt praiſe.
Thee *Thirſis* met, who fair and lovely too
Did like her well, but knew not how to wo;
They arm in arm, into the garden walkt,
Where endleſs riddles they together talkt;
Her ſpeech and actions wiſely had an end,
Yet knew not whereunto they did intend:
She griev'd to ſee his youth no better taught,
To gather him a Poſie, he her beſought.
With that her light green gown ſhe up tuckt,
And *May* for her, and *Time* for him ſhe pluckt;
Which when ſhe brought, he took her by the middle
And kiſt her, but he could not read the riddle:
Go fool, quoth ſhe, and thus burſt into laughter,
Bluſht, run away, and ſcorn'd him ever after.

On

On Clarinda's *lips and eyes.*

In *Clarinda*'s face a queſtion did ariſe,
Which were moſt beautiful, her lips or eyes;
We ſay the eyes ſend forth thoſe pointed darts,
Which wounds the hardeſt adamantine hearts:
But from her lips withal proceed thoſe bliſſes,
Which lovers reap by kinde words, and by kiſſes.
Then wept her eyes, and from thoſe eyes did powre
Of liquid oriental pearls a ſhowre;
Whereat her lips mov'd with delight and pleaſure,
Through a ſweet ſmile unlockt their Ivory treaſure,
And bid love judg, whether did add more grace,
Weeping, or ſmiling, to *Clarinda*'s face.

Senſe.

Like to the ſilent tone of unſpoke ſpeeches,
Or like a Lobſtar clad in Logick-breeches,
Or like the gray fleece of a crimſon Cat,
Or like the Moon-calf in a ſlip-ſhoo hat,
Or like the ſhadow when the Sun is gon,
Or like a thought that nere was thought upon;
Even ſuch is man, who never was begotten,
Until his children were both dead and rotten.
Like to the Ivory touch-ſtone of a Cabbage,
Or like a Crab-louſe with his bag and baggage,
Or like the four-ſquare circle of a Ring,
Or like the hey ding ding a ding ding,
Or like the brainleſs brains of a Butter'd fiſh,
Or like the garbage of a quaffing diſh,
Even ſuch is man, who without doubt,
Spoke to ſmall purpoſe when his tongue was out.
Like to the freſh fading withered Roſe,
Or like to Rithm and Verſe that runs in proſe,
Or like the humbles of a tinder-box,
Or like a man that's found and hath the pox,
Or like a hobnail rogue in ſingle pence,
Leſt it ſhould want its preterperfect-tenſe.

Even

Even such is man who dyed, and then did laugh
To see these strange lines on his Epitaph.

De Origine Mulieris.

Man went to bed, and in a drunken fit,
He got this second childe, the Female chit:
He prankt it up, with farthingales and busks,
Powdrings, perfumes, with paintings and with musks,
With Shaparoons, Rebatoes, and with wires,
With Dutch, Italian, Spanish, French attires:
Thus was it born, and bred; this puppet Baby,
Is the same thing we now do call my Lady.

Upon a Kiss.

AMong thy fancies tell me this,
What is the thing we call a kiss?
I shall resolve you what it is.

2.

It is a creature born and bred,
Betwixt the lips, all cherry red,
By love and warm desires fed,
And makes more soft the Bridal-bed.

3.

It is an active flame that flies
First to the Babies of the eyes,
And charms it there with lullabies,
And stills the Bride too, when she cryes.

4.

Then to the cheek, the chin, the ear,
It frisks, and flies now here, now there,
'Tis now far off, and now 'tis near,
And here, and there, and every where.

5.

Hath it a noysing vertue? yes,
How speaks it say, do you but this,
Part your joyn'd lips, then speak your kiss,
And this loves sweetest language is.

6. Hath

6.

Hath it a body? I, and wings,
With thousand more incolourings;
And as it flies it gently sings,
Love honey yields, but never stings.

To the green sickness.

Stay coward blood, and do not yield
To thy pale sister, beauties field,
Who there displaying round her white
Ensigns, hath usurpt thy right,
Invading thy peculiar throne,
The lip, where thou should'st rule alone.
And on the cheek (where natures care
Allotted each an equal share)
Her spreadding Lilly only grows,
Whose milky deluge drowns thy Rose.
Quit not the field faint blood, nor rush
In the short sally of a blush,
Upon thy sister-so, but strive
To keep an endless war alive.
Though peace do petty States maintain,
Here war alone makes beauty raign.

Seeing her face in the water.

STand still ye streams, do not deface
that Image which you bear;
So Votaries from every place,
to you shall Altars rear.

2.

No winde but lovers sighs draw nigh,
to trouble these glad streams,
On which no Stars, nor the worlds eye,
did ever dart such beams.

3.

To Crystal then in haste congeal,
lest thou shouldst lose thy bliss;
And to my cruel shame reveal,
how hard, how cool she is.

4

But if the curious Nymphs ſhall fear
Their beauties will be ſcorned,
And hide the ruder windes to tear
That face with thee adorned.

5.

Then rage and foam amain that we
Their malice may deſpiſe;
When from the froth we ſoon ſhall ſee
A ſecond *Venus* riſe.

Upon a Lady that wore in her Breaſt a wounded heart, carved in a precious heart.

1.

WHen on my *Cælia* I did ſpie
A wounded heart of ſtone,
The wound had almoſt made me cry
That heart was ſure mine own:
But when I ſaw it came inthron'd,
In her celeſtial breſt,
O! it no longer then I own'd;
For mine was ne'er ſo bleſt.

2.

Yet if in higheſt heavens doth ſhine,
Each conſtant Martyrs heart;
She then may well make room for mine,
Which for her ſake doth ſmart.
Where ſeated in ſo high a bliſs,
Though wounded it ſhall live;
Death enters not in Paradiſe,
That place true light doth give.

3

Yet if the place leſs ſacred were,
Did but her ſaving eye,
Bathe my deep heart in one kinde tear,
Then would I never dye.
Sleight Balms may cure a ſleighter ſore,
No medicine but divine

Can

Can ever hope for to reſtore,
A wounded heart like mine.

upon flowers in his Miſtriſſes boſom.

YOu fragrant flowers, tranſported from the earth,
Whence firſt you grew into this ſecond birth;
Render your odors as my ſacrifice
To her whom *Cupid* offered up his eyes.
Who having view'd the beſt of *Cupids* ſtore,
Burnt out his eyes, and vowed to ſee no more:
Becauſe the like elſewhere could not be ſeen
In Milk-maid, Lady, Fairy, Nymph or Queen.
Repine not then to wither in thoſe plains,
Adorn'd with Ivory mounts, and azure veins,
Where *Cupid* of his Altar made a grave,
And *Venus* would her ſacrifices have.
O happy Altar, O more happy ſhrine,
Moſt bleſſed tomb, I would it had been mine.

Complemental and amorous Letters.

1. *A Letter to renew Affection.*

ALthough I am aſſured I cannot die
In your remembrance, yet I fear leſt I
Am like a picture veiled from the light,
And ſo can yield no pleaſure to the ſight.
Letters are *Cupids* bellows, that do blow
Lovers affections, until they do grow
Into a flame; theſe do let lovers finde
The abſent bodies pleaſures by the minde.
O let me then within your thoughts revive,
And though we are far diſtant, let us ſtrive
To meet in ſoul, let love conveigh me to you,
But in a dream, that I may ſit and wo you.

Till

Till I do meet again by Fates direction,
With you the Mistriss of my hearts affection.

2. *A Letter to perswade one to be constant.*

COnstant love and vertue are
In their qualities alike:
Both in darkest nights shine fair,
Like to stars which shoot and strike
Through the skies; so love will be
Most known in sad adversity.
Therefore fair one keep still one minde,
To instruct the world how for to love,
Though nature doth new changes finde,
Like a Center never move.
But while misfortunes do turn round
About thee, be thou constant found.
Love's like a sacred flame,
Which quench'd can hardly be renewed,
'Tis evermore the same,
Then let thy constancy be shew'd.
Vertue sets upon a square,
And constant friends still constant are.
Remember all our oaths and vows,
The bonds which I on thy lip sealed,
Heaven no perjury allows:
False hearts shall be at length revealed.
Though place and time our hearts divide,
They in a true loves knot are ty'd.

3. *A Letter to a Maid, from one that expected no portion.*

IT is your beauty, fairest, not the wealth
Your father means to give you, but your self
That I do court, you have a stock of beauty,
Which doth exact from me most humble duty.
You have a smiling eye, whose brighter beams,
Excels the glistering sands of Tagus streams.

You

You have a moyſt, ſmooth, tempting cherry lip,
From whence great *Jove* himſelf may Nectar ſip;
Such a freſh colour in your cheeks is ſpred,
That Roſes bluſh for anger, yet look dead,
To ſee themſelves excell'd, white Lillies grow
High colour'd, to think nature ſhould beſtow
Such beauties on you, with which to compare,
Flora's bright luſters but eclipſed are.
Since thy fair cheeks are but by theſe ſet forth,
This pale, that bluſhing at thy admired worth:
A brow ſo high, ſo fair, thence day doth break,
When you do wake, and when you pleaſe to ſpeak,
The ſpheres ſtand ſtill, liſtening to hear
Thy voyces harmony ſo ſweet, ſo clear,
That they do mend the tunes thereby,
To bear with thee a ſympathy.
Let wretched Miſers then their treaſure lock
Within their Cheſts; I love thee in thy ſmock:
Nay, wer't thou wrapt in a linnen blanket,
Thy naked ſelf could all my ſenſes banquet;
Which to confirm, let but thy love be mine,
Here's heart and hand to witneſs, I am thine.

4. *A Letter to excuſe the not viſiting of a friend, at ones departure out of Town.*

GOod Sir, aſcribe not this my forc'd neglect
Of viſit, to want of due reſpect:
But to the violence of my affairs,
That do tranſport me hence to meet with cares,
And make me moſt unfortunate to be
Deprived of your happy company.
But in my abſence think I do remain
Your ſervant, till I do return again,

Yours, J. G.

5. *To a ſweet heart far abſent in the Countrey.*

THe Countrey now is happier then the City.
Injoying thy ſweet face which is ſo pretty,

That

That hobnail fellows ſtaring do gaze on thee,
As if thou wer't ſome new-come Deity:
Methinks I ſee thee look beneath a hat,
Moſt ſweet and lovely, and thou askeſt what,
In market is the price of this and that.
Then tripping home, thou ſteppeſt o'er each ſtile,
Which makes my fancy in conceit to ſmile.
O ſtill think I, thou wer't in happy caſe,
If thou hadſt my eyes, or I had thy place:
Then coming home, putſt off thy clothes again,
And mak'ſt thy bed, moſt happy to contain
Thy pretty limbs, and then I wiſh to be
Your bed-fellow, to bear your company.
Farewel my ſweeteſt, and my lovelieſt Laſs,
That do'ſt in features Ladies far ſurpaſs.

6. A complemental letter ſent to a Lady.

MAdam, ſince that you are both great and good,
More noble by your vertues then your blood;
Whoſe titles onely are the badg and ſeal
Of the ſouls worth, which affections beſt reveal:
Pardon the high ambition of my love,
That ſcorning meaner objects, or to move
In an inferior orb below the ſphere,
Where fair reſplendent *Venus* ſhines moſt clear,
Doth thus advance, and raiſe it ſelf to finde
Beauty and vertue both in one conjoyn'd:
And ſince that my affection ſtands thus fair,
Built on a noble ground, and on the ſquare
Of vertue, this alone implies, I am
No dung-hil born, but a true Gentleman,
For never can a narrow minde, poſſeſt
With the opinion that low thoughts are beſt,
And eaſie in obtaining, hope to mount
His love unto an object of account.
Man doth not frame his own minde, nor compoſe
Thoſe ſoft affections which from beauty flows.

Love

Love hath no golden arrow, but the beams
Shot from your eyes, the which the fond boy means
To ſhoot at Rovers, and ſince it chanc't that I
Stood in the way, whil'ſt that his ſhafts did flye:
Sweet Lady look upon my wounded heart,
For Ladies heretofore by Phyſicks art
Did heal thoſe Pilgrims, whom Religion drew,
To take great journeys, holy Saints to view:
This ſuperſtition made the world a Baby,
But I am confident in you, fair Lady,
That you can hear my prayers, and alſo cure
The wounds of love, whoſe tortures I endure:
Then ſince that you can hear my juſt complaint,
I'll be a Pilgrim to no other Saint.

A Letter to a Gentlewoman, on a figh.

FAireſt, you deſire to know,
Why I ſo often figh, Hi, ho.
It is not to cool loves fire,
Every figh doth raiſe it higher.
Nor is it to blow my flame,
Thereby to encreaſe my pain:
But to ſhew the reaſon better,
In my figh mark every letter.
The firſt *H.* ſtands for your hard heart,
The *I.* ſtands for your eye my ſmart.
The other *H.* my heart doth ſhow,
The *O.* the vowel is your no.
Thus your hard heart, and beauteous eye,
And no, which doth my ſuit deny,
Are the cauſe, why I do break
My heart with ſighs, which onely ſpeak
In a language known to me,
Thus interpreted to be.
And now you know the reaſon why
I do ſo often, Hi, ho, cry.

8. *A Letter to excuſe the abrupt taking of a kiſs.*

IF that I did offend, and do amiſs,
In forcing from you a conſtrained kiſs:
Pardon my love that thus did think to plead,
And in my own behalf did intercede.
Which if it hath offended, at the bar
Of mercy, kiſſes to be pardoned are.
Faireſt with others let your creature ſue,
Intreat and beg, that you would mercy ſhew,
And whil'ſt my kiſſes beg, happy were I,
If I might but ſo rich a begger die.

9. *A Letter to requeſt a courteſie.*

THe knowledg of your vertue makes me bold
Upon your favour, thus for to unfold
My own deſires, in hope you will be free,
In granting of an honeſt courteſie,
Since the requeſt which is made to a friend,
Should have a juſt aym, at a noble end.
Such is my ſuit, for I ſhould bluſh to own
A thought, which being to my ſelf made known,
Should move his anger; therefore let me finde
A true expreſſion of your generous minde,
Adding this courteſie to many more,
Till back again I can the like reſtore.

10. *A Letter to a beautiful Gentlewoman, that was reſolved to live and die a Maid.*

ARe you ſo young, ſo hanſom, and ſo pretty,
And yet reſolve to dye a Maid? 'tis pity.
Nature did give you beauty, not to ſhow
Unto the world, but that you might beſtow
It on ſome others, and raiſe up your like,
Hath *Cupid* not one arrow left to ſtrike
Your gentle bloſom, or elſe will you dwell
Within a Nunnery, or a Hermites cell,
And there for want of natures recreation,
Commit ſin by a wanton ſpeculation:

Look on the Pelican, and Turtle Dove,
They both are milde and chaſte, yet both do love;
Look on the Eglantine and Woodbine-tree,
Circling the Elm, and ſuch a Maid ſhould be;
Who ſhould with ſweet embraces gently winde
About her lover, while he proves as kinde.
And doth faſt hold her in his loving arms,
Whileſt true affection both their ſoft hearts warms:
Then do not prove an enemy to nature,
But place your love on me, divineſt creature;
That I being come into the pleaſant fields
Of love, may reap the harveſt that love yields;
For if to love you live, not you are dead,
Then live, and love, and loſe your Maiden-head.

11 *A Letter to a Gentlewoman in excuſe of long abſence.*

MY unkinde fate deſerveth blame, not I,
In robbing me of your beſt company.
And thus my thoughts ſeem to ſuggeſt and ſay,
Write not to me, but come your ſelf away.
O could you fancy by imagination,
The ſorrow I ſuſtain in contemplation,
Of my long abſence; how I ſigh and grone,
And oftentimes do play upon the Drone
Of a Tobacco-pipe, to refreſh my wits,
When they are in ſad diſcontented fits;
You would then pardon me, who now do live
Forlorn in ſorrow, and do ſigh, and grieve,
To think on you, whoſe preſence I deſire,
And burn the more, the furrher from the fire;
As flowers in winter hide their drooping head,
And all their beauties are quite vaniſhed:
When the bright Sun withdraws his warmer light,
And leaves the world deprived of his ſight;
So I like to a flower upon the ſtalk
Wither, whileſt I in diſcontent do walk,

Wanting

Wanting thoſe beams of comfort, which proceed
From your fair eyes, that do both warm and feed
My cold diſtreſſed heart, for how can I
But droop, deprived of your company?
I have no eſſence now, for I did hold
My life from you; I gave away and ſold
My ſelf unto your ſervice, ſtill to be
Your conſtant Martyr, and your Votary;
And though I muſt be abſent ſome few hours,
Yet know, dear love, my heart is ſealed yours.

A Complemental Letter.

HEaven bleſs my love, in whoſe ſweet favour,
I deſire alone to thrive,
Let fickle mindes ſeek change and waver,
To be conſtant I will ſtrive.
Yours I am, and have no thought
That can reach beyond my love,
But down to you 'tis quickly brought,
From heaven below, to heaven above;
You are my heaven here of content,
Whether my thoughts do aſpire,
This life is but a kinde of baniſhment,
Till I enjoy my hearts deſire.
Therefore before my winged ſoul hence flies,
Let this one comfort unto you be given,
That in the ſphere of love our ſouls may meet,
And both together take their flight to heaven.

13. *A maids Letter, fearing a growing ſhame.*

BLame not a maid, if ſhe doth thus diſcover,
What ſhe doth bluſh to tell, her faithleſs lover.
I know I urge but an unhappy ſuit,
Who loves the tree, when he hath got the fruit?
Yet think upon your vows, and falſe temptation,
Let former love move your commiſeration:
This Paper will not bluſh while it doth tell,
That former pleaſures now make ſorrows ſwell.

You

You have enough undone me, do not be,
For too much kindneſs, cruel unto me.
Think of the ſtory of the *Trojan* Queen,
In whom my picture may be lively ſeen.
For when that ſhe had made her ſelf the feaſt,
To entertain *Æneas* her falſe gueſt,
He hoiſted up his ſails, and ne'er would view
The Royal Queen, whom his unkindneſs ſlew.
Poor ſilly maid, deceiv'd by your temptation,
I was o'ercome, our ſtories have relation.
I do entreat you then, if you would have
A happy life, and finde a quiet grave;
That you would view me, not as in loves bed,
But in the Paradice of my maiden-head.
And had I ſo continued, I had been
Preſerv'd in Virgin pureneſs, clear from ſin.
Now like a weeping penitent I come,
In hope to move you to compaſſion.
Reſtore the ruins of my maiden honour,
And think thus with your ſelf, ſhall I go from her,
That was ſo kinde to me, that ſhe would venter,
On promis'd marriage, to ſeal loves Indenture?
O hear thy conſcience that would thus inform thee,
And for my loving folly do not ſcorn me.
But let your love be mutually expreſt,
In confidence wherof my thoughts do reſt.

A Letter of thanks to a Gentlewoman, for ſome kinde favor received.

ALL is from your free mercy, for I know
All merits are cry'd down, as far below
Your favours' which you do moſt freely leave,
With ſuch as be unworthy to receive
Such lively comforts, that therein I finde
All the divinities of a worthy minde,
That on the pooreſt and unworthieſt ſpirits,
May let fall bleſſings, far beyond all merits.

For

For with ſuch bounty you excite and move
My ſoul to wonder, and admire your love,
Knowing not how to render thanks as due,
For ſuch expreſſions, which ſo fair do ſhew,
That the endeavor of my life will be
Too mean requitals of your courteſie:
But yet I hope to prove no barren ſand,
Nor by ingratitude a fruitleſs land,
That doth deceive the husband-mans deſires,
And both his limbs, and exſpectation tires.
But all my powers ſhall labour with much ſtrength
Of thankfulneſs, to pay your love at length.
And may I ne'er know comfort, if I prove
Ungrateful to the merit of your love.

15. *To Miſtriſs* Penelope, *Natures Maſter-piece, the Lover expreſſes his flame of affection.*

VVOnder of beauty, in whom I do repoſe
Such hope of comfort, that I muſt diſcloſe
To you my ſecret thoughts, and dare to name
My ſufferings, how I martyr'd in the flame
Of your affection burn. Let not your ſcorn
Increaſe my ſorrows, ſo to make me mourn,
Till love increaſe in ſtrength, and do blaze higher,
And my ſad aſhes are conſum'd with fire.
Which ſhould not be, for I do not alone (thrown.
Dote on thoſe beams which from your eyes are
Nor on your cheeks, which are the nuptial bed,
VVhere Roſes are with Lillies married.
Nor on your lips, which cloſed ſeem to ſmother
Their beauty, and do onely kiſs each other.
Theſe pieces of your beauty with a ſmile,
May ſeem to build up a ſweet funeral pile
For common lovers, but my fancy took
Another courſe, for it doth dare to look
Into your ſoul, which crown'd with vertues ſits
Govern'd by reaſon, nor by paſſionate fits.

And

And wears a powerful charm, that both inſpires
All hearts with holy thoughts and good deſires,
For vertue hidden from the common ſight
Shines out in you, as gliſtering ſtars by night
Peep through a cloud, that all may gaze and ſee
Your glorious parts, cloath'd in mortality.
So that I am afraid here to deſcribe
Your ſweet perfections, leſt they ſhould be ſpy'd
By Angels, who dreſt in ſome mortal ſhape,
Would from the heavens make a ſwift eſcape,
To court you in a dream, and ſo ſhould ſtay
With you on earth, forgetful of the way
Back into heaven, whil'ſt that they did prove
Rivals to me, in ſeeking of your love.
Therefore the flames of my affections are
Ingenuous, and not like the common ſnare
Of love, which is plac'd onely in the blood;
For though I burn, my pain is underſtood
By ſuch a Character as may be given,
Though it is a flame, it is deriv'd from heaven,
Kindled from a ſmall ſpark that here doth ſhine
On earth, and hath a nature that's divine.
O ſweet *Penelope*! thy beauties be
But a fair abſtract, or Epitome
Of brighteſt luſtres, or a ſtream doth lead
Me on unto the pureſt fountains head:
Then let me burn ſtill, with a flame moſt clear
From ſinful dregs; ſo that my love apear
An imitation of divineſt love:
And if my flames too violent do prove,
This ſhall at laſt be my concluding prayer;
Let Heaven and *Penelope* both ſhare
Of my poor heart, which thus conſuming lyes,
Being her martyr, and heavens ſacrifice.

16. *To Miſtriſs* E. B. *ſent her with a ring.*

ROund is the world, and ſo is love;
No art can finde out the beginning.

Of circles, thoſe on ſeas do move,
Come round again, by natures bringing:
And thoſe that travel in Loves ring,
From one point do at firſt begin
Of affection, and having found
Love for love, are then come round.
So this Ring ſent ſhall be
Loves compaſs both to you and me,
By which we to ſail may venture,
Til we meet both in one center.

17. *To a pretty witty ſcornful Gentlewoman being proud of her beauty, and after troubled with the Green-ſickneſs.*

IF I were young as you are, would I prove
A tyrant unto all that ſought my love,
To flout them? and to hear *Narciſſus* cry,
Echo, O Echo, for thy love I dye,
And periſh in the fountain of thy face;
What art thou gon, and leav'ſt me in this caſe?
Ile walk away, and my ſad ſtory tell,
Unto the Ghoſts that in Eliſium dwell.
Thus might I play the mad-man, but my dear,
And faireſt creature, in whom doth appear
Glorious perfections; tell me, would you have
Me dye for love, or weep into my grave?
And give my body to the worms to eat,
Their legacy on one is womans meat;
Oh no, your knowledg will inſtruct you fuller
And tell you that your own cheek is grown duller
Then it was uſual, death it ſeems hath ſtruck
A paleneſs in it, and away hath took
The former beauty, which he did to be
Revenged, for your ſcornfulneſs to me.
Death ſaies, that you this choice ſhall onely have,
Either to marry me, or elſe your grave.

18. *To a weeping widow, wishing her to wipe away tears, with the conceit of a second husband.*

ENough of tears, their date expires
Do not three daies raise fresh desires
In you, or have you all sense lost?
Is your bloud turn'd to a frost?
A widows grief should alwaies be
An out-side of formality:
Or like a herse-cloth that is laid
Upon the coffin, which convey'd
Into the grave, the mourning black
Is folded up, and so sent back.
Your sorrow like the cloth laid on
The herse, should not be convey'd home
With you. Why should you vex your self
With fruitless sorrows? can your wealth,
Or tears, which from your eyes do rain,
Call your late spouse to life again?
O would you do him so much wrong,
That he having gotten from the throng
Of men, out of this world, to be
Blest with the *Angels* company,
Should back again return to give
Comfort to you, and here to live
A second pilgrimage; would you wish
Him for you, to leave heavens blisse?
Be comforted, and let not sorrow
From your face such beauty borrow;
But make it lovely, black becomes
Onely funerals, and Nuns.
There is no musick in the grave,
Though one be lost, still you may have
Another husband; and I am bold
To ask you whether you can hold
A good opinion of my love,
Which in these characters doth move

As active to give you content.
You know ſweet widow, what is meant,
By active; you do never bluſh
At words, nor yet once piſh or tuſh,
As maids do uſe in modeſty,
Who will their own deſires deny:
For widows with a better apprehenſion,
Should know the ſecret thoughts intention.
Then fair one, if this Letter woo you,
Let it not be unwelcome to you,
But when you do rip up the Seal,
And read what this ſheet doth reveal
Unto your knowledg, let your blood
Inform you, that the lines are good,
Touching quick, and he that writ
This Letter, doth your fancy fit;
For Letters unto widows ſent,
Should be like challenges full bent,
To dare them from City or Court,
To play a prize at *Cupids* ſport.
But you will ſay, that I do jeſt,
And do maintain within my breſt
A wanton flame. I cannot mourn
With you, nor yet with ſorrow turn,
Like *Niobe*, into a ſtone; but live
I would, that I might comfort give
To you ſweet widow; then be content
To make me yours, *ſans* complement.

19 *To a young Maid.*

COme thou faireſt maſter-piece
Of Natures work, her golden fleece;
Let me enjoy thee, flowers will fade
If not refreſht, die not a maid.
Let us agree to appoint a day
To gather flowers, why ſhould you ſtay

So

So long a Virgin? what have you done
To Nature and your self? a Nun
Deserves not beauty, it is a mate
Makes *Cupids* darlings fortunate.
Since youth and beauty then invite
You thus to play for your delight,
Let loves tables opened be:
Fear not, you are well matcht with me,
Stake your maiden-head, you shall chuse
Whether you will win or lose;
Or if you lose, I do believe,
You will not for your loss once grieve.

20. *To a young Gentlewoman that disdained her Lover.*

ONce more I have presum'd to ease my grief
With these sad lines, in hope of some relief.
O wretched I! that suffer in the flame
Of love, yet dare not of my love complain;
Nor sighs nor tears will I in this case use,
Nor thee my love, will I at all accuse:
Since 'tis my cruel fate that I must be
Martyr'd with love, and onely dye thee:
Yet let me ask one question, are they least
Rewarded with true love, that do love best;
Or is it but in me held an offence
To love you, since that the sweet influence
Of one fair smile from you, renews lifes flame,
And one sad sad frown can put it out again;
Like a third sister, if you love deny,
You cut my thred of life, and I must dye.

21. *A complemental Letter, to a beautiful young Gentlewoman.*

FOr me to praise your beauty, would appear
A flattery; for when the Sun shines clear,
All do admire his beams; even so your eyes
Are like to stars, that shine in beauties skies,

And have a kinde of influence below,
To make hearts all obedience to you ſhow.
Your cheeks are roſes, and your hair is amber,
The odour of your breath perfumes your chamber:
Your lips are like unto the reſpaſs-berry,
Or like unto a full ripe ſwelling cherry:
Your brow is *Cupids* bow, moſt ſweetly bent,
From whence loves golden arrow ſtill is ſent:
Your breaſts are like a pair of mountains,
Not yet reſolved into Nectar-fountains,
Till love a pleaſant mo ſture to them brings,
And raiſe upon them two happy ſprings:
But there below, there lies the happy vally,
Where young *Adonis* did with *Venus* dally,
And to behold it ſeemed much aſham'd,
He bluſht, and ſo this vally is unnam'd.
Yet howſoever it be not expreſt,
Lovers have fancies to conceive the beſt.
Thus I acknowledg you, divineſt creature,
To be a model of a moſt ſweet feature.
Then ſince that nature hath adorn'd each part
With ſuch perfections, I do hope your heart,
Is of ſo ſweet a temper, to let fall
Pity on him, who doth not know at all
The heart of complements; for love is beſt
When it is naked, with plain words expreſt;
Yet if you pleaſe to reckon me for one,
That am devoted in affection
Unto your ſervice, I ſhall repute of this,
As earths chief happineſs, and heavens bliſs.

22. *A Gentleman to his Miſtriſs proteſting ſervice.*

THink not, dear love, that I le reveal
The hours of pleaſure we did ſteal,
No eye ſhall ſee, nor the Sun,
The things that thee and I have done.
The god of love himſelf, whoſe dart,
Firſt wounded mine, and then thy heart.

He

He ſhall not know that we can tell
What ſweets in ſtoln embraces dwell.
This onely means may finde it out,
If when I dye Phyſitians doubt
What caus'd my death, and there to view
Of all their judgements which was true.
Rip up my heart, oh then I fear,
The world will ſee thy picture there.

23. *To a Gentlewoman disfigured by the ſmall pox.*

WHat though your face with pock-holes ſpangled be
As though it were diſgrac'd? me thinks I ſee
A heavenly conſtellation in thy looks,
Like unto golden Characters in books.
Sure they are *Venus* ſnares, ſo plac'd like skars,
Men ſhould not know them from ſo many ſtars;
Each ſtar a guide to lead blinde men to ſin,
Or elſe ſo many gins to catch me in.
Your beauty was divided thus in ſunder,
To make ſo many ſigns, and every ſign my wonder;
Thus hath thy beauty ſo regain'd it's light,
My heart is double ſlain whilſt I indite.

A Moor to her faire Boy.

WHy lovely Boy, why flyeſt thou me,
That languiſh in theſe flames for thee?
I'm black, 'tis true, and ſo is night,
And love doth in dark ſhades delight;
Nay, do thou once but cloſe thine eye,
The world will ſeem as black as I:
Or op't again and ſee the ſhade
Which by thine own fair body's made,
Which follows thee where ere thou go,
O who aloud would not do ſo!
Let me for ever dwell ſo nigh,
And thou ſhalt need no ſhade but I.

25. *The fair Boyes answer.*

BLack Maid, complain not though I flye,
Some fate forbids antipathy.
Prodigious would that union prove
Where night and day together move:
And the conjunction of your lips
Not kisses make, but an Eclipse,
Where there is mixed black and white,
Portends more terrour then delight;
But if thou wilt my shaddow be,
Enjoy thy deareſt wish; but see
Thou keep my shadows property,
That flyes away when I come nigh;
Else stay till death hath blinded me,
Then Ile bequeath my self to thee:
This sable which on white is laid,
Expresses well thy lustful shade.

26. *A down-right Suitor to his Sweet heart.*

FAith wench I love thee, but I cannot sue,
And shew my love as silken Courtiers do.
Ile not carouse a health to honour thee,
By such deboist and beastly courtesie;
And then strait eat up the carousing glass,
In glory that I am thy servile ass.
Nor will I wear a rotten Barbers lock,
Like some scorn cocks-comb spending all my stock;
Well featur'd Lass, thou know'st I love thee dear,
Yet for thy sake He take no cuff of th'ear,
Nor hang thy dirty silken shoo-strings there;
Nor for thy sake, will I once gnaw a brick,
Or some pide-colours in my bonnet stick:
But by the smock of *Venus*, for thy good,
Ile spend my deareſt thrice-concocted blood.

27. *A Welch-man to his Mistriss.*

SHentle, modest, fair, and kinde,
Being the mirrour of her minde;

Shentle,

Shentle, modeſt, when I ſee
The fair looks her makes at me,
And the fine Ring that her did ſend
When her did come to ſee her friend,
Her could not chuſe by what's above
But be entangled by her love:
Her was oftentimes about
To ſpeak her loſe, and put her out;
But her was think it great deal better
To wrap her loſe within a Letter,
Hoping her not exception take
At her, for her countries ſake.
What if her be Welchman, what then?
Taffies was all ſhentlemen,
Born from *Venus* that fair Coddeſs,
And many other ſhentle bodies;
Part humane, and part deſine,
We are deſcended from *Jove*'s line,
All this truth her dares not mince,
Being the iſſue of a Britiſh Prince;
Yet ſhould her with *Shenkin* drink a quart of wine,
Her would think her fortune fine;
And her would tell her ſuch a tale in her ear,
That all the world was never hear.
Then ſhentle modeſt let her move,
Honeſt *Shenkin* will her love,
Though her was very filthy fit,
That drives poor Welchman out of her wit;
And if her will not pity her pain,
Her will never loſe again.

28. *To his Miſtriſs.*

READ here my heart in Verſe, yet know I ſcorn
To flatter you, and ſay the beauteous morn
Gives not ſo bright a glory, for with thee
There is a beauty mixt with modeſty.

Which I ſhould wrong, ſuch praiſes needful are
To them that want a bluſh to make them fair.
I might extol that arch, the lovely brow,
Whence *Cupid* from your eyes his darts doth throw.
Thoſe chriſtal eyes where ſmiles a naked boy;
The picture of your hope and future joy;
Your tongue tipt with ſuch fire and powerful art,
As might enflame the moſt rebellious heart.
But theſe are talks muſt not be ventured on,
But by a wit as happy as your own:
Your muſick, I confeſs, I would not hear,
Though it might raviſh the moſt curious ear:
Even thoſe ſweeteſt ſtrains did I revile,
Leſt they ſhould hinder you from talk a while.
Nay more, the ſoftneſs of your hand was ſuch,
I fear'd it might be hurt with every touch.
Now pardon theſe rude lines, no grace they have,
But what your goodneſs in the reading gave;
Yet if one word of praiſe you pleaſe to ſpare,
My fame ſhall never finde a ſweeter air
To flie in, than your breath; and ſo I reſt,
Until my fortune with your ſelf be bleſt.

29. *To his fair Miſtriſs, incenſed upon a miſtake.*

HEaven knows my love to you, fed on deſires
So hallowed, and unmixt with vulgar fires,
As are the bright beams ſhot from the Sun,
At its full height; and the devotion
Of dying Martyrs could not burn more clear,
Nor innocence in her firſt robes appear
Whiter then our affections, it did flow
Like froſt forc'd out of flames, or fire from ſnow;
So pure the Phœnix when ſhe would refine
Her age to youth, borrowed no flames but mine.
But my day's o're-caſt, for I have now
Drawn anger like a tempeſt from the brow
Of my fair Miſtriſs, thoſe her glorious eyes,
Which I was wont to ſee like day-ſtars riſe. Throat

Threat like revenging Meteors, and I feel
My torments, and my guilt doubling my hell:
'Twas a miſtake, and might have venial bin
Done to another, but it was made ſin;
And juſtly mortal too, by troubling thee;
Slight wrongs are treaſon, offer'd to Majeſtie:
Enjoyn me penance, and the ſtricteſt one
That wit and cruelty can think upon;
I will a faithful penitential prove
Through all your puniſhments, but not to love.
Oh all you bleſt ghoſts of deceaſed Loves,
That now live Sainted in *Elyzian* groves,
Mediate for mercy for me, at her ſhrine,
Meet with ful quire, & joyn your prayers with mine;
Conjure her by your mutual hope and fears,
By all your intermixed ſmiles and tears;
Conjure her by the merits of your kiſſes,
By your paſt ſufferings, and your preſent bliſſes,
To ſeal my pardon: go to her and tell
That you will walk my guardian Sentinel,
My ſouls ſafe Genius, that ſhe needs not fear
A mutinous thought, or one cloſe Rebel there.
But what needs that, when ſhe her ſelf ſits there,
Sole *Angel* of that Orb in her own ſphere;
Alone ſhe raigns, and can ſecure it free
From all irregular motions, onely ſhe
Can give the Balſam, that can cure this ſore,
And the ſweet *Antidote* to ſin no more.

30. *To his Miſtriſs, on the ſeal of her Letter.*

THou ſend'ſt to me a heart was crown'd,
I took it to be thine;
But when I ſaw it had a wound
I knew the heart was mine.
A bounty of a ſtrange conceit,
To ſend mine own to me:
And ſend it in a worſe eſtate
Then it was ſent to thee.

Oh heavens how wouldſt thou uſe a heart,
That ſhould rebellious be;
Since thou haſt been unkinde to that,
Which ſo much honoured thee!

31. *A Letter to his unkinde miſtriſs, that looks a skew on him.*

TO thee cruel fair, that turnedſt thy face away,
Of purpoſe to benight the day
Of my ſad eyes; without all reſt
Obſcured, and wounded like my breſt.
The torch of the day dares not to ſhine,
His world's turn'd Ægypt too like mine;
Eclipſed with ſorrow how he pries
To ſee thy fairer Sun ariſe!
'Twas no Creation till the day
Diſtinguiſht how the Chaos lay;
Nor doth the glorious Spring appear,
Till the warm god begets it here:
Then fair one draw *Sols* curtains by,
With light the Hemiſphere ſupply;
Take heed leſt Natures frame like me,
Diſſolve for want of Sun and thee,
Forbid it *Cynthia*, wounded hearts
Live by the rayes that *Cupid* darts;
Earths happineſs my Girle to me;
Without thy clearer flames is miſery:
And though thy brighter beams do burn,
And me Loves-Martyr into aſhes turn;
Yet in my Sepulchre of night
Thine eyes ſhall yield a purer light;
Then turn not thy fair face away,
Thy ſplendor makes my night a day.

32. *A Letter of Proteſtation.*

INdeed I will not ſteal a kiſs from you,
Nor wring your fingers hard; I will not ſue
To thoſe bleſt pair of ſweeteſt ſtars for ſmiles;
All a young lovers cunning, all his wiles, And

And pretty wanton dyvings ſhall to me
Be ſtrange, I onely to your chaſtity
Will be devoted ever, that ſhall binde
Our hearts like Ivy twin'd
About a wel-grown Elm; and none untye
Loves knot, but fatal deſtiny:
Believe me ſweeteſt, if I entertain
An unchaſte thought, may I ne're think again.

33. *A letter to a Lady.*

Madam.

WHen Art and Nature both agree
To ſum their all in your Epitome,
When the perfection of both Sexes are
Lockt in your female ſtore-houſe, who ſhall dare
In an audacious rapture to untwine
In cloſer numbers what heaven doth inſhrine
In one rich breaſt; dazled invention, ſay,
Canſt thou unbowel either India
In one poor Rime, or can thy Torch-light fire
Shew to the *Sun*, or any Stars that's higher:
If thou wilt needs ſpend thy officious flame
Do it in admiration, but diſclaim
Thy power to raiſe thy ſenders wiſhes; bear,
And be the Herald of the new-born year;
Wiſh that each riſing Sun may ſee her more
Happy then when ſhe roſe the morn before,
And may when ere he guides the envious Weſt,
Leave her more bleſt, then when he grac'd the feaſt.
Wiſh higher yet, that her felicity
May equalize her vertues; Poetry,
Thou art too low, canſt thou not ſwell a ſtrain
May reach my thoughts? Good Madam, ſince 'tis vain,
And yet my Verſe to kiſs your hand preſumed,
Let it not for your ſacrifice be doomed,
And what it wants in true Poetick fire
Let the flame add, till ſo my muſe expire:

Thus

Thus Madam, your frail Poet doth confeſs,
He wants a Muſe worth ſuch a Patroneſs.

34. *A Letter of advice to his Lady too proud of her beauty.*

YOu whoſe pure and dainty skin,
Roſie lips, cheeks or chin,
All that gaze upon you win;
Do not inſult, for ſparks within,
That ſlowly burn will flames begin.
And preſumption ſtill hath been
As fond as an unfortunate ſin:
Then fair *Clarinda* be more kinde,
Theſe lines implore to know your minde.

35. *A Letter of acknowledgement.*

FAireſt, what ſorrow's like to that which hends
It ſelf to pleaſe, yet ſtill offends?
Puniſh me gently Lady, Love's a child,
And childrens puniſhments they ſhould be mild.
What though I did aſpire,
To crown the hopes of my deſire?
What if my bold love forward preſt,
To touch your ſoft limbes then undreſt?
'Tis known when maids do naked lye in bed,
Loves Arrows then are ſhot unto the head:
But I know no ſuch fault, but only this;
You gave me one, I took another kiſs.

The Court of *Venus* Songs, of Love and Mirth.

The firſt Song.

IF I freely might diſcover
What could pleaſe me in my lover,

I would have her fair and witty;
Savouring more of Court then City:
A little proud, but full of pity;
Light and humorous in her toying,
Oft building hopes, and soon destroying;
Neither to easie, nor to hard,
All extreams I would have bard.

2. *A Song.*

YOung and simple though I am,
I have heard of *Cupids* name;
Gues I can what thing it is,
Men desire when they do kiss:
Smoke can never burn, they say;
But the flames that follow may.

I am not so fond or fair,
To be proud, or to dispair;
Yet my lips have oft observ'd,
Men that kiss them press too hard,
As glad lovers use to do,
When their new-met Loves they wo.

Faith 'tis but a foolish minde,
Yet me thinks a heat I finde;
And thirsty-longing, that doth bide
Ever on the weaker side.
Oh! I feel my heart doth move,
Venus grant it be not love.

If it be, alas, what then,
Were not women made for men?
As good it were a thing were past,
That must needs be done at last.
Roses that are over-blown,
Grow less sweet, and fall alone.

Yet no churl, nor silken gull,
Shall my Virgin-blossom pull.

Who

Who ſhall not, I ſoon can tell,
Who ſhall, would, I could as well,
Yet I'me ſure, what ere he be,
Love he muſt, or flatter me.

3. *A Song.*

OH that joy ſo ſoon ſhould waſte,
Or ſo ſweet a bliſs
As a kiſs,
Might not for ever laſt.
A ſugry melting, ſo ſoft, ſo delicious,
The dew that lyes on Roſes,
When the morn her ſelf diſcoſes,
is not ſo precious;
Or rather when I would it ſmother,
Were I to taſte but ſuch another,
It would be my wiſhing,
That I might die with kiſſing.

4. *A ſong.*

WHy ſo pale and wan fond Lover,
Prethee why ſo pale?
If looking well, it will not move her,
Can looking ill prevail?
Prethee why ſo pale?
Why ſo dull and mute young ſinner;
Prethee why ſo mute?
If ſpeaking well it cannot win her,
Can ſay nothing do't,
Prethee why ſo mute?
Quit, quit for ſhame, this will not move her,
This cannot take her:
If of her ſelf ſhe will not love,
Nothing can make her,
The Devil take her.

5. *A ſong.*

AMongſt the Myrtles, as I walkt
Alone, I with my ſighs thus talkt:

Tell

Tell me, ſaid I, in deep diſtreſs,
Where I may finde my ſhepherdeſs.

Then fool, ſaid Love, know'ſt thou not this,
In every thing that's good, ſhe is;
In yonder Tulip, go and ſeek,
There thou ſhalt finde her lip and cheek.

In that innamel'd Pancy by
There thou ſhalt finde her curious eye,
In bloom of Peach, in Roſes bud,
There waves the ſtreamers of her bloud.

'Tis true, ſaid I, and thereupon
I went and pluckt them one by one,
To make of parts a union,
But on a ſudden all was gon.

At which I ſtopt, ſaid Love; Theſe be
Fond man, reſemblances of thee:
For as theſe flowers, thy joy muſt dye,
Even in the turning of an eye;
And all thy hopes of her muſt wither,
As do thoſe flowers, when knit together

6. A Song.

COme, come, you goddeſſes of the night,
That in ſilent ſports delight,
And ſee the wanton Moon-ſhine play,
To light us in our doleful way.
Come, come, come Ladies, come,
The night's not blinde, though deaf and dumb.

Ladies, have you ſeen a toy
Call'd Love, a little Boy?
Almoſt naked, wanton, blinde,
Cruel, now and then as kinde,
If he be amongſt you, Ladies, ſay,
That he is *Venus* run-away.

Marks

Marks he hath about him plenty,
You may know him amongſt twenty;
As his body is on fire,
And his breath our flames deſire?
So being ſent like lightning in,
He wounds our hearts, but not our skin.

If any here can but diſcover
Where this winged wag doth hover,
For her pains ſhall have a kiſs,
When or where her heart can wiſh:
But ſhe that can but bring him to his mother,
From *Venus*, and her boy, ſhall have another.

7. *A Song.*

WHy ſhould paſſion lead the blinde,
'Cauſe thy Miſtriſs is unkinde?
She's yet too young to know delight,
And is not plum'd for *Cupids* flight.

She cannot yet in height of pleaſure,
Pay her lovers equal meaſure:
But like a Roſe, new blown, doth feed,
The eye alone, but yield no ſeed.

She is but in her ſpring,
Cold in love, till *Cupid* bring
A hotter ſeaſon with his fire,
Which ſoon will kindle her deſire.

Autumn will ſhortly come and greet her,
Making her taſte and colour ſweeter,
Her ripeneſs then will ſoon be ſuch,
That ſhe will fall even with a touch.

8. *A Song.*

LYe ſtill my dear, why do'ſt thou riſe?
The light that ſhines comes from thine eyes:
The day breaks not, it is my heart,
To think that you and I muſt part.

Oh

Oh ſtay! or elſe my joyes will dye,
Or periſh in their infancy.

'Tis time, 'tis day, what if it be?
Wilt thou therefore ariſe from me?
Did we lye down becauſe of night?
And ſhall we riſe for fear of light?
No, ſince in darkneſs we came hither,
In ſpight of light wee'l lye together.
Oh let me dye on thy ſweet breaſt,
Far ſweeter then the Phœnix neaſt.

9. *The Troopers ſong.*

FRom hunger or cold, who lives more free?
Or who leads a merrier life then we?
Our bellies are full, our backs are warm,
And againſt all pride our rags are a charm.
Enough is a feaſt, and for to morrow
Let rich men care, we feel no ſorrow.

Both City and town, and every village,
Affords us either alms or pillage;
But when the weather is cold or raw,
Then in a Barn we tumble in ſtraw.
In Summer together like Bees we do flock,
And tumble in the graſs, or in the hay-cock.

10. *A Song.*

SInce Love hath brought me,
And I have caught thee,
Here in this bower;
Nor ſhall thy faigning,
Nor thy complaining;
Thy cauſeleſs chiding,
Thy ſhort abiding,
Thy crafty ſmiling,
Thy quaint beguiling,
Thoſe thy ſtruglings,
With all thy juglings,

Can

Can make me leave thee,
No, no, thou ſhalt no more deceive me.

11. *A ſong.*

HE that will court a wench that is coy,
That is proud, that is peeviſh and antick,
Let him be careleſs to ſport and toy,
And as peeviſh as ſhe is frantick.
Laugh at her and ſleight her,
Flatter her and ſpight her,
Rail and commend her again:
It is the way to woo her,
If that you mean to come cloſe to her,
Such girles will love ſuch men.

He that will court a wench that is mild,
That is ſoft and kinde of behaviour;
Let him kindly woo her,
Not roughly come to her,
'Tis the way to win her favour,
Give her kiſſes plenty,
She'l take them were they twenty:
Stroke her and kiſs her again,
It is the way to woo her,
If that you mean to come cloſe to her,
Such Girls do love ſoft men.

He that will court a wench that is mad,
That will ſqueak and cry if you handle her,
Let him kiſs and fling, till he make the houſe ring,
'Tis the onely way to tame her:
Take her up and touze her,
Salute her and rouze her,
Then kiſs her and pleaſe her again:
'Tis the way to woo her,
If that you mean to come cloſe to her,
Mad girls do love mad men.

13. *A ſong.*

A Nymph, when as the Summers beams
made hot the colder ayr,
Into a fountains cryſtal ſtreams,
to bathe her did repair;
And by degrees ſhe boldly did at length,
thoſe parts unhide:
Which to be baſhful, nature made
ſo curious to be ſpyed,

Oft downwards would ſhe caſt her head,
and bluſhing look away;
Then twiſt her arms, and twine her thighs,
as fearful to betray
Her ſelf unto her fearful ſelf:
thus frighted ſhe at laſt,
Into the fountains ſwifteſt ſtreams,
her pureſt body caſt.

The waves did proudly bear her up,
and as ſhe waded in the ſilver-brook,
Seem'd not to cleanſe her as ſhe ſwome,
but from her purifying took.
And underneath the Cryſtal ſtreams,
as ſhe did gliding paſs,
She ſeemed like a Lilly fair,
that's ſunk into a glaſs.

And as ſhe did her dainty arms
in ſundry ſort diſplay,
Oft times ſhe would *Narciſſus*-like
with her own ſhadow play.
Oft would ſhe lie upon her back,
with legs and arms forth ſpred,
And imitate thoſe wanton joyes,
that women uſe in bed.

Women

Women their modesty forget,
and often lay aside,
This Nimph, that thought her self unseen,
Was by a Shepherd spied:
Who ravisht with the sight he saw,
No longer staied to woo her,
But flung away his hook aud scrip,
And boldly stept unto her.

She screeching dived, thought to have hid
Her self, but all in vain,
The waters to preserve her life,
Did bear her up again;
The Shepherd caught her in his arms,
And laid her on the brink,
And what he did without delay,
You know, or else may think.

1. *A Song.*

AMongst the Mirtles sate my Love,
VVith a more downy skin,
And tender breast then *Venus* Dove,
And clearer from all sin.

For her I pluckt the Mary-gold,
VVhose leaves shut with the evening dew,
I said to her, rise and behold,
VVhat pretty riddle this doth shew.
Those leaves shut in like to a cloistered Nun,
VVill open when they feel the radiant Sun.

VVhat mean you by this riddle, Sir, she said,
I pray expound it then; I thus began:
Know, maids are made for men, and men for maids,
VVhich said, she chang'd her colour, and look'd wan.
Since you the riddle, Sir, so plain have told,
Be you my Sun, I'le be your Mary-gold.

15. *A Song.*

AS I travers'd to and fro,
And in the fields was walking,
I chanc'd to hear two Sisters,
That secretly were talking:
The younger to the elder said,
Prethee, why dost not marry?
In faith, quoth she, I'le tell to thee
I mean not long to tarry.

When I was fifteen yeats of age,
Then I had suiters many:
But I a wanton peevish wench,
Would not sport with any:
Till at the last, I sleeping fast,
Cupid came to woo me,
And like a lad that was stark mad,
He swore he would come to me.

And then he lay down by my side,
And spread his arms upon me,
And I being 'twixt sleep and wake,
Did strive to thrust him from me.
But he with all the power he had,
Did lye the harder on me:

And then he did so play with me,
As I was playd with never,
The sporting boy so pleased me,
I would have slept for ever.
And then me thought the world turn'd round,
And *Phœbus* fell a skipping,
And all the Nymphes, and Goddesses,
About us two were tripping,
Then seemed *Neptune*, as he had pour'd
His Ocean streams upon us,
But *Boreas* with his blustring blasts,
Did strive to keep him from us.

Limping

Limping *Vulcan* he came in,
As if he had been jealous,
Venus followed after him,
And swore she'd blow the bellows;
Mars call'd *Cupid* Jack-an-apes,
And swore he would him smother,
Quoth *Cupid*, said I so to thee
When thou layst with my mother?
Juno then and *Jupiter*,
Came marching with *Apollo*;
Pan came in with *Mercury*,
And then began the hollow:
Cupid ran and hid himself,
And so of joyes bereft me;
For suddenly I did awak,
And all these fancies left me.

16. *A Song.*

I'll gaze no more on that bewitching face
Since ruine harbors there in every place;
For my inchanted soul alike she drowns,
With calmes and tempests of her smiles and frowns.
I'le love no more those cruel eyes of hers,
Which pleas'd or anger'd, still are murtherers.
For if she dart like lightning through the ayr,
Her beams of wrath, she kils me with despair:
If she behold me with a pleasing eye,
I suffer with excess of joy, and dye.

17. *A Song.*

Lovers rejoyce, your pains shall be rewarded:
The god of love himself grieves at your crying,
No more shall frozen honour be regarded,
Nor the coy faces of the maids denying:
No more shall Virgins sigh, and say, we dare not,
For men are false, and what they say they care not.
All shall be well again, then do not grieve,
Men must be true, and women shall believe.

Lovers

Lovers rejoyce, what you ſhall ſay henceforth,
When you have caught your ſweet heatts in your (arms,
It ſhall be accounted oracle, and worth,
No more faint-hearted girles ſhall dream of harms.
And cry they are too young; the god hath ſaid,
Fifteen ſhall make a mother of a maid.
Then wiſe men pull your roſes, yet unblown,
Love hates the too ripe fruit that falls alone.

18. *A ſong.*

HOw ill doth he deſerve a Lovers name.
VVhoſe pale-weak flame
Cannot retain
His heat in ſpight of abſence or diſdain.
But doth at once like Paper ſet on fire,
Burn and expire.
True love did never change his ſeat,
Nor did he ever love that could retreat.
The noble flame which my breaſt keeps alive,
Shall ſtill ſurvive,
When my ſouls fled.
Nor ſhall my love dye when my bodies dead,
That all wait on me to the lower ſhade,
And never fade:
My mercy aſhes in their Urn,
Shall like a hallowed lamp for ever burn.

19. *A ſong.*

Shepherd. TEll me deareſt, what is love?
Nymph, 'Tis a lightning from above.
'Tis an arrow, 'tis a fire
'Tis a boy they call deſire,
'Tis a ſmile, doth beguile.
Shep. The poor hearts of men that prove:
Tell me more, are women true;
Nymph. Some love change, and ſo do you.
Shep. Are they fair, and never kinde?
Nymph. Yes, when men turn with the winde.

Shep. Are they froward.
Nymph. Ever toward,
Thoſe that love to love anew.

20. *A ſong.*

COme Shepherds come,
Come away without delay,
Whil'ſt the gentle time doth ſtay,
Green woods are dumb,
And will never tell to any
Thoſe dear kiſſes, and thoſe many
Sweet embraces that are given,
Dainty pleaſures, that would even
Raiſe in coldeſt age a fire,
And give Virgin blood deſire
Then if ever,
Now or never,
Come and have it;
Think not I
Dare deny,
If you crave it.

21. *A ſong.*

WOuld you know what's ſoft? I dare
Not bring you to the Down, or ayr,
Nor to the ſtars to ſhew what's bright,
Nor to the ſnow to teach you white.
Nor if you would muſick hear,
Call the Orbs to take your ear.
Nor to pleaſe your ſenſe bring forth
Bruiſed Nard, or whar's more worth,
Or on foodwere your thoughts plac'd;
Bring you Nectar for your taſte.
VVould you have all theſe in one,
Name my Miſtriſs, and 'tis done.

22. *A ſong between two Boyes.*

1 THis Lady ripe, and calm, and freſh,
As Eaſtern Summers are,

Muſt

Muſt now forſake both time and fleſh,
To add light to a ſtar.

2 Whilſt yet alive each ſtar decay'd,
She may relieve with light;
But death leads beauty to a ſhade,
More cold, more dark then night.

1 The ſaucy faith of man doth blinde
His minde, till it conduce
To deſtiny all his abject kinde
For ſome eternal uſe.

2 Then ask not bodies doom'd to die,
To what abode they go,
Since knowledg is but ſorrows ſpy,
It is not ſafe to know.

23. *A ſad ſong to a Lute.*

YOu Virgins nine, from whence there flows,
Words able to expreſs our ill,
Teach me to warble out my woes,
And with a ſigh each accent fill;
Infuſe my breaſt with doleful ſtrains,
Whoſe heavy note may ſpeak my pains,
O let me ſigh, and ſighing weep,
Till night beguile my eyes with ſleep.

The pleaſing murmures of the ayr,
That gently fan each moving thing,
I being heard, ſtraight do repair,
And bear a burthen, whilſt I ſing
A heavy burthen, doleful ſong,
The fathers grief, the ſubjects wrong:
O let me ſigh, and ſighing weep,
Till night beguile mine eyes with ſleep.

The grieved *Flora* hangs the head,
Of every youthful plant and tree,

And flowry pleaſures are ſtark dead
At my lamenting melody.
Then all my Muſes keep my ſtrains,
To reach the depth of bitter pains.
Oh let me ſigh, and ſighing weep,
Til night beguile mine eyes with ſleep.

Me thinks I hear the ſinging ſphears,
Tune her melodious ſtrains to mine,
The dewy clouds diſſolve in tears,
As if they griev'd to ſee me pine,
And all things joyn to help my moan,
Thus ſeldom come true ſighs alone;
Then let me ſigh, and ſighing weep,
Till night beguile mine eyes with ſleep.

24. *A ſong.*

MY Miſtriſs loves no VVoodcocks,
Yet loves to pick the bones;
My Miſtris loves ſome Jewels,
And other precious ſtones.
My Miſtriſs loves no hunting,
Yet loves to hear the horn.
My Miſtriſs loves not Iriſh,
Yet loves to ſee men born.
My Miſtriſs loves no wreſtling,
Yet loves to catch a fall.
My Miſtriſs loves not all things,
Yet loves my Maſter withal.

25. *A ſong.*

AH me, thou never loved'ſt me yet,
Faith and troth are but a fit,
But to try, if that I
VVould deny, or comply
VVith thy falſe diſſembling wit,
Hoping my heart, by thy cunning wit and Art

To

To betray, as a prey for thine own.
Not to prove, or to love,
But deceive, and bereave
Of the hopes that it feeds upon,
Oh then wonder not at me.
If I finde in thy minde such deceit:
'Twere more strange not to change,
But to yield in the field,
Where love doth so faintly bear.
Blush not then, thou hast found out the cause
Of thy shame, then blame not my desert:
'Tis suspicious to be vicious,
Or give fire to desire,
When Love inflames but so in part.

26. *A song.*

STill to be near, still to be drest,
as you were going to a feast;
Stil to be powdred, still perfumed,
Lady it is to be presumed,
Though Art's hid causes are not found,
all is not sweet, all is not sound.
Give me a look; give me a face,
that makes simplicity a grace:
Robes sweetly flowing, hair as free,
such sweet neglect more taketh me,
Then all th'adulteries of art,
they wound mine eyes, but not my heart.

27. *A song.*

FLow, flow, fresh Fount keep time with thy salt (tears
Yet slower, yet oh faintly gentle springs,
List to the heavy part, the musick bears,
We weep out her division, when she sings.
Drop hearbs and flowers,
Fall grief in showers,
Our beauties are not ours.

O I could ſtill,
Like melting ſnow upon ſome craggy hill,
Drop, drop, drop, drop,
Since Natures pride is now a wither'd Daffodil.

28. *A Bridal ſong.*

HOld back thy hours dark night, till we have done;
The day will come too ſoon.
Young Maids will curſe thee if thou ſteal'ſt away,
And leav'ſt their bluſhes open to the day.
Stay, ſtay, and hide,
The bluſhes of the Bride.
Stay gentle night, and with thy darkneſs cover
The kiſſes of her lover.
Stay, and confound her tears, and her ſhrill cryings,
Her weak denials, vows, and often dyings.
Stay and hide all,
But help not though ſhe call.

29. *A ſong.*

Streph. COme my *Daphnis*, come away,
We do waſte the Cryſtal day:
It is *Strephon* calls. *Daph.* What ſays my love?
Streph. Come follow to the Myrtle grove,
Where I with *Venus* will prepare,
New chaplets to adorn thy hair.
Daph. *Strephon*, were I ſhut in this tree,
I'd break my back to follow thee.
Streph. My ſhepherdeſs make haſte,
The minutes flye too faſt;
Let's to thoſe cooler ſhades, where I,
Blinde as *Cupid* in thine eye,
Betwixt thy breaſts will ever ſtray.
Daph. In ſuch warm ſnows,
VVho would not loſe his way?

30. *Chorus*, *Strephon*, *Daphnis*, *together.*

WE'll laugh and leave this world behinde,
And *Jove* himſelf who ſees,

Shal

Shall envy us ſuch, but ne'er ſhall finde
Such pleaſure in his Deities.

31. *A Song.*

BAck again, fond man forbear,
Buy not a minutes play too dear:
Come with holy flames, and be
VVellcome to vertue, and to me.

32. *Citizens ſong of the Courtier.*

COurtier, if thou needs wilt wive,
From this Leſſon learn to thrive:
If to match it be thy fate,
Let her ſurpaſs in birth and ſtate:
Let her curious garments be
Twice above thine owndegree.
This will draw great eyes upon her,
Get her ſervants, and thee honour.

33. *Courtiers ſong of the Citizen*

POor Citizen, if thou wilt be
A happy husband, learn of me,
To ſee thy VVife firſt in thy ſhop;
A fair, kinde, ſweet VVife, ſets a poor man up:
VVhat though thy ſhelves be ne'er ſo bare?
A woman ſtill is currant ware;
Each man will cheapen, foe and friend;
But whilſt thou art at the other end,
VVhat ere thou ſeeſt, or what doſt hear,
Fool have no eye to, nor no ears,
And after ſupper, for her ſake,
VVhen thou haſt fed, ſnort, though thou wake
VVhat though the Gallants call thee mome,;
Yet with thy Lanthorn light her home:
I am confident, but will not tell,
VVhere ſuch a Citizen doth dwell.

34. *A ſong.*

LOve a thouſand ſweets diſtilling,
nd with Nectar boſomes filling.

Charm all eyes, that none may finde us,
Be above, before, behinde us.
And whilſt we thy pleaſures taſte,
Inforce time it ſelf to ſtay;
And by the fore-lock hold him faſt,
Leſt occaſion ſlip away.

35. *A Song.*

THere was an inviſible Fox by chance,
Did meet two inviſible Geeſe:
He led them a fine inviſible dance,
For a hundred Crowns a piece.
Inviſible all but his head, he would go,
But when it came to be tride,
Not onely his hand which was left he did ſhow,
But a fair pair of heels beſide:
Inviſible ſince their wits have been,
But yet there is hope of either;
Their wits and their crowns may return again,
Inviſible altogether.

36. *A ſong.*

IF Love his arrows ſhoot ſo faſt.
Soon his feathered ſtocks will waſte,
But I miſtake in thinking ſo;
Loves arrows in his quiver grow,
That he wants no Artillery,
That appears too true in me.
Two ſhafts feed upon my breſt,
Oh mak't a quiver for the Reſt.
Kill me with love, thou angry ſon
Of *Citherea*, or let one,
One ſharp golden arrow flye,
To wound her heart, for whom I dye.
Cupid, if thou bee ſt a child,
Be a good boy, be more mild.

37. *A ſong.*

ROom for the melancholly wight,
Some call him the Willow-Knight,
Who theſe pains hath undertaken,
To finde out Lovers are forſaken:
VVhoſe heads, becauſe but little witted,
Shall with Garlands ſtrait be fitted,
Speak who are toſt on *Cupids* billows,
And receive the crown of Willows:
This way, that way, round about,
Keep your heads from breaking out.

38. *A ſong.*

SEek not to know my love, for ſhe
Hath vowed her conſtant love to me.
Her mild aſpects are mine; and thou
Shalt onely know a ſtormy brow:
For if her beauty ſtir deſire,
In me her kiſſes quench that fire.

Or I can to Loves fountain go,
Or dwel upon thoſe hils of ſnow:
But when thou burn'ſt, ſhe ſhall not ſpare
One gentle breath to cool thy air,
Thou ſhalt not clime thoſe Alpes, nor ſpie
Where the ſweet ſprings of *Venus* lye.
Search hidden nature, and there finde
A treaſure to enrich thy minde,
Diſcover Arts not yet revealed,
But let my Miſtris live concealed.
Though men by knowledg wiſer grow,
Yet here 'tis wiſedom not to know.

39. *A ſong.*

WElcome, welcome again to thy wits,
This is a Holy-day:
I'le have no plots, nor melancholly fits,
But merrily paſs the time away:

They are mad that are ſad,
Be ruled by me,
And none ſhall be ſo merry as we.
The Kitchin ſhall catch cold no more,
And we'll have no key to the Buttery door,
The Fidlers ſhall ſing,
And the houſe ſhall ring,
And the world ſhall ſee
What a merry couple,
Merry couple,
We will be.

40. *A ſong.*

LOve is a bog, a deep bog, and a wide bog,
Love is a clog, a great clog, and a cloſe clog,
'Tis a wilderneſs to loſe our ſelves,
And a halter 'tis to nooze our ſelves;
Then draw Dun out of the mire,
And throw the clog i'th fire:
Keep in the Kings High-way
Sober, and you cannot ſtray.
If you admire no female elf,
The halter may go hang it ſelf.
Drink wine and be merry, for love is folly,
And dwels in the houſe of melancholly.

41. *A ſong.*

THe bluſhing Roſe, and purple flower,
Let grow too long, are ſooneſt blaſted.
Dainty fruits, though ſweet will ſower,
And rot in ripeneſs left untaſted;
Yet here is one more ripe then theſe,
The more you taſte, the more ſhe'll pleaſe.

Beauty though inclos'd with Ice,
Is a ſhadow chaſte as rare;
Then how much thoſe ſweets intice,
That have iſſue ful as fair.

Earth

And ſure her ſoul is not in Hell,
The Divels would not abide her.
I rather think ſhe's ſoar'd aloft,
For in the laſt great thunder,
Me thought I heard her very voyce
Rending the clouds aſunder.

47. *A ſong.*

LOve not me for lovely grace,
For my pleaſant eye or face;
Or for any outward part,
No not for my conſtant heart.
Theſe may fail or turn to ill,
So thou and I ſhall ever ſever,
Keep therefore a true womans eye,
And love me ſtill, and know not why,
So haſt thou the ſame reaſon ſtill,
To dote upon me ever.

48. *A ſong on Prince* Charls.

FAir fare the Muſes which in wel-chim'd verſe
Our Princes noble birth do ſing:
I have a heart as full of joy as theirs,
As full of duty to my King.
And thus I tell,
How every Bell
Did ſound forth *Englands* merry glee:
The Bonefires too,
With much ado:
It were great pity to bely her,
Made *London* ſeem as all on fire,
A joyful ſight to ſee.
2. The wiſeſt Citizens were drunk that day,
With Beer and Wine moſt ſoundly paid;
The Conſtables in duty reel'd away,
And charged others them to ayd.
To ſee how ſoon
Both Sun and Moon,

And ſeven ſtars forgotten be,
But all the night
Their heads were light,
VVith much exalting of their horn,
Becauſe the Prince of *Wales* was born.
A joyful ſight to ſee.

3. The Dutch-men they were drunk ſix daies before,
And pray'd unto us to excuſe their joy.
The French-men vow'd ne're to be ſober more,
But drunk healths to the Royal Boy;
In their own wine,
Both brisk and fine,
The valiant Iriſh cram a cree,
It pleadged hath
In Uſque-bath.
And being in his jovial vain,
He made a bog even of his brain:
A joyful ſight to ſee.

4. The Scots their joy in bonny-Ale did ſing,
And wiſht this royal Babe a man,
That they might beg him, but to be their King,
And let him rule them when he can.
The Spaniard made
A ſhrug, and ſaid,
After my Pipe come follow me,
Canary-ſack
Did go to wrack,
Our Gentlemen with them took part,
The Papiſt drank it with one heart.
A joyful ſight to ſee.

5. The Welch for joy her Couſen Prince was found,
Do mean to change Saint *Davids* day,
Swearing, no Leek hereafter ſhall be worn,
But on the twenty nine of May.

None

None ſo merry,
Drinking Perry,
And Methegling on herknee.
Every man
His crack and Can:
Thus arm'd the Divel they defied,
And durſt tell Beelzebub he lyed.
A joyful ſight to ſee.

49. *A ſong.*

HE that will woo a widow muſt not dally,
He muſt make hay whileſt the Sun doth ſhine,
He muſt not ſue with a ſhalley, ſhalley,
But boldly ſay, VVidow thou art mine:
'Tis vain to woo a widow over-long,
In once or twice her minde you may perceive,
VVidows are ſubtile, be they old or young,
They know ſo much they quickly can deceive;
Strike home at firſt, ſhe quickly will be kinde,
Or elſe ſhe'l be as fickle as the winde.

50. *A ſong.*

SHew me no more the Mari-gold
VVhoſe leaves like grieved arms do fold;
My longings nothing can explain,
But ſoul and body rent in twain.
Did I not moan,
And ſigh and groan,
And talk alone,
I ſhould believe my ſoul were gon from home.
She's gon, ſhe's gon away, ſhe's fled,
VVithin thy breaſt to make her bed;
In me there dwels her Tenant woe,
And ſighs are all the breath I blow.
Then come to me,
One touch of thee
VVill make me ſee,
VVhether living thus alive or dead I be.

51. *A ſong.*

IF my miſtriſs bid me begin,
Shall I ſay no, no, it is a ſin?
If ſhe bid me kiſs and play,
Shall I cold fool ſhrink away?
If ſhe clap my cheek, and ſpy
Little *Cupids* in my eye,
Pinch my lips, and ſtroke my hair,
Shall I like a faint heart fear?
O no, no, no, no, I can't do ſo.

52. *A ſong.*

SLaves are they that heap up mountains,
Still deſiring more and more;
Let's carouſe in *Bacchus* fountains,
Never dreaming to be poor.
Give us then a cup of liquour,
Fill it up unto the brim;
For then me thinks our wits grow quicker,
When our brains in liquor ſwim.

53. *A ſong.*

NOr fate nor love can I accuſe,
For that my love did me refuſe,
But O mine own unworthineſs,
That durſt preſume too mickle bliſs:
Too mickle far for me to love,
A maid ſo like the Saints above;
An Angels face a Saint-like voyce,
O too divine for humane choyce.

54. *A ſong.*

VVEre my love a ſilly ſhepherd,
I would be his ſhepherdeſs,
Or were he a poor neat-herd,
I would love him ne'er the leſs;
But he is one that is well known
To be a man in every part:
And he alone ſhall be my own,
For in faith I love him with all my heart.

55. *A ſong.*

I Am confirm'd, a woman can
Love this, or that, or any man;
To day her love is melting hot,
To morrow ſwears ſhe knows not what:
Let her but a new object finde,
And ſhe is of another minde.
Then hang me Ladies at your door,
If ere I dote upon you more.

And if I love the fair one, VVhy?
For nothing but to pleaſe mine eye;
For her that's muſical I long,
VVhen I am ſad, to ſing a Song;
And for the fair and ſmooth-skin'd dame,
I flatter to appeaſe my flame:
Then hang me Lady at your door,
If ere I dote upon you more.

I give my fancy leave to range,
In every face to finde a change;
The black, the brown, the fair ſhall be
But objects of variety:
I court you all to ſerve my turn,
But with ſuch flames as ſhall not burn.
Then hang me Ladies at your door,
If ere I dote upon you more.

56. *A ſong.*

HAve you a deſire to ſee
The glorious heavens epitome:
Or an abſtract of the Spring,
Adonis Garden, or a thing?
Here behold it open laid:
More full of wonder Natures ſhop diſplaid,
Hung with choiceſt pieces ſhe hath made,
Here behold it open laid.
Or elſe would you bleſs your eyes,
VVith a type of Paradiſe? Or,

Or behold how Poets fain,
Jove to ſit amidſt his train;
Or ſee what made *Acteon* rue,
Diana'mongſt her Virgin crew.
Lift up your eyes and view.

57. *A Song on a Star falling over the Arbour where his Miſtriſs ſate.*

AS I beheld the quick deſcent
Of laſt nights falling ſtar,
I ask't of many what it meant,
Or what it came down for?

Some ſaid it was a Planet ſure,
That wandring miſt his way,
And finding there a heaven more pure
Would there be fixt, and ſtay.

Some ſaid the gods were all o're-ſeen,
When they beheld thy feature;
They lookt on thine, and thought had been
Too fair for any creature.

Mars ſwore 'twas *Venus* his deſire,
And to the gods did ſay,
Let's ſend a flame to *Vulcans* fire
To light her in her way.

But ſweet if thou wouldſt have me tell,
This my opinion is;
When the other gods had view'd thee well,
They needs would beg a bliſs.

They ſent this ſtar to fetch new light
From thy more radiant eye:
'T would grace the heavens in cleareſt night,
And beautifies the skie.

But keep thy ſplendor ſtill ſo rare,
And thou ſhalt ſhortly ſee

They

They will be forc'd to have thee there,
Or they'l come down to thee.

58. *A Song.*

GAther your roſe-buds whil'ſt you may,
Old time is ſtil a flying,
Thoſe bloſſoms which do bloom to day
To morrow will be dying.

The glorious Lamp of Heaven, the Sun,
The higher he's a getting,
The ſooner will his race be run,
And neerer he's to ſetting.

That age is beſt that is the firſt,
When youth and bloud are warmer,
Expect not then the laſt and worſt;
Which ſtill ſucceeds the former.

Then be not coy but uſe your time,
And whilſt you may, go marry;
For having once but loſt your prime,
You muſt for ever tarry.

59. *A Song.*

FIre, fire, lo here I burn in ſuch deſire,
That all the tears that I can ſtrain,
Out of my empty Love-ſick brain,
Cannot allay my ſcorching pain.

Come *Humber*, *Trent*, and ſilver *Thames*,
Dread Ocean haſte with all thy ſtreams;
And if thou canſt not quench my fire,
Oh drown both me and my deſire.

Fire, fire, there is no help for my deſire,
See all the Rivers backward flye,
And the Ocean doth his aid deny,
For fear my heart ſhould drink them dry.

Come

Come heavenly ſhowers, come powring down,
Come you that once the world did drown.
Some then you ſpar'd, but now ſave all,
Which elſe muſt die, and with me fall.

60. A Song.

I Love a woman be ſhe tall,
Be ſhe low, or thick, or ſmall;
Be ſhe fair, or be ſhe brown,
So ſhe have nothing of the Clown.
'Tis behaviour that doth give
Beauty, whereas none doth live.
Which though it cannot ſpeak her minde,
It doth teach how to be kinde:
If her tongue do over-run,
Kiſs her, and ſhe will have done,
If her carriage ſtately be,
That doth more enamor me;
If her looks be meek and humble,
She will yield although ſhe grumble,
If ſhe be ſtudious, and love books,
Learning hath a thouſand hooks.
If intelligent and witty,
She's the apter to take pity;
If ſhe ſing unto the Lute,
Who can in her praiſe be mute;
If good qualities ſhe want,
Think her yet not ignorant;
If her hair be black or white,
Colour hinders not delight,
As I began, I'll end my Song,
I love a woman ſhort or long.

61. A ſong.

VAin men, whoſe follies make a god of love,
Whoſe blindneſs beauty doth immortal deem;
Praiſe not what you deſire, but what you prove,
Count thoſe things good that are, not thoſe that ſeem.

I can'

I cannot call her true, that's falſe to me,
Nor make of women more then women be.

62. A Song.

HAppy were he could finiſh forth his fate
In ſome unhaunted deſart, moſt obſcure
From all ſociety, from love and hate
Of worldly folk, there might he reſt ſecure:
Where when he dies, his tomb may be a Buſh,
Where harmleſs Robbin dwells, with the harmleſs
(Thruſh.

63. A Song.

A*urora* to bluſh have I feen,
I have viewed the leaves of the Roſe,
By the new faln ſnow have I been,
And where the white Lilly grows;
Yet never ſaw in any place
Pure white and red, but in your face.

64. A Song.

HAve you ſeen the white Lilly grow
Before rude hands have toucht it,
Have you markt the fall of the ſnow
Before the ſoyl hath ſmutcht it;
Have you felt the wool of Beaver,
Or Swans down ever?
Have you ſmelt of the bud of the Bryer,
Or the nard in the fire,
Or taſted the bag of the Bee?
O ſo white, O ſo ſoft, O ſo ſweet is ſhe.

65. A ſong.

IS't for a grace, or is't for ſome miſlike,
Where others give the lip, you give your cheek?
Some hold it for a pride of your behaviour,
But I do rather take it for a favour.
Wherefore to ſhew my kindneſs, and my love,
I'll leave both lips and cheeks, and kiſs your Glove:
The

The reaſon is to make you ful acquainted,
Your gloves perfum'd your lips, & cheeks are painted

66. A ſong.

NOr wiſe enough to rule a State,
Not fool enough to be laught at;
Not childiſh young, nor Bedlam old,
Not fiery hot, nor Icy cold,
Not richly proud, nor baſely poor,
Not chaſte, yet no reputed whore;
If ſuch a one I chance to finde,
I have a Miſtriſs to my minde.

67. A ſong.

SLeep, ſleep, fair Virgin, ſleep in peace,
Pitty thou dy'ſt without increaſe,
Strangers weep that do but hear
How good thou wer't, and how ſoon gone:
Well may the loſer ſpend a tear
That knew the joy of ſuch a one.
To thy ſweet memory ſhall be paid
A plenteous dew each morn and even;
Farewel for ever lovely maid,
A Virgin-Lamp on earth, a ſtar in heaven.

68. A ſong.

IPrethee leave, love me no more,
Call home that heart you gave me,
I but in vain that Saint adore
That can, but wil not ſave me.
Theſe poor half kiſſes will me quit,
Was ever man thus ſerved;
Amidſt an Ocean of delight
And pleaſure to be ſtarved?
Oh *Tantalus* thy pains nere tell,
By me thou art prevented,
'Tis nothing to be plagu'd in hell,
But thus in heaven tormented.

69. *A ſong.*

LIke Hermite poor in penſive place obſcure,
I mean to ſpend my dayes of endleſs doubt;
To wail ſuch woes as time cannot recure,
Where none but love ſhall ever finde me out:
And at my gates deſpair ſhall linger ſtill,
To let in death when love and fortune will.

A gown of gray my body ſhall attire,
My ſtaff of broken hope, whereon Ile ſtay;
Of late repentance link'd with long deſpair,
The Couch is form'd, whereon my limbs Ile lay:
And at my gates, deſpair ſhall linger ſtill,
To let in death when love and fortune will.

My food ſhall be of care and ſorrow made,
My drink nought elſe but tears faln from mine eyes;
And for my light in this obſured ſhade,
The flames may ſerve, which from my heart ariſe:
And at my gates deſpair ſhall linger ſtill,
To let in death when love and fortune will.

70. *A ſong.*

WOods, rocks, & mountains, and you deſart places,
Where nought but bitter cold and hunger dwels,
Hear a poor Maids laſt will, kild with diſgraces,
Slide ſoftly whilſt I ſing, you ſilver fountains,
And let your hollow waters like ſad Bells ring:
Ring to my woes, whilſt miſerable I
Curſing my fortune, drop a tear, and dye.

71. *A Song.*

SWeet golden ſlumbers kiſs your tender eyes,
Sweet ſmiles awake you, when you mean to riſe;
Sad care is heavy, therefore ſleep a while,
So ſhall ſweet ſleep thy ſad-fac'd care beguile.
Stay gentle *Morpheus* while ſhe ſleeps her fill:
And bleſs her with ſome ſweet illuſion ſtill:

Sleep gentle creature, ſleep, and ceaſe to cry,
VVhile I ſit here and ſing thy lullaby.

72. *A Song.*

1.

LEt her give her hand, her glove:
Let her ſigh, and ſwear ſhe dyes,
He that thinks he hath her love,
I ſhall never think him wiſe:
VVhen be the old love nere ſo true,
She is ever for the new.

2.

One nail drives another forth,
Land muſt loſe when ſea doth win:
Next that comes, though leaſt of worth,
Drives him forth that firſt was in.

3.

Store of diſhes make a feaſt.
Shift of cloaths is ſweet and clean:
Change of paſture fats the beaſt,
Think you then ſhe will be lean?
VVhen be the old love nere ſo true,
She is ever for the new.

73. *A Song.*

OH let me groan one word into thy ear,
And with that groan break all my vital ſtrings;
Thou that would'ſt never, now vouchſafe to hear
How *Leda*'s bird on ſweet *Meander* ſings:
So dying tapers have their fiery flaſhes,
And deadlieſt embers have ſome burning aſhes.
Thoſe were the looks that once maintain'd my ſtrength,
Thoſe were the words that all my parts did cheriſh,
And what unkindneſs wilt thou gain at length,
If by the ſame I miſerably periſh?
That frown, that frown did in a minute ſtarve
That, which a ſmile did many years preſerve.

74. *A Song.*

HEnce all you vain delights,
As ſhort as are the nights,
Wherein you ſpend your folly;
There's nought in this life ſweet,
If men were wiſe to ſee't,
But onely Melancholly:
Come folded arms and fixed eyes,
A ſight that piercing mortifies;
A look that's faſtned to the ground,
A tongue chain'd up without a ſound.

75. *A Song.*

GO ſpend thy time ſome other way,
Unthirifty boy, leave courting play,
For be a woman what what ſhe can,
She's at the beſt not worth a man,
Quench thy flames, and let them dye:
Reaſon bids thee, and not I.
She's a woman, go no higher,
It is enough to cool thy fire.
Women are but for the ſight,
Glo-worm like, they are beſt in night.
But if you needs muſt loving be,
Let it be no more a ſhe:
Love thy ſelf, and love thy friend,
Love thy Sack, and there's an end.

76. *A ſong.*

THou ſend'ſt to me a heart was ſound,
I took it to be thine,
But when I ſaw it had a wound,
I knew that heart was mine.

2.

A bounty of a ſtrong conceit
To ſend mine own to me,
And ſend it in a worſe eſtate,
Then when it came to thee.

3.
The heart I ſent thee had no ſtain,
It was intire and ſound,
But thou haſt ſent it back again
Sick of a deadly wound.

4.
O heavens! how would'ſt thou uſe a heart,
That ſhould rebellious be,
Since thou haſt ſlain mine with a dart,
That ſo much honoured thee.

77. *A ſong,*

YOu that think Love can convey,
no other way,
But through the eyes into the heart,
his fatal dart,
Cloſe up thoſe caſements and but hear,
this Syren ſing,
and on the wing,
Of her ſweet voice it ſhall appear,
That love can enter at the ear.
Then unveil your eyes, behold
the curious mold,
Where that voice dwels, and as we know,
when the Cocks crow
And Sol is mounted on his way,
we freely may,
gaze on the day:
So may you when the Muſick's done,
Awake and ſee the riſing Sun,

78. *A ſong.*

MAdam be cover'd, why ſtand you bare,
It fits not with your female ſex,
We know you carry worthy ware,
Which found may be without Index,
Theſe bare ſigns do but bid us look,
For unknown ſtuff in your two-leav'd book.

Spartan Ladies ſome there be
Which to their ſuitors naked ſtood,
And you your bare breaſts let us ſee,
VVhich tels your hidden parts are good.
Thus wanton *Venus* drew on *Mars*,
A bare breaſt ſhews an open———

They hang forth ſigns at common Inns,
That ſtrangers may know where to lodge,
And you ſhew forth your naked twins,
And uſe them as a Brothel-badge;
Theſe wanton ſigns direct men *gratis*,
The high-way to your *nunquam ſatis*.

Diana being naked ſeen,
Did hornefie *Acteons* creſt,
And the fair ſtript *Hebrew* Queen,
Her husbands fore-head finely dreſt;
Shut up then Madam, flye mens ſcorns,
For open breaſts breed ſecret horns.

The *Perſian* Matrons when their men
Before the *Medes* did flye, and fall,
For to encourage them again,
Shew'd them their bellies bare; and all.
You with your fair breaſts would, belike,
Move even a heartleſs man to ſtrike.

Our grandame *Eve* before the fall,
Went naked, and ſhamed not a whit,
You not to one, but, unto all,
Shew both your hills and naked pit:
Very well read in Rhetoricks ſchool,
You ſhew us but a part for the whole.

The mask you wear upon your face,
Upon your breaſts would better ſhow,
By nature that's a naked place,
Then Madam uſe your Mask below,

Leſt that ſome gazing fellow venter,
And ſo deſcend to loves low center.

79. *A ſong.*

HE that loves a roſie cheek,
Or a coral lip admires,
Or from ſtar-like eyes doth ſeek,
Fewel to maintain his fires:
As old times makes theirs decay,
So his flames muſt waſte away.

2.

Gentle thoughts and calm deſires,
Hearts with equal thoughts combined,
Kindle never-dying fires.
Where there are not, I deſpiſe,
Loves cheeks, or his lips or eyes.

3.

Cælia now no tear can win
My reſolv'd heart to return,
I have ſearch'd thy ſoul within,
And finde nought but pride and ſcorn;
I have learn'd thine art, and now
Can diſdain as much as thou.

80. *A ſong.*

COme ſorrow come, bring all thy cries,
All thy laments, and all thy weeping eyes.
Burn out the living monuments of wo,
Sad ſullen griefs now riſe and over-flow:
Vertue is dead, oh cruel fate,
All youth is fled, all our lament's too late.
Our noble youth to thy nere dying name,
Oh happy ſoul to thy nere dying fame;
To thy long peace on earth, this ſacred knel
Our laſt love rings; farewel, farewel, farewel.

An Ode.

BEauty clear and fair:
Where the ayr

Rather

Rather like a perfume dwels
Where the Violet and the roſe,
In blew veins their bluſh diſcloſe,
And come to honour nothing elſe.

3.

Where to live nere
And planted there,
Is to live and ſtill live now,
Where to gain a favour is,
More then life, perpetual bliſs.
Make me live by ſerving you.

4.

Dear again back recal
To this light,
A ſtranger to himſelf and all,
Both the wonder and the ſtory
Shall be yours, and all the glory
I am your ſervant, and your thrall.

82. *A Song.*

FAir Maid, you did but caſt your eye ere while
your ripening eyes,
Upon a bank of Camomile,
And ſtreight a bluſhing birth
of ſtraw-berries
Began to ſmile,
And all to gild the earth.
Would you have every harveſt here,
Still laſt, then do no more,
But kiſs your Sicamore,
That Myrtle or that Bay;
And Berries will appear
Not onely ripe for this whole day,
But dangling all the year.

83. *A ſong.*

I Can love both fair and brown, (betrayes,
They whom abundance melts, and her whom want

Her who loves lovelineſs, and her who ſports & plays
He whom the country formed, & her whom the town.
Her who believes, and her who tries,
Her who ſtill weeps with ſpungy eyes,
And her who is dry cork and never cries.
I can love her, and her, and you, and you,
I can love any, ſo ſhe be not true.
Will no other vice content you,
Will it not ſerve your turn,
To do as did your mother?
Or have you all old vices worn,
And now would finde out other:
Or doth the ſhame that men are true, torment you?

2.

Oh we are not, be not you ſo,
Tell me, and do you twenty know?
Rob me, but binde me not, and let me go:
Muſt I come to travel through you,
Grow your ſubject becauſe you are true?

Venus heard me ſing this ſong,
And by Loves ſweeteſt name ſhe ſwore,
She heard not this till now, it ſhould be ſo no more.
She went, enquired, and return'd ere long,
And ſayes alas, ſome two or three
Poor Hereticks in love there be,
Who think t'eſtabliſh dangers conſtancy.
But I have told them, ſince you will be true,
You ſhall be true to them, who are falſe to you.

84. *A ſong.*

GOod morrow to the day ſo fair.
Good morrow Sir to you,
Good morrow to mine own torn hair,
All dabled in the dew.

2. Good

2.
Good morrow to this Cow-ſlip too,
Good morrow to each Maid,
That will with flowers this tomb beſtrew,
Wherein my love was laid.

3.
Ah wo is me, wo, wo is me,
Alack and welladay,
For pity Sir, finde out that he,
That bore my love away.

4.
Ile ſeek him in your Cities brave,
Ile ſeek him in your eyes,
Nay now I think they have made his grave,
I'th bed of Strawberries.

5.
Ile ſeek him there, I hope ere this,
The cold, cold earth doth ſhake him;
But I will go, or ſend a kiſs,
By you Sir, to awake him.

6.
Pray hurt him not, though he be dead,
He knowes well who doth love him,
And who with green turfs rears his head,
And who doth rudely move him.

7.
He's ſoft and tender, pray take heed,
With bands of Balſam binde him,
And bring him back, but 'tis decreed,
That you ſhall never finde him.

85. *A ſong.*

SEeſt thou thoſe Jewels which ſhe wears,
In that rich Carkanet,
And thoſe on her diſhevel'd hair,
Fair pearl in order ſet.
Believe young man all theſe were tears,
From ſundry wooers ſent,

In Bubbles Hyacinth and Rew,
Emblems of diſcontent.
VVhich when not warmed by her love,
By bold neglect each one,
Congealed to pearl and ſtone,
Which now the ſpoiles of love upon her,
She wears as Enſigns of her honour:
VVherefore young man beware, and thus ſurmiſe,
She that will wear thy tears, will wear thy eyes.

16. *A Song.*

OH what a ſhow
From the top to the toe,
How rich, how dear,
Thoſe garments appear.
How't does a man good,
And ſtirs the life-blood,
To touch and to take,
How the ſences awake:
How the whiſtling ſilk,
Our fancy doth milk,
How every thing ſhowes,
And how the waſte growes
From little to leſs;
Oh I could gueſs,
But 'tis a ſaucy ſin,
Give me the luſty, luſty life within.

17. *A Song.*

PReſerve thy ſighes, unthrifty girle,
To purifie the air,
Thy tears to thread inſtead of Pearl
On bracelets of thy hair.

2.

The trumpet makes the Eccho hoarſe,
And wakes the talking drum,
Th'expreſs of grief gains no remorſe
VVhen ſorrow ſhould be dumb.

3.

For I must go where silken peace
Hath lost her drowsie head,
And for the sport of Kings, encrease
The number of the dead,

4.

But first Ile chide thy cruel theft,
Can I in war delight,
That being of my heart bereft,
Have no heart left to fight?

88. *A Sonnet.*

IT is not feature nor a face,
That doth my free election grace,
Nor are my passions onely led,
By a wel-temper'd white and red.
Could I enamoured be of those,
The Lilly and the blushing Rose,
United in one Stock might be
As dear unto my thoughts, as she.
But I search further, and do finde,
Far richer treasure in her minde;
Where something is so lasting fair,
That age nor art can it impair.
Hadst thou a perspective so clear,
That thou could'st view my object there,
Thou'ldst wonder, and confess that I
Had cause to love her, and learn thence,
To love by judgment, not by sence.

89. *A Song.*

SO doth the early Lark salute the day,
So the young Birds do skip and play,
When the Suns cheerful beams arise,
Such is the precious lustre of thine eyes,
For without that light,
With me 'tis endless night.

By

By them I live, I ſpring, I grow, and have,
By their Eclipſe a mournful grave.
When our hard parents interpoſe,
A world of earthly thoughts, which doth procure,
Great pain till it renews again,
But we will borrow from loves fire,
To kindle and enflame deſire;
That though our joyes meet not, we may
By that warmth think there is another day,
Then meeting 'twill appear,
A thouſand times more clear.

90. A Song.

AWay, away delights,
Away you follies all,
Dwell here no more,
You that are wanton, proud, and fear no fall,
Your ſins deplore.
You that are high,
Sit and defie fair fame;
Hark what muſt follow,
Oh a dying name:
Hark what muſt follow,
Oh an endleſs ſhame.
A lovely face, and not a vertuous minde;
Fair hope flies from, and leaves deſpair behinde.

91. A ſong.

COme hither you that love,
And hear me ſing
Of joyes ſtill growing,
Green, freſh, and luſty as the pride of ſpring,
And ever blowing.
Come hither you that bluſh,
And dare not know what is deſire,
And old men worſe then you,
That cannot blow one ſpark of fire.

And

And with the power of my inchanting ſong,
Boyes ſhall be able men, and old men young.

92. *A ſong.*

WHen doth love ſet forth deſire?
In prime of youth men ſay.
And when again will it retire?
When beauty falls away.
Then you in youth that think on this,
Taſte what the ſweetneſs of love is,
The night comes not at Lovers call,
Being come, ſtayes not their leiſure,
Houres that are ſweet, are ſwift withal.
And attend not on our pleaſure:
Then you in youth that think of this,
Taſte what the ſweet of beauty is.

93. *A ſong.*

SAd Sorrow put thy cypreſs Garland on,
And in a habit that may make joy weep,
Preſent thy ſelf, that when thy part is done,
There's not an eye thou maiſt not force to ſleep.
And that his ſong if any yet dare ſing,
May be the fall, may be the fall, of ſome unhappy (King

94. *A ſong of ſleep.*

FAir eyes let fall, let fall your tender covers,
Caſe up thoſe ſparks ye gem of Lovers,
In calmneſs reſt,
Thy pillow ſhall be *Venus* breſt,
Lullabie, lullabie.

95. *A ſong of the Holy-Buſh.*

CLear the eyes of the Watch,
Lafie ſleep we diſpatch
From hence as far as *Dedford*;
For your flock bed and your feather
We expoſe to the weather,
And hang all the ſheets in the bed-cord.

Chorus a

Chorus.

Shenſl eep, ſleep, and enjoy your beds,
You quiet drouſie heads,
May the Furies of the night,
Scarlet fleas you affright,
And pinch you black and yellow,
But the plump browny louſe,
Scorns the ſhelter of the houſe.
O he is a ſouldiers fellow.

The Goblings and their Gig,
We regard not a fig;
Our fancies they cannot vary;
We ne're pity girles that do
Finde no treaſure in their ſhoo,
But are nipt by the tyrannous Fairy:
Chorus, then ſleep, &c.
Liſt, the noiſe of the chairs
Wakes the wench to her prayers,
Queen *Mab* comes worſe then a witch in,
Back and ſides ſhe intailes
With the print of her nails,
She'l teach to ſnort in the Kitchin,
Chorus, then ſleep, &c.

Some the night-Mare hath preſt,
With that weight on their breſt,
The returns of their breath cannot paſs;
But with us that tale is addle,
We can take off her ſaddle,
And turn out the Night-Mare to graſs.
Chorus, then ſleep, &c.

Now no more will we hark
To the charms of the Lark,
Nor the tunes of the early Thruſh;

All

All the woods ſhall retire
And ſubmit to the quire
Of the birds of the holy buſh.
Chorus, then ſleep, &c.

VVhile the Country Laſs
VVith her Dairy doth paſs,
Our joyes no tongue can utter;
For we Centries ſtand,
And exact by command,
The exciſe of her Lips and butter.
Chorus, then ſleep, ſleep, and enjoy your beds,
You quiet drouſie heads,
May the furies of the night,
Scarlet Fleas you affright,
And pinch you black and yellow;
But the plump browny louſe
Scorns the ſhelter of the houſe,
Oh he is the Souldiers fellow.

96. *A ſong.*

PRepare thy hollow womb, O earth,
To take unto thy dead arms and embrace
A tear-dew'd hearſe, in death now do him grace,
O never was derived from humane birth
A King ſo lov'd, ſo honour'd, ſo renown'd,
Peace to thy ſoul, life to thy name,
Death to our joyes, O thy dear name,
Stop tears, drop heart, never was wound
So deep, ſo deadly to a Land,
O cruel ſtroke, O fatal hand.

97. *A ſong.*

URnes and Odors bring away,
Vapours ſighs darken the day;
Our griefs more heavy look
Then dying youth too ſoon took,

Our doleful chears
Be sacred Vials fill'd with tears.
Our clamours through the wild ayr flying,
All sad and solemn showes of dying,
What evers serious, to mirth foes,
Attend upon our funeral woes.

98. *A song.*

ADverse fortunes ever flye thee,
No disastrous fate come nigh thee;
O worthy of worthiest name, adorned in this maner,
Lead bravely thy Forces on, under wars martial ban-(ner,
Love and fortune may they still,
Be guided by thy noble will,
Arts and forces victory, attend thee nigh,
Whilest fame sings loud thy powers,
Triumphant fall on thee blest showres;
Arms and Honours enrich thy story,
To thy fames eternal glory.

99. *A song.*

FLow streams of briny salt from my sad eyes,
To celebrate his mournful obsequies;
My love is dead, he's dead, I must remain,
To draw my poor life in continual pain,
Till I have paid to his clear memory,
A Sea of love; O then most willingly,
Drown'd in my tears, as he in waves, Ile dye.

100. *A song.*

LOse no time nor youth, but be
As kinde to them, as they to thee;
The fair Lillies that do grow
In thy cheeks, and purely show,
The Cherry and the Rose that blow:
If too long they hang, they'l waste,
Winter comes which all will blast,
Thou art ripe, full ripe for men,
In all thy sweets be gathered then.

101. *A ſong.*

AVVay delight, go ſeek ſome other dwelling,
For I will bid farewel;
Falſe hope thy tongue is ever telling
Lye after lye;
For ever let me reſt now from thy ſmarts,
Alas for pitty,
Stay and fire ſome other hearts
That have been hard to thee,
Mine was not ſo, nor ſhall not be,
Never again deluding love ſhall know me,
For I will dye,
And all thoſe griefs that over-grow me,
Shall be as I,
For ever will I reſt, whileſt poor maids cry
Alas for pity ſtay and let us dye,
That men may
But mock our clay.

101. *A Song in praiſe of Ale.*

VVHen that the chill Charocco blowes,
And winter tells a heavy tale;
VVhen Pies, and Daws, and Rooks and Crowes,
Do ſit and curſe in froſt and ſnows,
Then give me Ale.

Ale in a Saxon Kumkin then,
Such as will make grim *Alkin* prate;
Bids valour burge on in tall men,
Quickens the Poets wit and pen,
Deſpiſes fate.

Ale that the abſent battell fights,
And ſcorns the march of Swediſh drum,
Diſputes of Princes, Laws and rights,
VVhat's done and paſt, tells mortal wights,
And what's to come.

Ale

Ale that the plowmans heart up keeps,
And equals it to Tyrants thrones.
That wipes the eye that fain would weep,
And luls in sweet and dainty sleep,
The o're-wearied bones.

Grandchilde of *Ceres*, barlyes daughter,
Wines emulous neighbour if but stale,
Enobling all the Nymphs of the water,
And filling each mans mouth with laughter,
Oh give me Ale.

103. *A song.*

A Liberal heart makes our Fiddles ring,
And a free-heart commands us to sing,
The Steward is our tune and string,
Heigho now play any thing
Of *Dick* and *Tom*, he that vexes at our mirth,
A small-beer Star reigned at his birth.
Such a Steward ever live,
To be merry and to give,
To be lord of every one, to be honour'd without lowring,
That keeps the good march-Beer from sowring.
He that vexes at our mirth,
A small-beer Star reigned at his birth.

Let us sing time away,
Some drink, some laugh, whilst we do play,
The Steward gives us wine and pay,
Heigho holiday.
The steward is our tune and string,
Strike up boyes, play any thing
Of *Gill* or of *Joan* ——
He that vexes at our mirth,
A small-beer Star reigned at his birth.

104. *A Song.*

FRom the temple to the board,
From the board unto the bed
We conduct your Maiden-head;
Wiſhing *Hymen* to afford
All the pleaſures that he can,
'Twixt a woman and a man.
So merrily, merrily, we paſs along,
With our joyful, with our joyful Bridal ſong.

105. *A Song.*

Cupids is *Venus* onely joy,
But he is a wanton Boy;
He ſhoots at Ladies naked breſts,
He is the cauſe of moſt mens creſts;
I mean upon the fore-head,
Inviſible, but horrid;
'Twas he firſt thought upon the day,
To keep a Ladies lips in play.

106. *A Song.*

COme my hony, my douſe, my del, my dear,
We have neither houſe nor land, yet never want good cheer.
We take no cares for lands or rents,
We lye, we ſwear,
We ſport intents,
We rouſe betimes, and quickly ſteal our dinners,
We're ne're taken
Without Hens and Bacon,
And that's good meat for ſinners.
At Wakes and at Fairs we couzen
Poor Country folks by the dozen.
Some one diſburſes,
VVhilſt the other they pick their purſes,
When thus out of uſe,
VVe cover our cloaths,

Our

Our boots, and our gingling rowels (cells.
With ſhirts or with ſmocks, with ſheets or with tow-
We dance and we friſk,
And merrily whisk
Our morrice unto the tabour;
The fools that would ſee
My Marrian and me,
We tickle their fobs for our labour,
Then live with us, with us, al you that love your eaſes.
He that's a Gipſie,
May be drunk or tipſie
At any hour he pleaſes;
We laugh, we quaff, we ruffle.
Then live with us, &c.

107. *A ſong.*

VVEe all ſee how faith and fame,
Are followed by deſire and ſhame,
How that women wanton are,
Their follies foul, their faces fair;
Oh a hanſom maid did moan,
Alas, for her maiden-head was gon;
For loſs of which ſhe did ask all men, (den-head.
Till that ſhe were ſped, who 'twas had found her mai-
I'th City Sir, we ſaw beſides the market-place,
A maid that cry'd, a hanſom maid, gon it was,
Tell me, O tell me, where have you been,
And what have you ſeen?
Did you hear what was her moan,
Oh her maiden-head was gon.
Maids that do loſe that Jewel amongſt men,
They know not how to finde it, finde it they know not (when

Fancies

Fancies, Devices, and flouriſhing Expreſſions on Love-Tokens, &c.

Upon a Scarf preſented.

TAke this Scarf, binde *Cupid* hand and foot,
So love muſt ask you leave before he ſhoot.

Upon a pair of Sciſſers preſented.

Theſe Sciſſers do your huſwifry betray,
You love to work, though you were born to play.

Upon a Looking-glaſs preſented.

Blinde fortune doth not ſee how fair you be,
But gives a glaſs, that you your ſelf may ſee.

Upon a Fan preſented.

You love to ſee, and yet to be unſeen,
Take then this Fan to be your beauties skreen.

On a plain gold-Ring preſented.

Fortune doth lend you, hap it well, or ill,
This plain gold-Ring to wed you to your will.

Upon a pair of Bracelets preſented.

Lady, your hands are fallen into a ſnare,
For *Cupids* manacles theſe Bracelets are.

On a Scarf preſented.

Faireſt, weare this Scarf which I do ſend,
It will your beauty from the winde defend;
For whatſoever breaths, this ayr will be
Deſirous for to kiſs thy lips like me,

On a Looking-glaſs preſented.

In this ſame Looking-glaſs my watry eye I ſee,
But I do wiſh that thou wouldſt ſhew
Her cheerful countenance to me.

But

But why do I accuſe thee here?
'Tis not thy fault, for thou art clear.

On a Fairing requeſted.

Let them whoſe heart diſtruſts a Miſtris's faith,
Bribe it with gifts, mine no ſuſpition hath;
It were a ſin of a deep ſtain for me
To think you falſe, as for my ſelf to be:
If to reward for that you have expreſt,
You may expect a Preſent, 'tis confeſt,
'Twere Juſtice from another, but I am
So poor, I have not left my ſelf a name
In ſubſtance, not made thine by ſtile before,
He that beſtowes himſelf, can give no more.
If thou wilt have a Fayring from me then,
Give me thy ſelf, I'le give my ſelf again.

A Country-Clowns Preſent.

I ſend thee here a Ribbon, a whole yard,
I had ſent thee Garters, but the world's ſo hard;
If Ribbon will not pleaſe thee, then let ſhe
Hang in her old Garters, ſhall have no new for me.

On a Knife.

May this ſame Knife,
Elſe end my life.

On his Picture cut in ſilver preſented.

Pray take me kindly Miſtriſs, kiſs me too,
The ſubſtance will do more for you.

On a twiſt of her hair.

When this about thine arm doth reſt,
Remember him that loves thee beſt.

On a pair of Gloves preſented.

Faireſt, to thee I ſend theſe Gloves,
If you love me leave out the G,
And make it a pair of Loves.

Another.

Theſe Gloves I ſend for thy delight,
For to ſet off thy purer white.

On

On a ſilver Bodkin preſented.

My deareſt ſweet, like this is Love,
It muſt be thruſt in, and then it muſt move.

Written on a Gentlewomans Viol in the time of her abſence.

Mournful Tunes to her complain,
And now ſhe is gon, ſigh her diſdain:
When that ſhe gives thee next a touch,
Beg I may play on her, as much.

On a Ropes-end preſented in Mirth to his Miſtriſs.

Leſt our loves ſhould part or ſever,
Here's a Rope to tye us together.

Her anſwer.

The Rope is old, the Jeſt is new;
I take the Rope, a Rope take you.

On his ſending a Handkerchief.

Here back to thee I do reſend thy clout,
Take away C. and then I ſend thee lout.

On a pair of Gloves ſent his Miſtriſs.

VVith theſe love-bands,
I bínde thy hands.

The Lover perſwades his miſtriſs to pin on her maſk, and preſents her with theſe Verſes.

Thy Maſk put on, thy beauty's lighter,
This darkneſs makes thoſe flames ſhine brighter;
The Sun gilds clods, but from thine eyes
A day through night more clear doth riſe.

On a Knife given to his Valentine.

Fair Valentine, ſince once your welcome hand,
VVith your warm touch did my new life command;
Vouchſafe the ſame hand ſtill, to ſhew thereby
That fortune did your will no injury.
What though a Knife I give, your beauties charm,
VVill keep the edge from doing any harm;

VVool

VVooll duls the ſharpeſt blade, and will not ſuch
A weak edge turn, meeting a ſofter touch ?

On the Letter of a Wife.

The *W.* is double wealth,
The I. an everlaſting joy.
The *F.* a friend unto thy health,
The *E.* doth end even all annoy.

The Reply.

The *W.* is double woe,
The *I.* nought els but jelouſie,
The *F.* a fleeting flattering foe,
The *E.* an earthly enemy.

On his Miſtriſſes Watch.

Go and count her better hours,
That more happy are then ours ;
The day that gives her any bliſs,
Mak't as long again as 'tis ;
The hour ſhe ſmiles in, let it be
By thine art encreaſt to three ;
But if ſhe frown on thee or me,
Know night is made by her, not thee ;
Be ſwift in ſuch an hour, and ſoon
Make it night, though't be but noon,
Obey her time, who is the free
Fair Sun, that governs thee and me.

On an empty purſe.

Heaven's a place, ſome ſay, where Angels dwell,
My Purſe wants Angels, therefore call it hell.

A Parſon to his Miſtriſs.

My Perſon is divine, my Parſonage large and fair,
Come joyn thy love with mine, we'l make a loving (pair
wit

Her anſwer.

Your perſon is divine, your Parſonoge during life,
But if you chance to dye (then) wher's the Parſons wife ?

To

To his Miſtriſs, tying a Ribbon about his wriſt.

THis ſilken wreath that circles in mine arm,
Is but an Embleme of the myſtick charm,
where with the Magick of your beauty bindes
My captive ſoule, this round about it windes;
My fleſh alone, that hath impal'd my minde,
That to your beauty onely 'tis confin'd;
Time may wear out theſe ſoft weak bandes, but thoſe
Strong charmes of love, fate never ſhall unlooſe.
This holy relique may preſerve my wriſt,
But my whole frame doth by that knot exiſt;
To that my prayers, and ſacrifice to this
I onely pay a ſuperficial kiſs:
This but the idol, that's the Deity,
Religion there is due, here ceremony:
That I receive in faith, but this in truſt,
Here I may tender duty, there I muſt:
This moves like ayr, that like the center ſtands
That knot your vertues tyed, this but your hands;
That nature fram'd, but this is made by Art,
This makes my arm your priſoner, that my heart.

upon nothing left for a New-yeers gift.

Theſe coſtly Calends put me to my ſhift,
What I ſhould ſend thee for a New-yeers gift;
Nor India, nor Ophire, yield me gem or gold,
I want thoſe knacks that in the Burſe are ſold,
Chains, bracelets, ear-rings, *Ariadnes* lawn,
The curious work by holy Siſters drawn,
Are far above my reach to compaſs; ſo
All that I have is nothing to beſtow.
Accept it pray, the gift beſeems you well,
For you do nothing want that I can tell.
Scorn not the preſent, looke on't, and you'll finde
'Tis of great worth, nothing contents the minde,
Nothing is happy, nothing is truly good,
For nothing we pick quarrels, and draw blood;

And though for nothing Lawyers ſpeak not now,
Yet about nothing, they make much adoe.
So rare is nothing, that now adaies 'tis made
Reward unto deſert, ſervice is paid
Richly with nothing; therefore do not grieve
To wear this rare new-nothing on your ſleeve.

Poſies for Rings, and other pleaſant things.

RIngs & true friends,	Are without ends.
The Ring is grac'd,	That ſo is plac'd.
The love that is chaſte	Doth never waſte
It was not ſent	In complement.
Think on me,	Thoughts are free.
Let us ſhare	In joy and care.
In thy breſt	My heart doth reſt.
Good wives and health	Are mans beſt wealth.
Love is here	In the true ſphear.
This wreath of gold	Two hearts doth hold.
No force can move	A fixed love.
Deſpiſe not me,	I joy in thee.
Reading this	Wiſh me a kiſs.
I vow to kiſs	Her that reads this.
Abſence never parts	Two loving hearts.
This and the giver	Are thine for ever.
Abſence will prove	The trueſt love.
Ah be not coy	My deareſt joy.
The love I owe	I muſt ſhew.
Of all the reſt	I love thee beſt.
Rather never	Then once & not for ever.
No turtle Dove	Shall ſhew more love.
As I affect thee	So reſpect me.
Well directed	If accepted.

The

The love I owe I fain would ſhew.
This give I you Love to renew.
O that I might Enjoy my delight.
If you to harbour me deny,
I periſh in the Waves and dye.
When this you ſee Think well of me.
Vertue and love Are from above.
Like to a circle round No end in Love is found.
More neer to me Then life can be.
This and I Until I dye.
Had I not ſpoke My heart had broke.
Your conſent Is my content.
'Tis love alone Makes two but one.
You and I Will lovers dye.
Though friends croſs love We'll meet above.
Sweeteſt thou art My deareſt heart.
I languiſhing dye If you deny.
Faithful love Can nere remove.
Deſire like fire Doth ſtill aſpire.
All come to live And live to love.
We lingred long Yet lik'd at laſt.
I ſeek to be Not thine but thee.
In thee each part Doth catch a heart.
I love none But you alone.
Loves knot once tyed Who can divide?
In bodies two In heart but you
My heart, ah me Is fled to thee.
As I to thee So wiſh to me.
When *Cupid* fails Thy eye prevailes.
True love appears In midſt of tears.
Be thou mine As I am thine.
Ile rather dye Then my promiſe deny.
My love for this Deſerves a kiſs.
Till death doth call My heart and all.
My fancy is Endleſs as this.
My joy will dye If you deny.

Some comfort give
Hit or miſs
What I call mine
My faith once paſt
My conſtant love
Loves delight
Thy true affection
So decreed
Each day I die
We muſt be one
No change whatſoever
Till death us part
Be firm to me
God above
My heart liveth
Nothing for thee
I joy in one
My love by this
More I cannot
Heart and hand
Though far apart
The love I owe
Where this I give
By this token
No recompence
My hearts love
Once reſpected
I wiſh to have
Your ſight
In thy breſt
Let friend nor foe
My love to thee
Your friend am I
Take this in part
Bleſt election
I fancy none

By this I live.
Have at thee *Siſs*.
Shall all be thine.
Shall ever laſt.
Shall nere remove.
Is to unite.
My perfection.
And ſo agreed.
If you deny.
Or I ſhall be none.
Shall part us ever.
Thou haſt my heart.
As I to thee.
Increaſe our love.
Where it loveth.
Too dear can be.
But enjoy none.
Preſented is.
Leſs I will not.
At your command.
Yet neer in heart.
I cannot ſhow.
I wiſh to live.
You are beſpoken.
But a remembrance.
Shall endleſs prove.
Now neglected.
But bluſh to crave.
Is my delight.
My heart doth reſt.
This ſecret know.
Like this ſhall be.
And ſo will die.
Of my true heart.
Is conſtant affection.
But thee alone.

For

For a kiſs	Take this.
In every grief	Love yields relief.
Its in thy will	To ſave or kill.
Where hearts agree	No ſtrife can be.
As true to thee	As death to me.
I joy to finde	A conſtant minde.
Loves knot once tied	Who can divide?
In conſtancy	I live and die.
I am yours	Whil'ſt life endures.
Love never dies	Where vertue cries.

Is all perfection from above? Then ſurely love.

FEar God and me,
That is all I crave of thee.

Thee did I finde, thee did I chuſe,
Thee do I binde, till death doth looſe.

My fancy firſt hath choſen thee,
By faith I well requited thee.

I love thy beauty, but thy vertue moſt;
Vertue is fond when beautie's loſt.

As I expect, ſo let me finde,
A faithful heart, a conſtant minde.

Paſt, preſent, and in future time,
I was, I am, and ever ſhall be thine.

Be it my fortune, or my fault,
Love makes me venture this aſſault.

Be not too raſh, deny not flat,
For you deny you know not what.

My eyes did finde, my heart made choice,
Of her that makes me now rejoyce.

The ſacred purpoſe and decree,
Is manifeſt in chooſing thee.

God hath kept my heart for thee,
Grant that our love may faithful be.

My faith is given, this pledg doth ſhow,
A work from heaven, perform'd below.

Where vertue is the cauſe of love,
Nothing till death can it remove.

God hath thee choſen a mate for me,
Ile honour him in loving thee.

The eye findeth, the heart chooſeth,
The hand bindeth, and death looſeth.

Wit, wealth, and beauty, all do well,
But conſtant love doth far excel.

Such liking in thy choice I finde,
That none but death ſhall change my minde.

Innumerable are the Stars I ſee,
But in my heart no Star like thee.

A ſhort Riddling entertainment.

Queſt. MY fleſh and my skin is red,
But white is all my heart,
Where round about the wall is ſet,
Beaten with every Dart?

Sol. *It is a Cherry and a cherry-ſtone.*

Queſt. What is that is as white as ſnow,
And yet as black as any Crow,
And more pliant then a wand
Tyed in a ſilken band;
And every day a Princes Peer,
Looks on it with a mirth that's clear?

Sol. *It is a Book, tyed with a ſilken lace,*
Whoſe paper is as white as ſnow,

Take

Inke as black as a Crow,
And leaves more pliant than any wand.
Queſt. Learning hath bred me, yet I know no letter.
I have lived among books, yet am never the better,
I have eaten up the Muſes, yet know not a verſe,
What ſtudent is this, I pray you rehearſe?
Sol. *A worm bred in a Book.*
Queſt. One evening as cold as cold might be,
With froſt, and hail, and pinching weather,
Companions about three times three,
Lay cloſe all in a pound together,
Yet one after another they took a heat,
And dyed that night all in a ſweat?
Sol. *A pound of Candles.*
Queſt. It was not, it is not, nor never will be,
Hold up your hand, and you ſhall ſee?
Sol. *It is the finger that was not, nor is not,*
Nor will it be, ſo great as the other fingers.
Q. Sweet Lady, ſuch a boon I crave,
As being got again you have.
Nay if you ſurfeit of my requeſt,
Your gift returns with intereſt,
'Tis not ſo wanton as't may ſhew
A *Venus* bluſh, a *Cupids* bow,
Such as your beauties ſympathize,
When *Cupid's* quivered in your eyes;
That bliſs which anſwers my deſire,
May parallel *Diana's* fire;
'Tis ſuch as in a moments play
Is given, and is gone away;
Yet if you grant a bliſs,
Sweet Lady, tell me what it is?
Sol. *A kiſs.*
Q. My Coat is green, and I can prate
Of divers things within my grate,
In ſuch a Priſon I am ſet,

That hath more trap-holes than a net?

Sol. *A Parrot in a cage of wire.*

Queſt. In open field I cannot lye;
Within a box of Ivory,
My Lady reſts me quietly?

Sol. *A Fan of Feathers in a Ladies Cabinet.*

Queſt. What part of man may that be
That is an implement of three,
And yet a thing of ſo much ſtead
No woman would without it wed,
And by which thing or had or loſt,
Each marriage is made up, or croſt?

Sol. *The heart of a man, a Triangular figure, The beginning of love.*

Queſt. Round I am, yet cannot reſt,
When I am mounted of the beſt?

Sol. *A Tennis Ball.*

Queſt. Far in the Weſt I know not where,
Are trees, men ſay, that Oyſters bear,
That Oyſters ſhould be bred ſo high,
Me thinks it ſoundeth like a lye,
That female plants I know its true,
In London ſtreets bear Oyſters new:
And Fiſh and Fleſh, and now and then,
They bear I tell you handſom men?

Sol. *Every man and woman is a tree, and by ſuch trees you know what fruits are born in* London.

Queſt. Tell thy Maſter in my name; when trees are turned and wels be dry;
And dead, for quick then come will I?

Sol. *'Tis mid-night, when a Gentlewoman correcting her meaning promiſed her lover that ſhe would come.*

A Propoſition or queſtion about a Garland.

Queſt. Betwixt two ſuiters ſate a Lady fair,
Upon her head a Garland ſhe did wear,

And

And of the enamour'd two, the first alone
A Garland wore like her, the other none.
From her own head she took the wreath she wore,
And on him plac'd it that had none before;
And then these Lovers brows were both about
Beset with Garlands, whilst she sate without;
Beholding then these rivals on each side
Of her thus placed, and deckt in all their pride;
She from the first mans head the wreath he had
Took off, and therewith her own brows she clad.
And now this Lady, and the second were
In Garlands deckt, and the first man sate bare:
Now which did she love best, of him to whom
She gave, or him she took the Garland from?

Sol. *In my conceit we him would soonest have*
From whom she took, not him to whom she gave;
For two bestow divers respects may move,
But to receive, none should perswade but love:
She grac'd him much on whom her wreath she placed,
But him whose wreath she wore, she much more graced;
For where she gives, she there a servant makes,
But makes her self a servant where she takes.
Then where she takes, she honours most, and where
She doth most honour, she most love doth bear.

Queſt. As bitter as gall, as sweet as milk,
As high as a wall, and hard withal?

Sol. *A Wall-nut upon a Tree.*

Queſt. I am called by the name of man,
Yet can as little as a mouse,
When winter comes, I love to be
With my red Target neer the house.

Sol. *A Robin red-breſt.*

Queſt. Ten mens length, and ten mens strength,
And ten men cannot rear?

Sol. *A Cable-Rope.*

Queſt. I was not, I am not, nor shall not be,
Yet I do walk, as men may see.

Sol. *It is a man whose name was* Not. (again,

Q. In the last minute of mine age, I do wax young
And have so still continued, since the world did first
Sol. *It is the Moon.* (begin?

Q. I do owe most, yet nothing pay,
Evil I am, and the worst I say?

Sol. *Ingratitude.*

Q. Beyond the seas there is an Oak,
And in that Oak there is a Nest,
And in that Nest there is an Egg,
And in that Egg there is a yolk,
Which cals together Christian folk?

Sol. *It is the clapper of a Bell within a Steeple, for the Church is taken for the Oak, the steeple for the Nest, the Bell for the Egg, the Clapper for the yolk.*

Q. 10000. Children beautiful, of this my body bred,
Both sons and daughters finely deckt, alive and they are dead?
My sons were put to extream grief, by such as loved them well; (tell
My daughters died of extream age, by whom I cannot

Sol. *The mother is a Tree, the sons the fruit, and the Daughters the leaves.*

A mysterious Epitaph.

NOt born, not dead, not christned, not begot,
So here she lyes, that was, and that was not,
She dy'd, was born, begot, baptiz'd, and more,
Was in her life, not honest, not a whore;
Reader, behold a wonder, rarely wrought,
Which whil'st thou seemest to read, thou readest not.

Quest. There are thick bushes, little ones,
Where on grow prickles and precious stones,
Which fair Maidens often pull,
'Tis hard, 'tis round, 'tis plump, 'tis full,
They put it in, and still they move it,
Which makes it melt, and then they love it.

The

The ſweet being ſuckt, they ceaſe to play,
And caſt the empty skin away.
Sol. *A Goofeberry.*

Choice Apothegmes and Proverbs,

collected from divers Authors, upon ſundry occaſions.

A Fair Wife, and a Frontier Caſtle, breed quarrels.

2 And old wiſe mans ſcabberd, is better then a young buzzards ſword.

3 Vertue never growes old.

4 To a fair day open your window.

5 Old wine, and an old friend, are good proviſions.

6 Too much familiarity breds contempt.

7 She ſpins well that breeds her children.

8 Marry your ſon when you will, your daughter when you can.

9 Dally not with money, nor women.

10 None is a fool alwaies, every one ſometimes.

11 I wept when I was born, and every day ſhews why.

12 He that playes his money ought not to value it.

13 They that know one another, ſalute a far off.

14 Think of eaſe, but work on.

15 A woman and a glaſs are ever in danger.

16 Truth and oyl, are ever above.

17 Honey is ſweet, but the Bee ſtingeth.

18 He hath great need of a fool, that playeth the fool himſelf.

19 He that ſtumbles and fals not, mends his pace.

20 Building, and marrying of children, are great waſters.

21 Play with a fool at home, and he will play with you in the market.

22 The eye and Religion, can bear no jesting.

23 An ill wound may be cured, not an ill name.

24 On painting and fighting, look aloof off.

25 Marry a widdow, before she leaves mourning.

26 Good words quench more, then a bucket of water.

27 By Suppers more have been killed then *Gallen* ever cured.

28 Many kiss the hand they wish cut off.

29 He that strikes with his tongue, must ward with his head.

30 Since you know all, and I nothing, tell me what I dreamed last night.

31 If you would know secrets, look them in grief, or pleasure.

32 Fine words dress ill deeds.

33 Praise a Hill, but keep low.

34 If the wise erred not, it would go hard with fools.

35 Water, fire, and souldiers, quickly make room.

36 Fair words, make me look to my purse.

37 The offendor never pardons.

38 He that is angry at a feast, is rude.

39 Before you make a friend, eat a bushel of salt with him.

40 He that hath horns in his bosome, let him not put them on his head.

41 In life you loved me not, in death you bewail me.

42 The hearts Letter, is read in the eyes.

43 He that lives in hope, danceth without musick.

44 Chuse a horse made, and a wife to make.

45 The Court hath no Almanack.

46 The ignorant hath an Eagles wings, and an Owles eyes.

47 The Cholerick Drinks, the melancholly hates, and the flegmatick sleeps.

48 Converſation makes one what he is.
49 Wine is a turn-coate, firſt a friend, and then an enemy.
50 Many things are loſt, for want of asking.
51 Love makes one fit for any work.
52 Love makes his Kingdom without a Sword.
53 Love makes all hard hearts gentle.
54 Love makes faith, and faith firmneſs.
55 Love and buſineſs, finde eloquence.
56 He that loves the tree, loves the branch.
57 Love and a Cough, cannot be conceal'd.
58 Love is not found in the Market.
59 Love is the true price of love.
60 A houſe and a woman ſute excellently.
61 Diſcreet women have neither eyes nor ears.
62 Things well fitted abide.
63 In chuſing of a wife, and buying of a ſword, we ought not to truſt another.
64 Fair is not fair, but that which pleaſeth.
65 Who lets his wife go to every feaſt, and his horſe drink at every water, ſhall never have a good wife, nor good horſe.
66 The tooth-Ach is more eaſie then love.
67 Willows are weak, yet they binde others
68 Gaming, women, and wine, whilſt they laugh, make men pine.
69 In the husband wiſedom, in the wife gentleneſs.
70 Beauty draws more then Oxen.
71 If the mother had never been in the Oven, ſhe had never ſought her daughter there.
72 Three women make a market.
73 He that marries for wealth, ſels his liberty.
74 A gentle heart is tyed with an eaſie thread.
75 Fair languáge grates not the tongue.
76 Women laugh when they can, and weep when they will.

77 He

77 He that marries late, marries ill.

78 Words are women, deeds are men.

79 Pleaſure long expected is dear enough ſold.

80 A woman conceals what ſhe knows not.

81 He that tells his wife news, is but newly married.

82 All truths are not to be told.

83 A long tongue is a ſign of a ſhort hand.

84 What your glaſs tels you, will not be told by Counſel.

85 Mills, and wives, ever want.

86 He that hath a Fox for his mate, had need have a Net at his girdle.

87 Prettineſs dyes firſt.

88 A poor Beauty findes more husbands then Lovers.

89 Who hath a Woolf for his mate, needs a Dog for his man.

90 He that is not handſom at twenty, nor ſtrong at thirty, nor rich at forty, nor wiſe at fifty, will never be handſom, ſtrong, rich, wiſe.

91 Hearken to reaſon, or ſhe will be heard.

92 He that will learn to pray, let him go to Sea.

93 I had rather ride on a horſe that carries me, then an Aſs that throws me.

94 While the diſcreet adviſe, the fool doth his buſineſs.

95 Who doth his own buſineſs, fouls not his hands.

96 Diſgraces are like Cherries, one draws another.

97 He plays well that wins.

98 The Royal Crown cures not the head-Ache.

99 He that contemplates, hath a day without a night.

100 Nothing dryes ſooner then tears.

101 Long jesting was never good.
102 Sweet discourse makes short dayes and nights.
103 Night is the mother of counsel,
104 Soft and fair goes far.
105 A Ship and woman are ever repairing.
106 The best of the sport is to do the deed, and say nothing.
107 He thinks not well, that thinks not again.
108 Gifts enter every where without a wimble.
109. He that is at ease, seeks vanities.
110 The first and the last Frost is the worst.
111 A cool mouth, and warm feet, live long.
112 He that will take the bird, must not skare it.
113 Ill war is never cheap.
114 Were there not fools, bad ware would not pass.
115 Who is so deaf as he that will not hear?
116 They that are booted are not alwaies ready.
117 Send a wise man of an errand, and say nothing to him.
118 In the world, who knows not to swim, goes to the bottom.
119 Though the Sun shine, leave not thy Cloak at home.
120 Far shooting never kil'd bird.
121 He that hath the spice, may season as he lists.
122 Water afar off quencheth not fire.
123 The wearer knows where the shoo rings.
124 One flower makes no Garland.
125 A fool may throw a stone into a well, which a hundred wise men cannot draw forth.
126 To the counsel of fools, a word is best.
127 There are many waies to fame.
128 The shortest answer, is doing.
129 A bird in the hand, is worth two in the bush.

130 Little dogs ſtart the Hare, the great ones get her.

131 Wiſedom hath one foot on the land, and another on the Sea.

132 Wine in the Bottle, doth not quench the thirſt.

133 An idle head, is a box for the winde.

134 If things were to be done twice, all would be wiſe.

135 At Court, every one is for himſelf.

136 'Tis good walking with a horſe in one's hand.

137 In a hundred els of contention, there is not one inch of love.

138. You muſt loſe a flye to catch a groat.

139 For a morning-rain leave not your journey.

140 The Mill cannot grinde with the water that is paſt.

141 The fault of the Horſe is put on the Saddle.

142 Whoſe houſe is of glaſs, muſt not throw ſtones at another.

143 Milk ſayes to wine, welcom friend.

144 The houſe ſhews the owner.

145 Quick believers need broad ſhoulders.

156 He that ſends a fool, means to follow him.

147 Never had ill workmen good tools.

148 When prayers are done my Lady is ready.

149 He that ſtudies his content, oftentimes wants it.

150 Health without mony, is half a ſickneſs.

151 There is no equity in keeping an unjuſt promiſe.

152 It is better to give a ſhilling away, then lend twenty.

153 Before thou marry, have thy dwelling place.

154 Hanſom women without portions, finde more ſweet-hearts then husbands.

155 Happy is he that oweth nothing.'

Phra-

Phraſes for the beginning of Letters,

for our greater ſpeed in our urgent occaſions.

DEſiring to refreſh the memory of your good will.

I thank you for the courteſie I received at your hands.

I pray you honor me ſo much, as to bear my Neece company.

Let me requeſt this courteſie at your hands.

I muſt intreat you to have me excuſed.

I am wonderfully taken with the reading of your Letters.

Sir, I am not ignorant of the affection you bear to me.

There ſhall be nothing wanting in me, who have been alwaies tender of your honour.

SIR, I have well conſidered of your friendſhip, and the worthy affection you bear to me.

Sir, Let me adviſe you not to ſlip any opportunities, to make me happy in your commands.

Sir, Excuſe me if my haſte force me to be familiar with you.

Phraſes for the concluſions of Letters in haſte.

WHerefore let me intreat you to adviſe me, or give me counſel, ſince in all things you may diſpoſe of me.

Wherefore I do again deſire you to repute me for one of your adorers.

I will imploy all my power in it.

The beſt intereſt, or uſe, which you ſhall haye for the

the money you lent me is, that I will here confeſs and ſubſcribe my ſelf your, &c.

Sir, So as you will have a little patience, I will do you reaſon, or I will do all that ſhall be fitting, to expreſs my ſelf your ſervant.

When you ſhall have need of my ware, or of any thing my ſhop affords, it is at your command or ſervice, as I am, &c.

In any thing wherein I ſhall have the means to ſerve you, I will do it with a very good will, whileſt I am, &c.

If you have need of me, I pray you ſpare me not, ſince I am alwaies yours.

If you think good, I pray you ſend for it, for it is at your command, as I am.

Sir, I ſhall acquit my ſelf therein, as I ſhould do in my own buſineſs, that moſt chiefly concerns me, for I am, &c.

You ſhall finde me alwaies ready to obey you to my power, *F. G.*

If you deal well with me now, you will give me occaſion to pleaſure you another time, for I am at your diſpoſure.

If you ſend not the ſum you ow me, you will conſtrain me to take ſome other courſe.

I pray you adviſe him in it, who is yours, *L. W.*

I will be ready to do it with all my heart.

'Tis the leaſt part of that ſervice he ows you, who is your friend.

I will not fail to advertiſe you.

All that I have is at your command, as *I* am.

I will take the boldneſs to ſalute you, with my moſt humble recommends.

I ſhall do it with as good a will, as I now recommend me to your good favour, with my prayers to God, to give you even what your heart deſires, and I remain yours.

Deſi-

Desiring God to give you the continuance and increase of all kinde of prosperity, with my prayers to God, to give you with your perfect health, the accomplishment of your wishes and desires; yours, *G. L.*

Praying to God for your contentment, even so I take my leave.

And so I rest, or remain ever, Yours, &

The Garden-knot of fair and rare Letters of Complements.

An offer of service. 1.

SIR,

THese strokes of my hand, shall serve to intreat you to honour me with yours, and to confirm to you anew, the purpose I have alwaies had in my soul, which is a perfect will to live faithfully, that I may die constant, *Yours, Sir.*

Another. 2.

SIR, This my duty shall confirm the rest, which I desire to yield you by service, with this request, that you hold me still in your remembrance, as him that shall never affect other merit, then that of obeying you, whereby to be by you esteemed, Sir, the most obedient of all Your servants.

Another upon the sending of a token. 3.

See SIR,

IDo not forget you, witness this present, and a thousand more evidences, which I shal give you for a security of my continued affection; and in all occasions, you shall finde me what I profess, that is, Sir,

Yours.

A Letter of request to entertain a friend. 4.

SIR, If I can tell how to crave of you, much better can I obey you; but for lack of your commands, I make my prayers to you, and especially for this, to honour this friend of mine with your favour; we both shall be obliged and bound to you, he, as an humble suitor, and I Sir, as

Your most affectionate servant.

Another to the same effect. 5.

Sir,

MY passionate desire to do you service, emboldens me to take pen in hand, to beseech you to do this friend of mine a favour; the matter is but small, but the acknowledgment shall be great. I shall expect this courtesie from you, as you from me will look for all manner of service, since in very deed, I am,

Your most humble servant.

A Letter for answer to requests. 6.

I Honour your requests too much to refuse them, much more your commands, to dislike them; so that by obliging you, I content my self. I have therefore effected your will, which I account mine own, with as much vehemency as shall be requisite for your service; for whil'st I am any thing, Sir, I am, *Your servant.*

Another humble expression of ones self to a friend. 7.

SIR, I am so destined to obey you, that I never had a more passionate desire in my soul for any thing: endeavour then to content me, by making use of my services, for they belong to you: and I bestow them on you, without reserving ought, but the honour of that employment, since that will make me still appear, whereso'ever I am, like my self, which is,

Your most humble, &c.

Another. 8.

Sir,

YOur requests are effected, and by consequence, my desires are accomplished; the one depending on

one the other: for the leaſt of thoſe things that may pleaſure you, ſhall be always my contentment. Spare not then to command my utmoſt endeavors, for they proceed, Sir, from *Your moſt humble ſervitor.*

A Complemental Letter. 9.

Sir,

I Have nouriſht in my ſelf, a continual care of ſeeking opportunities to do you ſervice, and take more delight in rendring my ſelf yours, then in the ways of the world: I beſeech you therefore to honor me with your commands; I acknowledg my ſelf an enemy to Courtſhip, but I dare proteſt this, That though you may have more powerful, you can never have a more conſiderable ſervant: For I am

Yours moſt affectionately.

Another. 10.

SIR, It is my publike profeſſion to appear, in all places, a ſervant to your merits; your intereſts have obliged me, to which I ſhall always remain indebted, making more account of the leaſt of them, then of all the reſpects I am able to render you, which may witneſs the paſſion I have to maintain the quality, Sir, of *Your very humble ſervant.*

A Letter of ſilence. 11.

THe onely way, Sir, to conſerve me in your memory, is to write to me: Silence is a ſworn enemy to friendſhip: If you have heretofore taken an oath to write no more to me, ſend me my Letters back again: You may ſo change your humor when you pleaſe, if you deſire not to renew Obligations of my ſervice: I honour you ſo extreamly, that I muſt of neceſſity addreſs theſe lines to you: The Proteſtations I have made to live and dye yours, have raiſed in me this reſolution, not to loſe the honour of your remembrance, though you ſhould make little eſteem of him, who is, *Your humble ſervant.*

The

The Answer. 12.

SIR, Accuse me of importunity rather then of neglect; for so you may finde me guilty: A trespass which out of my respect to you, I shall carry with me to my grave. I know that friendship cannot be conserved without Letters, and that there must be reciprocal and continued assurances; if you will but force your self to believe this, I cannot suffer under the misfortune of neglect; for though intercsts have for a short space restrained my pen, my hand shall hereafter be for ever on the paper, to express how much I am

Your faithful friend and servant.

A Letter of gratitude. 13.

SIR,

YOu have ever so pursu'd me with your favours, that I am made capable of no other pleasure in the world, but to entertain them: insomuch, that should I offer up my being to you, 'tis impossible for me, but in part, to dis-ingage my self; so that of necessity I must want, both words and services, to express how unfeignedly I honour you, and am

Yours.

The answer. 14.

SIR,

THe excess of your nobleness hath bereft me of all Complements: so that I have bought your thanks at too dear a rate, and must be familiar: whereas I received from you a miracle of Courtship, give me leave in plain tearms to express, that you will be more weary of acknowledging, then I in executing the office of a friend, being undeservedly

Yours to command.

Another answer.

SIR,

IF you esteem me for one of your friends, why do you use me thus, to thrust upon me with such unnecessary

ry acknowledgments? It is an ill custome you have got: I protest to you Sir, I desire not to know the Language of Complements from you: consider of me without the superfluity of such Ceremonies; and be but more familiar in the commerce of your Letters: and I shall acknowledg it for a full satisfaction and favour above all merits of mine,

Your friend, L. M.

A Letter of intreaty, 16.

Sir,

I Doubt not your power, and less of your noblenes, and therfore presume to take the freedom to implore your favour in the prosecution of that busines you are already acquainted with: I have so much honour in this misfortune, to make your goodnes known to the world (by my engagements) eternally conserving the memory of all your other favours, which so extreamly obliges me, that though for the present I am one of your most improfitable servants, I shall not fail hereafter to merit it, or to carry a sorrow with me to my grave.

Yours; L. F.

The answer. 17.

Sir,

IF I had done all you have desired, I should still intreat you to preserve new commands: I take such pleasure in them; so that I blame nothing but the facility of their execution; having more thanks to retribute you for my employment, then you can return me for my service: whereas you write of the preserving of their memory, I shall desire no greater glory from you, then new proofs of my obedience: so all the satisfaction I expect, is to be made more, if it were possible,

Yours, J. R.

A Congratulatory Letter for the good fortune of a friend. 18.

Sir,

THe excess of my gladness, like the merits of your affection, is not in any respect vulgar: for all my passions do but wait upon your good fortunes. Pardon therefore the defect of my Eloquence, since it is supplied with the joy reigns in me, which hath made me so sensible of that extraordinary contentment, that in honoring you the world is possessed of, which long before this, foresaw that the felicity of this event belonged to your merits: perhaps most of your friends have prevented me in this congratulation: but this zeal and affection, cannot come too late from him, that is more then he is able to express. *Yours.*

The Answer. 19.

Sir,

YOu have so sensibly touched me with your Letter, (your joy as it were to the life) mingling my interest with yours, that, should I not render thanks to you, I should die of a deep impatience; I acknowledg, I never merited the effects of such nobleness, as that you should account of me, as an object for your vertuous inclinations: the pleasure I entertain, to consider your goodness, is more satisfaction to me then my advancement: as I prefer before other interests the happiness of your affection, and the new assurance of your friendship: Which that I may the more seriously contemplate, I shall for ever reserve my admiration, and remain in the number of your best friends; *Yours*, L. D.

A Letter acknowledging a notable favour. 20.

Worthy Sir,

THe excess of your goodness hath forced me to a silence, that I am not able to render you sufficient thanks for so great a favour: You are so extreamly gene-

generous, that I cannot be ſenſible enough: All the happineſs that I am furniſhed with, is, that you would be pleaſed to grant my innocent obſervance ſo much liberty, as to importune you at all times to honour me with your commands. For, I am,

Your humble Servant.

A Letter to a Lord. 21.

My Lord,

I Boldly confeſs my incapacity to expreſs to your Lordſhip, the reſentment which your obligations cauſe in me; as alſo my diſability, in meeting with occaſions to acquit my ſelf; ſo that I have no other power left me, but an acknowledgment of your generous actions, which can only recompence themſelves in publiſhing your Lordſhips noble mind, to the whole world, together with the quality,

My Lord, of your moſt humble and moſt obedient ſervant.

A Letter intreating pardon for a fault. 22.

SIr, It is not that I fear my innocency, but to purchaſe the quiet of my minde, that I preſent theſe lines to you: in the errour I committed, there was more contributed by my nature, and the ſuddenneſs of my occaſion, then from any free will of mine: I therefore confeſs my fault, not onely in hope of your pardon, but alſo of a better acceptance, ſince the acknowledgment proceeds from

Your truly ſorrowful friend.

A Leteer complaining of a falſe report. 23.

SIr, I fear you have forgot that eſteem which I made of your deſerts, and thoſe paſſions which I ever had to do you ſervice, or elſe you could not be ſo forgetful, both of me, and your ſelf, as to undertake ſo dangerous an imployment. I adviſe you ſuddenly to reſtrain theſe exorbitances of your tongue, or I ſhall force you to ſuch a long ſilence, that you ſhall never

be heard to ſpeak again. This is a charitable advice, if you are ſo careful of your ſelf as to follow it;

Your ſervant, G. K.

The Anſwer. 24.

SIr, If as you write, you had rightly called to your remembrance the nature & quality of a true friend, I could not have met with ſo violent an encounter from you, in a buſineſs of ſuch importance, without better information; which when you take the pains hereafter to be more ſerious in, you will chaſtiſe your ſelf for your raſhneſs, and with an acknowledgment, endeavor to renew the intreſts of

Your friend and ſervant.

Another more complemental anſwer, to the ſame purpoſe. 25.

SIr, I do aſſure you, with your better permiſſion, that your accuſation is moſt falſe; yet ſo highly do I approve of your judgment, that I do begin to queſtion my innocency, til you appear more a friend, to let me peaceably enjoy it.

Your moſt humble ſervant.

To his friend newly married. 26.

SIr, With the ſame joy that I formerly embraced your friendſhip, I entertained the good news of your happy marriage. Fame hath given an excellent report of the civility and ſweetneſs of this your other half, to whom you now have divided part of the power, that you had acquired over my affections; I rejoyce in your happy election; and as your friend, muſt ever love you with the ſame paſſions, and as extreamly as before, profeſs my ſelf *Yours.*

Sir,

The anſwer. 27.

IAm confident that our contentments are never to be divided from you. The lines I received from you, were as ſo many characters of your good nature and noble

noble minde; for which I am extreamly obliged to you: bnt I can assure you also, in the election I have made of a wife, you have obtained a new servant, since she partakes already in the passions which I have to serve you, being as my wife, your friend. Sir, I am *Your most humble servant.*

A Letter of protestation of friendship. 28.

Sir, THough I have made a vow to be your most perfect honourer all my life, and not to remit one point of the passion I have to do you service; yet I shall never content my self, except some occasion be offered me suddenly, whereby I may appear to you to be more then verbal. 'Tis the onely good fortune I expect with impatience, being not a little grieved that I cannot express my self to the extent of my desires; *Your friend and servant.*

The Answer. 29.

Sir, THe eternity of your love, is best expressed in the frequency of your Letters, which are to me above all other pleasures; which though they cannot render you more perfectly then you are, yet they seem to be the accomplishment of your vows, as mine do assure you, that whatsoever happens, you shall finde me to be *Your most humble and obedient servant.*

Another. 30.

Sir, THe desire which I have to give you fresh assurances of my service, is such a degree of honour and delight to me, that I cannot but write to you upon every opportunity that presents it self, it being the onely consolation that I have in your absence, to put you in minde, that I will be eternally *Your most humble servant.*

The answer. 31.

SIr, What proofs soever you give me of your friendship, they are not able to diminish the price of mine being in such a height of perfection, as not to be named; which truth if I am so unfortunate as that you should doubt, I will ever maintain, with the honour also that I have acquired; which is, that whatsoever happens, I will never be otherwise then

your most humble and obedient servant.

A Letter of excuse. 32.

THough you were deprived of my letters, you were not of my remembrance; but if the want of a good opportunity will excuse me, my good will must satisfie you. And indeed I had no news to send you, Sir, save onely that I am alwaies, *Yours.*

To a sick friend. 33.

SIr, Being ascertained of your sickness, I was the more in doubt of mine own health, since the least distemper you feel, is to me an extream grief. Now if my prayers can do any thing for your health, and consequenly for my comfort, you will be soon well, and I content,

Sir, *Who am your most humble, &c.*

A letter to his Sweet-heart. 34.

YOu binde me, and unbinde; pardon me faireſt, if this word offend thee; when you tel me you love me, can I have any greater obligation? The offence is not small that you had not written to me, but that you promised me, for I am indebted to your promise, and not to your love: Remember, I beseech you, that I am not yours, because I have promised you, but because I am truly yours; and that I desire not Letters for the conditions that are between us, but for the sole witness of your good will, not welcoming them as merchandizes, but as being sent me from a wounded heart: Thus I am thine. *Farewel.*

A

A Letter from a Quondam Mistris. 35.

Sir, since I am constrained by my fathers commands, I must intrrat you to end that love, which heretofore I conjured you to keep eternal. I am intended for an advancement, yet can I not leave sensibly to feel the separation of our loves; yet since it is folly to contrary that which must fall out otherwise, I counsel you to arm your self with strong resolutions, and to forget all that hath past between us, that you have no memory of me; as I for duties sake, am constrained to forget you, *Being now not my own.*

His answer. 36.

GO paper, more happy then him that sends thee, accompanied with thy blots, in stead of tears; kiss her hands, which having kist, since she hath robbed me of my heart; certifie her, that day and night I turn my self into streams of tears, to wash away her perjuries and false vowes; tell her, faithful paper, that by unbending the bow she can never heal the wound which she hath made in her faith and my love; and that my griefs shall witness to the world, that as she is most fair, so she is most inconstant to her lover, who can finde content in nothing, and therefore bids her for ever farewel.

37.

Sir, I received your letter, and withal perused those undeserved commendations of my perfections, as you call them: To which you annexed the protestations of your service, which you must give me leave to question; for I shall alwaies doubt whether so honourable a personage, as your Lordship, can yield service to so mean a Lady; or if love had such power, whether you would obey. Now, worthy *Sir*, upon these warrants, and your free offers of service, I binde you by a courteous request, to conclude a speedy peace, that I may without danger of hostility repair to *Diana's* Temple; so shall I be bound to do you any honourable favour. *Farewel.*

His short Answer. 38.

MY *Dearest*, If the dissembling which you accuse me of, be to cause me to dye of grief, you may easily do it with a frown, and then my death will give you a speedy and deplorable demonstration, how truly I have loved you. *Farewel.*

Her Answer. 39.

IF there be any thing in you that pleases me, your death is the least: The acknowledgment of your fault hath satisfied me, and I will have no other revenge of your boldness, then the miseries you suffer: Know your self better hereafter.

Farewel and live, cherish your self and hope.

A Letter to his Mistris, in his absence. 40.

*Faire*st, I left thee with grief, but am returned with pleasure and contentment; deny me not therefore thy presence, but let me see thee, that I may recount my fortunes to thee, who art the fortune of my fortunes. *Farewel.*

A Letter protesting affection. 41.

IF I have not alwaies loved you, let me never be beloved of any; if my affections do ever change, let my present misfortunes never change; if you believe not the oath I have made you, take what proof you will of me, and you shall finde that I am more yours, then I can assure you by my true, but most feeble words. *Farewel.*

A Letter in favour of another. 42.

Sir, If you shall be pleased to employ some part of your credit in the behalf of this Gentleman, without any consideration but my request, I shall account his oblations as my own, your desert and condition having made you so considerable and necessary, that I could not but presume to importune you in this particular. I shal hereafter resent what you are pleased to do for him, *Your servant.*

The

The answer.

SIr, I only waited for an employment from you, that I might expresse my joy to serve you, so that I esteem my self happy in this little occasion. Your commands are my honour; think of this businesse as done;

Your servant.

A Letter complaining of absence.

SIr, The great esteem I have ever had of your friendship, suffer me not to endure your absence any longer. This tyranny of your humour or inclination is too severe a punishment for me to groan under: For the eclipse of your better self seems to me to be a retirement to your affection; let me therefore intreat you to return speedily; I conjure you by all those charms of passion, I have ever been at your service, to make a speedy redress to him, who is, *Your most humble servant.*

The answer. 45.

SIr, I make less account of my absence from the Court, and from my affaires, then from you; your friendship is the only businesse of my speedy return. I have already chid my self, and now have no more to do, but to precipitate my haste, and in person to make my excuse, with the tenders of all manner of service, in the quality of *Your most humble servitor.*

A Letter clearing ones self of false accusation. 46.

SIr, I hope that al the passions of my service have given you sufficient proofs, never to doubt my loyalty, in which my innocency hath ever shined clearer then the best language of my pen can expresse; so that the malice of that person was but ill contrived, whose knavery I will make your sport; and if you please but to reveal his name, I will ingage mine honour to make him sign me an acquitance with his blood. I expresse my self thus far, that at any rate I may purchase your higher esteem of me, or be for ever forgotten;

Your abused friend.

The Answer. 47.

SIr, I have more discretion, then to be tempted to give credit to a false report, that I knew my self also to be interessed in: And before I shall declare you guilty, I will consider of that reputation you bear in all places of the world, which will also convince me of your integritie. Your accuser is not worthy of your foot, much less of your sword: satisfie your self, that it is impossible, that I should lose the esteem which I have ever had of your deserts, being Sir,

Your most humble servant.

A Letter to a sick friend. 48.

THis is the Protestation of your friend, That your sickness is mine, your indisposition mine; and if you leave not your bed, I shall suddenly take Physick. There is a distance of miles betwixt us; but you have infected me here. You can have no greater assurance of my friendship; then my life, which is indangered, till I hear of your recoverie.

Your languishing friend.

The Answer. 49.

PRaised be Heaven, I have so much strength, as to hold my pen to render these thanks to thee, and to be still sensible of the goodness of such a friend. I have some hopes of recoverie, which as you express, is the weapon-salve of your health. Use me as kindly in the care of your self. *Yours.*

A complementall Letter. 50.

SIr, I am not guilty of errors to make me blush: As for errors of my birth and condition, to live and die yours, certainly I cannot be accused, or convicted, they carry so much honour with them, to justifie me; or if they do not, think not that I complement, for my pen and heart ever conspire together, else I should never have taken up a resolution to go beyond my grave;

Sir, your most humble, and most obedient servant.

The

The answer. 51.

SIr, I am so unfeignedly, and without reservation yours, that when you give me any testimonies of your friendship, I am toucht with impatience; much more when you would be your own accuser in what you deserve: But as I could never merit from you, you seem to be most unreasonable in such expressions, which proceed from too much zeal; & you still punish me with the misfortune of my disability, to be so admirably transported in my Letters. I know it is your delight to oblige all the world thus. I beseech you to believe me, that I am honestly envious of your nobleness; and till I have encountred with some means to requite you, I will only represent the disquiet of my minde, and then alwaies seek occasions to testifie to you, how much I am, *Your most humble & obliged servant*

52.

SIr, It would be very hard for me to express how strictly I am yours: For your friendship commands me to serve you, you do so continually oblige me; yet thus far, as an expression of my obedience, I dare challenge the world, in which I would meet with the most ambitious, to know if there were any amongst them that could vaunt with that reason, that they are to the height as I am;

Your most humble and most obedient servant.

A Letter of excessive favours. 53

SIr, You are so noble in all respects, that I am one of your envyers, as well as one of your admirers, and grow somewhat jealous of that generosity you exercise in my behalf, since you will not give me leisure to acknowledg your favours, they come so fast upon me, that in the end I shall be constrained to seem ingrateful, though I both have, and would profess my self, to my last minute,

Your most humble servant.

A Letter to a friend, upon the death of his Brother. 54.

SIr, I am truly what you have ever believed, and wil be everlastingly a partaker of your grief; and am so much your friend, that tis impossible I should be so insensible as to remain dumb, or that my passions, which serve and honor you, should fal asleep when yours are in their extremity. I know you have too good an opinion of me, to think I could be so forgetful; yet pardon me, Sir, if in my Letter I flatter you not; for in this point you exempt all reason from you, and your griefs are so unlimited, that they are become your crimes, as you are uncharitable to your self, or would call a Sainr from happiness. Sir, though your misfortunes are in their floud, they have not drowned that respectful observance I shall ever bear and coffin up, with the love I have vowed to you. Let me intreat you therefore, no longer to inculcate his death in your memory, unless you will deprive your self of my friendship, by your too much immoderate grieving. Pardon me, Sir, if I say that your passions are mine, that at this time my pen fals out of my hand, and my tears blot out what I am writing. Sir, I am your admirer, and faithful Servant, be pleased to except this counsel from me, together, with an assurance that I will live and die,

Your most passionate servant.

A Letter of presentation of service. 55.

SIr, I have taken hold of this occasion, to express the inclination I have to esteem you more then all the world. Pardon my presumption, since it is accompanied with a resolution, everlastingly to be

Your servant.

The Answer. 56.

SIr, I am much obliged to you, for the good will you witness in my behalf; but I have no other liberty left

left me, except to give you thanks, as I do very humbly, assuring you that I will continue your remembrance in an acknowledgment of the quality of

Your most humble servant.

A Letter to demand answer. 57.

SIr, Your silence nourisheth a doubt in me, whether my service be acceptable to you, or not; you may resolve me when you please by some short answer, if you judg me worthy of such a favour.

Your servant.

Another. 58.

SIr, This Letter is so curious to learn news of her former companion, that she would needs be gone in that pursuite, almost against my will. Let me know then, if you please, whether the first were acceptable or not, to the end, that either I may continue my service, or cease to be further importunate: This is the request of

Your most obedient servant.

The answer to them both. 59.

SIr, I am obliged to you for two Letters, in which you have given me such absolute proofs of your love in answer to them, briefly, I must aquaint you with thus much, That though you earnestly expected to hear from me, till now I had not the liberty to indite, nora convenient Messenger to direct my mind to you by: I have no more to write, but that I am extreamly sensible of your love, which affords me so much power as to publish my respects to you, in the stile of

Your most humble servant.

A complaint of her absence. 60.

To his Mistriss,

MAdam, since you are born into the world for no other end then to be admired, why do you eclipse your self from him who should admire you, and would lose a thousand lives to serve you, and give a testimony

of your worth, to which long ago I dedicated my ſelf; *Madam, Your moſt humble and obedient ſervant.*

The anſwer. 61.

Sir, You know I am not accuſtomed to credit the complaints of Lovers; their afflictions do paſs with me for Fables, and their diſeaſes ſeem to me very eaſie of cure. Thus I give you a firmer aſſurance of my conceptions of love, then you can give me of the conſtancy of any that you profeſs you entertain; yet be your affections what they will, *I* will render my ſelf, as far as a chaſte liberty permits, *Your humble ſervant.*

A Letter returning love and fidelity. 62.

Miſtriſs, If you prove conſtant, I will loſe my life ſooner then part with thoſe reſolutions I have entertained to ſerve you. This is not a diſcourſe of complement, but the ſoul of my thoughts, which knows no other object then your deſerts, only as they have an abſolute power for ever to oblige my life and honour at your diſpoſure; for I will hazard the one, and the other, when you pleaſe to command them in your ſervice, ſince it interreſſeth my happineſs to be eternally

Your moſt humble and faithful ſervant.

The Anſwer. 63.

Sir, You are too eloquent to be amorous, and too paſſionate to be conſtant; and I am too unworthy of ſuch proteſtations of your martyrdom: Yet your deceit is not ſo diſpleaſant to me, as that I ſhould ceaſe to be obliged, ſince you are pleaſed to reckon me in the number of, *Your humble ſervants.*

A Letter complaining of neglect. 64.

Madam, Since I have learned the leſſon of love, I have been ſufficiently inſtructed with ſufferings. Tis true, the ſlavery wherewith I am tied, forbids me to demand a reaſon for what you can do; yet I dare allow my ſelf ſo much liberty, as to tell you that you

you are too rigorous to be so beautiful, and that, except you change this severe humour, wherewith you tyrannize over me, you will run the hazard to lose,

Madam, Your most humble and faithful servant.

To congratulate a Friend. 65.

Sir, I much rejoyce at the success of your business; and even so, as if it had arrived to me, I could not more celebrate it in my soul; so much do I tender your content: but this is but a duty to the friendship I owe you, and a necessity to the zeal I have to your service to which I shall be for ever obliged, Sir,

Your most humble, &c.

A Farewel to a friend going a voyage. 66.

Sir, The Law of necessity must deprive me a while from the honour of your presence (but not without grief;) for your conversation is so pleasing to me, that I have alwaies preferred it before all manner of delights. Judg therefore, if separated from you, I can live content: But though I suffer for the present in your absence, it is my joy that I can never forget you; and whersoever I remain, it shall appear to you that I am, Sir,

Yours.

A Letter of excuse. 67.

Sir, If lawful excuses exempt duty, I am absolved of the promises I have made you, through the importunity of affairs that have befaln me: It grieves me, nevertheless, for not keeping my word with you; and that grief, with my good will, may satisfie you; I shall shortly do my self the happiness to see you, and the honour to serve you,

Sir, *Since I am yours, &c.*

Of a new-married man to his Brother in Law. 68.

Sir, The honour of your alliance is so dear to me, that I shall never think my self more happy, then when I shall know my self capable to deserve it; this

expression

preſſion of my duty will witneſs to you how conſiderable you are with me, which at once hath given me, with the deſire to obſerve you, the will to ſerve you; I have no other paſſion in my ſoul, nor other ambition in my deſigns; it is all I hope for: it is every thing I look for, yea, with ſo much patience, as I have left off my liberty (after ſo ſweet a ſervitude) to live faithful, that I may dye conſtant,

Sir, *The moſt humble of your ſervants.*

A Letter by way of Proteſtation. 69.

Sir,

THe honor of your friendſhip ſo obligeth me to make ſome worthy acknowledgment, that I am moſt reſolute to ſerve you; but as ful of defects in the performance: I will therefore wait the time and occaſion, wherein, by your command, I may ſignallize my obedience, which ſhal alwaies, and whereſoever I remain, make me appear,

Sir, *That I am yours*, &c.

Another to a friend obliging him by favours. 70.

Sir,

YOu ſtill delight in obliging ſuch as are moſt beholding unto you: I am witneſs of it, and your courteſie is the trial; ſo that I am aſhamed to be alwaies ingaged, without ſo much as the hope ever to acknowledg the favour rightly. Nevertheleſs, if a fervent paſſion, perfectly zealous for your ſervice, can ſatisfie you for my defects; accept of it I beſeech you, ſince it proceeds,

Sir, *From your moſt humble ſervant*, &c.

To complain for ſome offence. 71.

Sir, Your words offend much, and your deeds much more; I pity them both, the one makes you ſeem mild, and the other raſh; I think you are not the man to repent it, but he that doth ill, is not abſolved for being ſorry for it; he muſt do penance withal hereafter.

Look

Look to your own affairs, that you may never talk of other mens. I take nothing in jeſt when one pinches me. If you doubt it, ther's his name, who will make good his words.

N. B.

A preſenting of ſervice. 72.

Miſtriſs,

IT is long ſince, that too much diſcretion hath kept me from writing to you; and it may be too much boldneſs permits it me now: I pray you therefore pardon me, before you judge me guilty, that ſo I may be rather abſolved then accuſed: For although I had no other purpoſe then to tender you my ſervice, as now I do, with my faith to boot, for aſſurance of my fidelity; yet am I fearful of too much undertaking; but howſoever, chaſtiſe me as you pleaſe, *Miſtris*, here's my name, and ſirname,

Your humble and moſt affectionate ſervant.

Another of love. 73.

Miſtriſs,

SInce at the ſole aſpect of your eyes, my heart ſighs for love, as taken with your wonders; I ſhall inceſſantly bleſs the day of your acquaintance, and conſequently of her that is the moſt perfectly fair on earth: and already reſigning my Will to yours, I will ſo paſſionately cheriſh my thraldom, that the fear alone of being free, will render me miſerable. Make good my purpoſe then, Sweet *Miſtriſs*;

But alwaies in this quality of your moſt affectionate ſervant.

Another. 74.

Miſtriſs,

WHen to admire you, I ſtaid mine eyes at your object, my heart inſenſibly taken, bewailed her captivity; ſo as I found my ſelf in love, before

before I had ſo much as the hope to be ſo. And yet I ſhould not complain; but I rather bleſs the day that bereft me of my liberty, by the ſole arms of your merits, without reſerving any freedome to my ſelf, *Miſtriſs*, other then the word to ſpeak me,

Your ſervant.

Another. 75.

Lady, I have ſuch an inclination to your love, that I muſt needs be deſtined for your ſervice. Now if it be a fatal inſtinct in me, that my obeyſance ſhould wait upon the honor of your commands, is it not neceſſary for you, *Miſtriſs*, To believe me to be

Your ſervant?

Another. 76.

Miſtriſs.

IF admiration have only eies for your beauty, and if *Cupid* hath gain'd his eyes again on purpoſe to guard you from danger: can I have an heart without loving you, or a ſoul without adoring you? And can I be mortal, and not ſenſible of your charms? Oh no, *Miſtriſs*, I have too much honour in being your captive, and too much glory, in being your ſlave,

Another. 77.

Miſtriſs, This inſtant Letter will tell you, I am your ſervant: If you ask me the cauſe, it is your merit, and the effect ſhall be my obedience: If you deem me as worthy of your commands, as you are of my ſervices, I have a Miſtriſs to my wiſh, and by conſequence am,

Your ſervitor, &c.

Another. 78.

Miſtriſs, I am yours: for having nothing to offer you worthy of your merit, I beſtow my ſelf, but it is as your captive and ſlave.

Another.

Another. 79.

SInce your eyes have wounded my heart, the wound is mortal. If I muſt die, it muſt be for love. Happy death! happy cauſe! I will have no remedy, for my heart is too noble, to crave a cure. Confeſs onely you have vanquiſhed me, and I ſhall confeſs the defeat, being it proceeds from the moſt perfect creature on earth.

A Letter of a deſpairing lover. 80.

SOmetimes love, at this time the deſpair of Love, hath put the pen into my hand, with a purpoſe, if it return me no redreſs, to change it into a ſword, which promiſes me a full, though a cruel healing. The blank paper which you have ſent me for an anſwer, is a teſtimonie of my innocencie, ſince it is, as if you had ſaid, you have found nothing to accuſe me of; from whence otherwiſe, could your ſilence proceed? If you have any remembrance of my faithful ſervice, for pittie, I deſire of you, either life or death; this is all that is requeſted at your hands, by your deſpairing Lover.

Her Anſwer. 81.

DRaw from your evill, the knowledge of your good: if you had not been beloved, you could never have had a ſenſe of any thing: till you are forgiven, you ſhall not know your offence: in the mean ſpace, hope and live.

To a Lady, promiſing revenge on his enemy. 82.

MAdam, Who doubts of my innocencie, ſhall be guiltie, and offend againſt truth; cloſed eyes ſee not the light, though without a ſhadow it ſhines on them, eſpecially when thoſe eyes are ſhut againſt the brightneſs of my juſtice: Therefore, if the bloud of mine enemie cannot waſh away my ſtain, I will voluntarily adde thereunto my own; ſince that I have no other way to preſerve my life left me, I am ready to render it. *Farewell.*

Her

Her answer. 83.

SIr, The wounds of the body are not alwaies healed, though they be out of danger; no more they of the mind; but having removed the difficulties by your valour and prudence, you must give time leave to work her ordinary actions; in the mean space, she that loves you, waits an opportunity till the blemishes of your honour are washt off by the expressions of your vertues, that you may appear cleer, and as bright as day again in the eyes of her that admires you.

A Lovers offer of his service to his Mistriss. 84.

FAir Mistris, had I art to perswade you, as you have power to make me love you, the discovery of my blazing affections would melt you, were you a mountain of Ice, to pity; but for that love is more vehement in the heart then in the tongue, I appeal to your motions for grace, if you have ever loved; if not, I hope for such justice at *Venus* hands, that though I place no confidence in my own wishes, because they convert to ayr, yet I presume on my own endeavours, for that I have vowed my life to death to do you service; of which you can have no better assurance, then to imploy me, nor I a higher favour, then to be

Yours

A Letter of a Lover requesting speedy Remedy. 85.

GOod Madam, Martyr me not with doubts, since my affections are so violent, and the excellence of your beauty doth so exceed, so that the full power of love hath made me in the state of flaming Flax, which is presently to be quenched, or it will suddenly burn: thus longing for your gracious and sudden answer, I kiss your hand, and am

No more my own.

A Letter from a languishing lover. 86.

MOre out of zeal to do you service, then desire I have to live, I here present you my consumed self,

ſelf, onely kept alive by the light of your fair beauty, that ſitteth crowned in the place of my heart, which bleeding at your feet, beggeth the means of my cure: if you vouchſafe it, I live: if not, you muſt ſee my death; and thus doubtful between both, till I kiſs your ſweet anſwer, I remain unto my laſt gaſp,

Yours.

Her anſwer. 87.

I Am not cruel, though with difficulty I conſent to love: and for that your paſſions are ſo extream, I keep your picture in my boſom, but with what thought, I bluſh to write, though pity be my warrant, ſo that I leave the event of our loves to your conſideration; for know, ſweet Sir, that being overcome to ſee your paſſions ſo great, I cannot but commit my love, my honor, my ſelf, and all, to your affection and wiſe government.

Farewel.

A Letter to his Miſtriſs. 88.

Faireſt,

SInce it is a common thing to love, and a miracle to ſubdue affection. Let it not ſeem ſtrange that I am a ſlave to your beauty; nor wonder, though I ſue for grace, ſince the Lover, like a ſick Patient, is inforc'd to ſeek comfort of his Miſtris: to prove that I love you, needs no other teſtimony then the witneſs of your rare perfections, which are of force to create an amorous heat in the moſt ſevereſt *Anchorite*; for the preſent, I balm my wounds with a hope that I ſhall kiſs your gracious hand, and that your anſwer will return an acceptance of the ſervice of him,

Whoſe heart waiteth on your Beauty.

A Letter to his Miſtriſs upon ſervice enjoyned. 89.

FAir Nymph, May al contents and pleaſures dwel with you, as all mine depend on you! I perceive

now

now you command me to action; but love, which is, ever accompanied with doubts, commands me to tremble, but let Heaven do with me what it pleaseth, I am confident that earth will not deny me a grave.

A Letter complaining of the cruelty of his Mistris. 90.

Fairest,

IF your eyes were as full of pity, as they are to cause love, the sweetness which they promise at the first, would make me adore them with as much contentment as they have produced in me vain hopes; but so far are they from the performance of their deceitful promises, that they wil not so much as glance at them; and so wide from healing my hurt, that they will not acknowledg themselves authours, as if with you they purposed to equal cruelty with beauty, since you have ordained that the affection that you have caused to be born in me, should cruelly dye in me: being unable to suffer so great an injustice, I am resolved to carry my affections with me into the grave, hoping that the heavens moved at last, will through my patient suffering, make me as dear to you, as you are now cruel to me. *Farewel.*

A Letter from a despairing Lover. 91.

IF you have regard to the presumption which hath forced me to love, my death which follows it shall revenge it for you: but if it be indifferent to you, I assure my self, that this last act of my affection shall gain somewhat more on your soul: which if it fall out so, I shall cherish the resemblance of your beauty more then my birth, since by it I came into the world, to be troublesome to you; and by the other, I go out of it, and leave you.

Another. 92.

MIstris, My heart is yours, my obedience belongs to your commands, and my whole wil is yours:

so

so that I have nothing free but my pen to express how I am. *Your Servitor.*

Another. 93.

Mistriss, From the time that with your beauty I had the knowledg of your merits, I felt some secret power, which sweetly enforced my will to honour you, and my heart to aspire at nought but your love. If so be then, that my services, whereof heaven hath reserved the integrity for your commands, may be never so little pleasing to you; permit, *Mistriss*, that I may honour my self with this title of

Your servant,

Another Letter of service. 94.

Sir, I have been honoured with a Letter from you, in which I have seen the submissions of services that you do me, but undeservedly; for that I am more beholding to your courtesies, then to any merit of mine: Now to accept of them were unreasonable; as to refuse them would be held disdainful: I do therefore receive the proffer, but leave the effects to your self, that so you may not serve, *Sir*,

Her that favours you.

Another. 95.

Sir, If the services which your honesty will needs yield me, gather only life from my merit, or beauty, they have but their name; for there can be no effect, if there be no cause: so that I never having any beauty or merit, you are but my servant, Sir, in words onely; but I am yours in my living actions,

L. M.

Another. 96.

Sir, If my duty have entertained yours, my honesty hath refused your offers, as too worthy of me, and I am unworthy of them. I shall nevertheless, for mine own sake, reserve the honour to my self to be,

Your servant.

Ano-

Another to the ſame effect. 97.

SIR, I accuſe my duty for your ſatisfaction; for that I have deprived you of my Letters, and confeſs me guilty, before you accuſe me, the rather to merit grace. Deny it me not then, I beſeech you, as you regard him that begs it, who is

The moſt affectionate of all your ſervants.

Another to the ſame effect. 98.

ALbeit one ſelf-ſame cauſe makes us pardonable, for having been alike ſilent, yet I do know my duties intereſt, in having unjuſtly deprived you (being obliged to you as I am) by the effects of remembrance, which grieves my ſoul; which grief I preſent to you, but alwaies in my quality, Sir,

Of your humble ſervitor.

A Letter deſiring better acquaintance. 99.

SIR, Athough my merit be not ſuch as may preſume to deſerve the honor I have to write to you; yet the deſire nevertheleſs I have to introduce my ſelf into your acquaintance and friendſhip, hath emboldened me to preſent theſe lines to you, and to receive the honor of your commands, and to tender to you the offers of my ſervice; *Yours.*

A Letter from one to his Miſtris. 100.

IT is impoſſible to ſee you without loving you; but much more to love you without being extream in that affection; ſo that if for my defence, it ſhall pleaſe you to conſider this truth, when this my paper ſhall preſent it ſef before your eyes, I aſſure my ſelf, that the greatneſs of my hurt ſhall obtain by pity as much pardon from you, as the boldneſs which hath raiſed me to this worth, may merit juſt puniſhment, attending the judgement which I ſhall give. Suffer me a thouſand and a thouſand times to kiſs your fair hands, and reſt,

Yours.

A Letter to Celia. 101.

MIstriſs, If perfection be not in the world, but to make you be admired; if love be not love, but to make you be beloved: if ſacrifices are not but to make you be adored, Who can ſee you without admiration? Who can admire you without love? And who can love without admiration? He muſt be one that hath neither eyes, heart, nor ſoul: for if my eyes admire you, affection will have it ſo: if my heart loves you, reaſon commands it; if my ſoul adores you, Heaven permits it; ſo that theſe three neceſſities forming it for you, I preſent it to you, Dear Miſtris, under the Title of yours. *Eugenius.*

A Letter. 102.

SIR.

IT it is needleſs for me to ſay I love you, ſince my actions hither to have given you no teſtimony to the contrary; I can write little, but my deeds ſhall ſpeak for me, and tell you that in effect I will, during life, be *Yours.*

A Letter of acknowledgment. 103.

WHat worthy acknowledgment can I give to your noble favours, when their extremity bereaves me of the hope: my duty remains penſive at the exceſs of your courteſies; for being never able to tender you other then unworthy effects of your merits I have indeed but the will, and that is but a ſhadow for a body; yet accept it, I beſeech you, whilſt you remember how it proceeds from, *Your moſt humble ſervant.*

Another. 104.

SIR, With what kind of duties ſhall I acknowledg your courteſies, which have ſo obliged me, that to expreſs them right, I muſt be ſilent? To offer you my ſervice, it is already your own. To preſent my ſelf, I am yours long ſince; I then have nothing but deficiencies for your ſatisfaction, though I have a thouſand ſervices

ſervices at your command, for my being in generall, depends on that particular, of,

Your moſt humble Servitor.

Anſwer. 105.

SIr, I have nothing, yet I ow much. To preſent you with wiſhes, for effects, were but too weak recompences; I will therefore give you mine endeavours for all your courteſies, honouring and ſerving you whileſt I live: All which life of mine is deſtined for no earthly thing, but your commands.

Another. 106.

SIr, Your courteſies have too much obliged me, ever to forget them; I ſhall celebrate them particularly in my ſoul, whereby to be able to acknowledg them, in the leaſt preſenting ſerviceable occaſion, and live always with this will, never to die, beholding to you;

Sir, Your moſt humble Servitor.

Another. 107.

SIr, I can honour your merits by reaſon, and acknowledge by duty your courteſies, which have too much obliged me, then to be ingrateful; though I can never make you worthy ſatisfaction, yet ſhall I have always both the deſire, and hope of it: and in the mean while, a ſtedfaſt will to live and die: *Sir, Yours.*

For telling of News. 108.

SIr, Deſirous of your contentment, as of mine own, I have taken pen in hand, to tel you whatſoever hath paſt. Now you have ſeen what is new, take the old with it; which is, that I am always, Sir, *Your Servitor.*

A Letter of acknowledgment of his being beloved. 109.

SHall I conceal ſuch an exceſſive happineſs, as to be loved by thee, *My deareſt*? Or, ſhall I publiſh it, to make it greater? No, no, my ſilence may honour it, yet my words ſhall make it more glorious, but not more conſtant by doing ſo, for I cannot deprive my mind by forgetfulneſs; yet I will have my lips continually

tinually cloſed up, againſt the confeſſion of it, that my memory may be taken up with the thought of it, and my ſoul wrapped in the ſole object of its *Idea*, that ſo by bleſſing my birth, for the happineſs of yours; that your death may be my Tombe: In the mean ſpace, my whole happineſs and glory ſhall conſiſt in the quality of,

Your moſt humble Servant.

A Letter of abſence. 110.

Miſtris, Since the day of your departure, which was alſo reckoned the ſame of my diſcontentment, tears and griefs have been inſeparable with my life: all kind of objects are to me defective; nothing pleaſes me but what diſlikes me; and if your memory did not ſtill accompany me in my actions, I ſhould forget my ſelf; and inſtead of preſerving my life for your ſervice, ſhould deſtroy it for my own content. If you deſire to judg of my grief, judg what you are your ſelf, *Miſtris*: which is the faireſt of the world, and I the moſt afflicted of all your Servants.

Another. 111.

Miſtris, Since your abſence, I endured all that ever can be conceived of rigorous torments: the days ſhine not on me but to enlighten my misfortunes; for the Sun laughs at my pain, as I ſcorn his brightneſs; in that I acknowledg none worthier then that of your eyes, long ſince my Conquereſſes, and ſtill mine idols. But what ſhall I ſay? I am born to endure and to love you, *Miſtris*, but always in the quality of *Your moſt humble Servant*,

Letters of abſence. 112.

IF thoſe griefs, which are ſtill preſent, ſince your abſence, did not make me hope for a ſpeedy death, I ſhould bewail the birth of my daies, that do enlighten me without ſhining; for deprived of the brightneſs of your eyes, I can acknowledg none other in the

world,as they have vanquiſhed me, and that with ſo many charms, as that they are not content that I adore them,but that they are ſtill burning me. Well, this is ſomewhat too much; but yet too little for your merits. Wherefore,I will never be weary of ſuffering, no more then of loving you. Believe this my affliction, that your belief may be my remedy,and my honour, the quality, *Miſtris*,

Of Your moſt humble ſervitor.

Another. 113.

Miſtris, If the ſorrow which your abſence hath cauſed in my ſoul,could give me as many words to expreſs it, as I have griefs to bewail it, I ſhould think my ſelf ſatisfied. But for too much enduring,I muſt be ſilent in my torment;but never in my expreſſions, how am I one, *Of Your moſt humble ſervants.*

Anſwer. 114.

Sir, What kinde of trouble can ſuch an indifferent abſence bring to your content? It can be but an imaginary feeling to you,though it ſeems reall, as by your own words may be perceived,which ſpeak you unable,being there's no ſuch thing to expreſs it; and therefore yourſilence will be your greateſt advantage, ſince it layes a ſleep your torments,without ſaying any thing of them; but not the title which your fair carriage gives you, of being my *Servitor*: As to me, it doth likewiſe the endeavour,*Sir*,of deſerving the ſtile and quality of *Your ſervant.*

115.

Sir, I Can give but a feigned remedy to an imaginary torment,like yours: for my abſence is of too different a nature to cauſe your grief or trouble: And I beſeech you, diſpence with me for believing it, ſince alſo mine own knowledg forbids it, as reaſon doth otherwiſe, to ſay I am, *Sir*,

Your ſervant.

Upon

upon a point of rigour. 116.

IF love and cruelty be two contrary things, your love must needs be feigned, since your rigour is real. Cease then to make me suffer, and I shall believe you love me, for my pain and your cruelty are too opposite to persist together.

Adieu to the fairest, though cruellest of all thy sex.

Another. 117.

Sir, You complain of my absence, and I of yours: You would enjoy my presence, but my discretion forbids it you, and me the happiness to see you; but my want of power opposeth; so that grievancies should be less, in that they are equally shared; but not the quality which I take, *Sir*, *Of you servant;*

Another 118.

TO see you without admiration is past my power; to admire and love you, is a necessity; You have so much merit, that one can hardly desire much less hope, for the honour of your good favors. Judg then, who can but worthily serve you? Sure he is yet unborn; nay, in earnest Ile pawn my life on't; yet with your leave, *Mistris*, *For I am yours.*

To his Lady. 119.

TO despise such as honour you; to disdain such as love you; to make no account of such as faithfully serve you: are these, the actions of a fair soul like yours? Or are they but words that honour me with a hope of some effects of your good remembrance? Oh, it is a little too rigorous! Confess it, that you may repent, & give him content who cannot be absent from you, *Mistris*, *As your most humble servitor.*

To a Kinswoman. 120.

Mistris, Albeit your actions, in appearance, have witnessed that I was no otherwise in your esteem then of an indifferent quality; yet my desires being still secretly zealous for your service in their

inſtinct, aſpiring at nothing but your good, have diſarmed my purpoſe, bent to your diſgrace; ſo to reſtore me to my ſelf, and make me the ſame, I profeſs my ſelf to you, which is,

Miſtris, Your moſt affectionate Servant, and Kinſman, upon the inconſtancy of a Servant. 121.

Sir, Our Sex is not alwaies accuſed of inconſtancie; and yet I now take that aſperſion from you: you I ſay, whoſe oaths gave ſuch faithful teſtimonies of affection, that I durſt not doubt of it, for fear of offending my ſelf: And yet hath the winde carried away your words, but not your love, for you never had any: ſo that now when I blame my ſelf, for having believed you, I praiſe my ſelf withall for imitating you, but alwaies with the ſorrow of not being your example; for it was fit I ſhould precede you, as your *Miſtris*,

Sir, *Though at the preſent, your ſervant.*

A Letter. 122.

Miſtris, It is to be feared, that you have no love, ſince you have eyes to ſee my unworthineſs. Love is blind, you ſhould be ſo too, in regard of my merits. Let it ſuffice you, that I love you, and that I adore you, even as the moſt faireſt, and moſt perfect creature on Earth. *A Letter from a deſpairing lover.* 123.

THere is no creature, *Madam*, ſo bereaved of reaſon, or deprived of ſenſe, which being oppreſſed with direful calamities, feeleth not by meer inſtinct of nature, a preſent medicine for his maladie, man onely excepted, who by reaſon of his want, may juſtly accuſe the power of injuſtice: the Unicorn being ſick, recovers his health, by ſwallowing the buds of a Date-tree: The Deer being ſtrucken, feeds on the herb *Dictamnum*, and recovers: But man hath no ſecret ſalve ſo excellent, nor plaiſter ſo perfect, by whoſe ſecret vertues, he may appeaſe his paſſions. This, *Madam*, I now know by proof, and therefore ſpeak by experience; for your divine

vine beauty, and the perfections of your mind, have kindled such a flame in my heart, that by no means I can quench, but it will turn my body into dry earth, and cinders; unless by the drops of your pity, it be speedily extinguished: therefore fair one, now at last be merciful, and let not my service, and loyal love be recompenced with such disloyal refusals. Strive not for my life, since you have my liberty: Seek not my death, since you are the Saint to which I offer up my devotions. *Madam*, let the sweet balm of your benevolence salve the sore, which so painfully afflicteth my carefull conscience; and with the dew of your grace redeem him from misery, whose life or death standeth in your answer, which I hope, shall be such as belongeth to the desert of my love, and the graces of your beautiful mind. *Farewell.*

Her Answer. 124.

IT is impossible, Sir, to strain moist liquor out of the dry flint, to procure a heat in that which is key cold, or to force the sturdy streams to run against their common course: Know, Sir, you are the man I loath, and cannot like: make therefore a vertue of your necessity, and assuage the flame your self, which I know not who else will quench, by an importunate persisting in your purpose where no hope is, lest you prove your self rather a desperate Sot, then a discreet Souldier. Take my Nay therefore, for an answer; if I would, I cannot; and if I could, I would not. So farewell.

No way yours.

To one who is not really what she seems.

ADmire not, though I rail against thy follies, since thy mercilesse mind hath abused me by thy ingratitude, & thy imperfections have delineated these impressions of my pen: For thy beauty, if I admired it once, it was when I knew not that thy ill conditions, like bad commodities, were to be put off with it;

but now making use of reason, I question whether at that time I had sense: Perswade thy selfe therefore, if I were to die presently, and thou wert part of that I should leave the world, I would bequeath thee with thy good face and bad conditions, for a legacy to my most inveterate enemy. And for my own part, whilst I do survive, and thy remaining upon this earth yet afflicts me; be confident, thou painted sepulchre, I wil epitomize all thy vices, that the world, by reading thy Volume, may shun thee, as the onely obstacle to felicity, and learn the wages of vertue, by those things that are thy contraries: For the present, admire not, though this paper be stained with the blemishes of thy ill name, since Nature her self was deceived, which bestowed her features so rashly and inconsideratly on thee. Certainly, thou wert ordained to rectifie my minde, that by thee I might learn to know that a good face is not alwaies exempted from a hoarse voice: I protest to thee, I would not buy the distempers of thy soul at so high a rate as to enjoy thy beauty, much rather will I endeavour to express my gratitude to heaven, in that I fail not to practise this resolution,

Never to enjoy thee.

Her answer. 126.

WOnder not, Sir, though you see an answer to your frantick Letter. Do you think by bawling like a Begger, to become a King? No, Sir, as I know your knavery, so I pass not for it, neither can your brags go for paiment: I marvel not, though your dogged Letters savour of *Diogenes* doctrine, you Cynical Dunce. what felicity can you have in biting of those whom otherwise thou canst not be revenged of? Indeed, gentle *Balaams* Ass, if I had been so light to have loved you, for feeding my fancy on thy ill-favoured face, I might justly have reapt such profit: since I then have fill'd my eyes so full with the figure of a fool; heareafter keep your

Your Letters Patents in your Beggers box: Adieu Sir Dunce; the more you mislike me, the better I love my self, whilst I account it the greatest felicity of S.M.

To be rid of such a fool.

A Letter from a distressed Lover. 127.

Madam, AS my cares proceed from your cruelty, so let the effects of your courtesie procure my bliss; since the perfections of your beauty have made me miserable, let me beg of you to send the messenger of present consolation to him that pineth away, and is yours only and ever, *Still in hope.*

A Letter from a Lover professing constancy. 128.

THey who have the honour to see you, run a dangerous fortune, if they love you, they are sawcy; if they love not, they are without judgment. Now fair creature, I have chosen that which is most after my humour; and from which it is impossible for me to withdraw my self: think it not hard, cruel *Diana,* that having seen you, I love you: if this boldness deserve punishment, you caused it; and it is no more in my choice; for I must, while I live, be your servant, or not be alive, *Farewel.*

A Letter from an inconstant Lover. 129.

I Write not now to tell you that I love, for you have believed but too well; but to assure you, that I shall love you no more: perhaps you may be amazed at this alteration; for you have alwayes loved me above my desires; but that which draws me from you, is, I must confess, your misfortune, that will no longer continue to you the pleasure of our loves; or rather my good fortune, which will have me no longer stay at so poor a thing. And to the end you may live to complain of me, I bid you for ever, *Farewel.*

Her Answer. 130.

SIr, It was your arrogancy perswaded you I lov'd you wherein you are most infinitely mistaken: I swear'

to thee by all the merits which thou thinkſt thou haſt, but are not in thee, there was never any ſuch matter as love: As for the Letter you ſent me, I cannot be unthankful for the pleaſure you have done me in it, ſince it hath taught me to reject hereafter the importunities of ſuch coxcombs as your ſelf. In the mean time, be as content, as I am in being free of ſuch a burden: believe me, Sir, it is no ſmall happineſs.

Farewel.

A Lover to an inconſtant Miſtris. 131.

IT is not to complain of you, *Miſtris*, that I take up my pen, but only to deplore my misfortunes which make me ſo contemned of you: ſince at other times you were not wont to uſe me in this ſort: I am the ſame man that hath ſerved you in all reſpective ſubmiſſion, and you are the ſame that at firſt were mine, ſince you received me for yours. I am become no leſs, nor you greater; if it be ſo, why do you not judg me worthy of the ſame entertainment? I have called my ſoul to an account for her actions, ſince it pleaſeth you I will diſplay them all before your eyes; for my part I cannot accuſe any one of them; if you ſhall judg otherwiſe when you have heard them, it ſhall be no ſmall conſolation to the poor condemned, to know at leaſt the cauſe of his puniſhment. *Adieu cruel one.*

A Letter 132.

IF love taught me as well to ſpeak my torment, as to ſuſtain it, pitty would make you ſenſible of my plaints, but dumb in their too much ſufferance. I have but my conſtancy for remedy, that is all my hope; your ſweetneſs for my deſire, and your command, for mine honour, *Miſtris*, for my quality is

Your moſt humble Servitor.

Another. 133.

SInce your merits cauſe my torments, I will never complain; the more rigorous you ſhall be, the more con-

conſtantly I will oppoſe all my reſpects to your neglects, my honors to your diſdains, and my fire to your Ice. If I breathe, it ſhall be love; if I ſigh, it ſhall be in paſſion for your ſervice: in a word, if I be. I will be,

Miſtris, Your Servitor.

A Letter. 134.

TO have no ſoul, but to adore you; to have no heart, but to love you, and but one onely life, for your ſervice, have you not cauſe to complain? You, whoſe beauty hath ſo many charms, and merits ſo many habits, that one would deteſt this name of liberty, to die your ſlave. Should one talk of miracles, you are the example; in diſcourſe of rarities, you are above compariſons, ſo that Heaven and Nature are in diſpute, for whom you were made. Now to ſay, I am *Your Servitor*, that is a quality too high; to ſay I am *Your Slave*, that's yet too lofty. Behold my ſirname, now give me what name you pleaſe.

A Letter. 135.

IF for deſiring death, one were to loſe his life, I ſhould have been gone long ſince; for too much love makes me hate my ſelf; but me thinks, I ſhould ſtill live, and lengthen my daies; and that being wretched, I ought to live the longer; I flie that which flies me, the grave, ſo as I have neither comfort of my life, nor hope of my death. And thus I am, *Miſtris*, alwaies

Your Servitor.

Another. 136.

TO love, and not to be loved, is to live without hope, and by conſequent, to die. Have you reſolved my death, by diſdaining my ſervices, thus to forget their requitall? It is too much rigour for your beauty; and you will confeſs it one day, but too little for your repentance; for I ſhall no longer by conſequence ſubſiſt, as I am for the preſent, *Miſtris*,

The moſt humble of all your Servants.

A Letter. 137.

Miſtriſs, thus to forbid me to love you, and to will me not to honour you, What would you have me to do, *my deareſt*? I muſt change my heart, if I would change my affection; and Nature muſt give me other inclinations, to deprive you of my reſpects and of my obedience: forbid me to live rather; and I will die, but it ſhall be for love; and ſo at the price of my dayes, I ſhall do you ſervice, leaving this truth for a remembrance to after times.

A Letter from a Gentleman to his Miſtriſs. 138.

IT is you, *Fair creature*, that have gained this advantage upon me, that I forget my ſelf to remember you perpetually. Do not think, that unleſs I ſee you ſhortly, I can longer ſurvive, whereby I might continue the affections of my ſervices to you: ſo that two things will infallibly bring me to my grave; your abſence, and my grief, for not acquitting my ſelf towards you as I deſire. Chooſe now (*fair ſoul*) whether you had rather have me dead for your content, or to ſee me daily offer you up the fruits of my ſervices, upon the altar of your merits, in the quality of

Your moſt loyal and moſt affectionate ſervitor.

A Letter of a difference betwixt a Gentleman and his Miſtriſs. 139.

I Thought it was an inviolable vow that was betwixt us, when we ſwore ſo ſolemnly: but I perceive already, the change hath better pleaſed you then the continuance of my ſervices. I know not whom I ſhall accuſe, you, or my ſelf; for poſſibly, the long time I have been without ſeeing you, is the cauſe of it; or elſe you have been drawn to it by your own natural inclination. Make me what an anſwer you pleaſe, No earthly thing ſhal hinder me from loving you; for I had rather chuſe a thouſand deaths, then to be inconſtant in my love: and will fly, with the hazard of my life, the reproach

proach of disloyalty, whether you will or no,

Your servitor inviolably.

A Letter of a Gentleman after a visit. 140.

Mistris, The honour I received in the late visit I made to my dear cozen, at your house, hath so oblig'd me to both of you, that I thought I should commit a heinous fault, if by some honest endeavour I should not witness a feeling of it. If ever I have the happiness to see you at my home, which is all yours, I shall endeavour to make you as welcome as I can: I conjure you to come to see my sister, as you have promised her; otherwise, farewel all friendship: yet not so nevertheless, but that in the mean space I desire to continue, *Mistris*, *Your Cozen, and best Friend.*

A Letter of a fond Maid, that disdained the service and love of a gallant Gentleman, who was counselled to disdain her also, 141.

Forsake that Maid that forsakes you, and no more remember her forgetfulness. She hath changed, that she may not change her natures inconstancy: her small acquaintance should make you know her fault. Your good judgment may shew you how little she hath. You cannot but get by the loss of her, If you lose a sweet heart, you gain a liberty; you should keep some love for your self, and not cast it all away from you. If you love something, do not hate your self for all that. If fortune give you any thing, she will be well rewarded; but if she should take a heart from you, think it was not yours: That whersoever you go; you may remain content, and love not what is contrary to you, unless you will contradict him that loves you dearly, *Even to the grave.*

A Letter of love between two Lovers. 142.

You have made me feel, fair *Calestena*, the ardent sparkles of your friendship; the memory whereof I shall still honor, and esteem my self a great deal the

more

more fortunate, if my happineſs may prove more extream, and I conſume in its flames; my ſoul ſhall then live with a thouſand delights, and my heart reſume new life in its aſhes, & that I may be thus condemned to this wiſhed puniſhment: nor let your fair minde conceive any doubt of my loves eternity, ſince conſtancy ſhall be ever its faithfull companion; and the fire which kindled it, ſhall never be quenched, though it were combated by the moſt Icie proceedings or fears you might have of your envyers. What if it were ſo? yet ſhould they melt as ſoon as they do but contemplate the Sun-beams of my diſcretion. You may as well aſſure your ſelf of theſe effects of my words; as I do of the conſummation of my hopes, which have no other ſcope then to ſerve your merits, and to ſit up to your uſe, *Your faithfull* Floridon, *&c.*

A Letter in anſwer. 143.

YOur deſires are my Laws (dear *Floridon*) and your loyalty cannot finiſh but with mine: they ſhall both alike ſhine bright over our lives, & nouriſh themſelves with our flames: wherein I ſhall think my ſelf very happy to live with you. That ſilence which knit up my tongue at your fair diſcourſes, proceeded only out of fear; you might know ſo much by my exterior ſigns, which ſufficiently ſhewed you how ſorely it grieved me for your ſweet ſelf: for I would not have you to eſteem me to be fearfull of the fiery ſparks of the envious, ſince nothing can withſtand that faithful love which from hence forward is contracted by,

Your dear Caliſta, *&c.*

Another. 144.

IF my ſteadfaſt love were not anſwered by yours, (dear *Caliſta*) I ſhould have reaſon to complain of you, and my complaints would be ſuch as never to admit of interruption; but ſo as for ever to open the gates to my ſorrow: for when I read your Letter, which

which is an article of my faith, and that you ſuffer a thouſand tortures for my love; I doubt not but envy hath been buzzing ſome thing in my Parents eares of our affections, and that Felicity her ſelf, as jealous of our contents, might put ſuch a poor trick upon us: But you have ſo fair a ſoul, and ſo generous, that you will conſtantly repulſe all thoſe oníets, to honour ſtil with your love, *Your faithfull* Floridon.

A Letter in Anſwer. 145.

PLeaſures are of ſhort continuance, and their fair days are too ſoon eclipſed; we cannot promiſe our ſelves long enjoyment of them, ſince they are in the hands of the great *Jehovah*. It is conſtancy that gives us happineſs, after all our adverſities. You were the ſubject of my beſt ſorrows dear *Floridon*; but now your preſence ſerves me for Sun-beams: though indeed ſome doubts of future obſtacles do even bury me in an obſcure night of anguiſh. And were it not that joy follows ſorrow, I had ere this, skipt over the ſtep of this life of mine, to be freed of my pain. But time will one day give us the happineſs to make each other amends, by receiving uſury for our patience. Be comforted then in your ſelf, and conſider well with your ſerious diſcretion, though I am thus now overwhelmed with my fears, yet we are almoſt at the ſpire of our felicities, which we ſhall attain at, I hope ſhortly, or it ſhall be no fault of hers, who is

Your faithfull Caliſta, *in as much as you deſire with honour.*

A Letter in demand of his Miſtriſſes picture. 146.

MAdam, That beautifull ſubſtance, whoſe Features and graces you animate with ſo much ſweetneſs, appears in my ſight ſo admirable in the originall, that it would be my greateſt happineſs but to obtain the ſhadow; it will (if you pleaſe to honour me in this my requeſt) be a noble means of my teſtifying the reſentment in quality.

A letter of Sir J.S. to T.C. *dissuading him from marrying of a widdow.* 147.

SIr, At this time when the hot Planets fire the blood, and when the Lunaticks of Bedlam themselves are trusted abroad, that now you should run mad, is it not as much a subject for your friends pity, as their wonder? True love is a naturall distemper, a kinde of a small-pox, every one hath had it, or is to expect it, and the sooner the better: Thus far you are excused; but having been well cured of a Feaver, to court a Relapse, to make love the second time in the same place, is (not to flatter you) neither better nor worse then to fal into a quag-mire by chance, and to ride into it afterwards of purpose. It is not love, *Sir*, that doth the mischief, but constancy of love, for love is of the nature of a burning-glass, which held still to one place fires, changed often doth nothing; a kinde of a glowing Coal, which being shifted from hand to hand, a man may easily endure. But then to marry, *Sir*, you had better live honest, Love you know is blind; What will he not do, when he hath fetters, and knows then what marriage is? 'tis a curing of love the dear'st way, a waking of a losing gamster out of a winning dream; after a long expectation of a strange banquet, a presentation of a homely meal: Alas, Sir, Love-seeds when they run into matrimony, are good for nothing; like some fruit-trees, love must be transplanted, if you would have it active, and bring forth any thing: You have now perchance vowed all that can be vowed to some one face, and think that you have not left any thing unsaid to it. Do but make love to another, and if you are not suddenly furnisht with new language & fresh Oaths, Ile conclude *Cupid* hath used thee worse then ever he did any of his train. After all this, to marry a Widow is a kind of a chewed meat; What a fantasticall stomack hast thou, that canst not taste of a dish

untill

until another man hath cut? Who would waſh after another, when he may have freſhwater for calling for? if you muſt needs marry, as who can tel to what height you have ſinned? marry a Maid, for if you are conſtrained to live in a priſon, it is better to lye in a private chamber, then in the hole. *Yours.*

Short and eaſie directions for inditing Letters.

What a Letter is.

IT is a kind of a conference, or communication of one that is abſent with another as if he were preſent

why Letters were indited.

To inform friends in the time of their abſence of thoſe occaſions that chiefly concern them.

Several kind of Letters, with their uſe and Applications.

There are three things to be practiſed by thoſe that indite Letters, and each of them in its right order.

1. *Invention.*
2. *Diſpoſition.*
3. *Elocution.*

Firſt, He muſt invent his matter, which is as it were the material of a building.

Secondly, He muſt diſpoſe his matter in a true order, frame, and method; to conſider what will be beſt pleaſing in the beginning of his Epiſtle, what in the middle, and what in the end: and this is as it were the framing of a building.

Thirdly, He muſt labor to deliver his minde in fit ſignificant words, and in a pure and good phraſe; and this is as it were the poliſhing and the beautifying of a building.

And theſe three, viz. *Invention*, *Diſpoſition*, and *Elocution*, may be exceedingly furthered by three other notable helps.

Viz.

Viz. *Art, Imitation, Exercise.*

Art directeth by precept.

Imitation by example.

Exercise by continual use and practice.

As an Artist, First, giveth to his Scholler the Rules of his Art.

Secondly, causeth him to look upon him writing, *&c.*

Thirdly, to make trial by himself.

By which three conjoyned, he may with great ease attain to the perfection of his Art.

Letters demonstrative, are to declare, manifest, and lay open the particulars of a business.

Letters conciliatory of Counsel, are branched into those of perswasion, or of disswasion: these ought to be deliberative and judicial, as they consist, and sometimes refer to the commendation, or dispraise of the person, or of his actions, or to things in agitation.

Letters Petitory, or Petitionary of requests, should be of things possible, convenient, or necessary; they should be ever set off with modest desires, and free from the oppression of a friends good nature, not too much intrenching upon his generous disposition.

Letters that are moral and civil, should be grave and sententious.

Letters that are amorous, and loving, should be full of passions honestly expressed, ful of sweet invitations, pleasant, and beautiful descriptions, pen'd with fear, when despair prevails: set off with confidence, when the Love-sick Inditer is incouraged.

Oeconomical Letters of houshold affairs, are to be plain, and fraught with business, concise: and so writ, as not to detract from the respect of him that imploys according to his pre-eminence, or the others more servile relations.

Letters Gratulatory, or of thanks for benefits received, should carry with them a fervency of expressions and of acknowledgment.

Letters

Letters Accuſatory, are when we touch the perſons or actions of others; they are to be indited with ſmooth pens, the grounds of jealouſie examined, leſt they appear too cenſorious, ever concluding with a diſlike and unwillingneſs of him that writes them, and a profeſſion of ingenious love to him he writes to.

Letters Excuſatory, of clearing, or pleading for our ſelves, or others, ſhould be ſubmiſſive, with reference to better judgment; yet not without extenuations, but ſuch as modeſty may gain upon the peruſers candor and affection.

Letters Nuncupatory of News, ſhould be impartiall, but alwaies (except upon certain knowledg) ſet off with a kind of diffidence, ſo it is given out or reported, leſt the inditer betrayes his credit, and ſeems to him he writes to, to be a falſifier of truth, the venial ſins of the times, as ſome of our intelligeneers conſtant practices would make us believe.

How a Letter ſhould be writ.

It ought to have reference to the place, to the time; and to the perſon, or his affaires; and ſo take beginning from the riſe of ſuch things as we are to write of.

How a Letter ſhould be adorned.

It is to be beautified with Flowers of Expreſſions, flouriſhed with ſimilitudes and grave ſentences, enriched and made firm with fervent vowes and tenders of ſervice. In a word, it ſhould be moſt complementally fluent in the neatneſs and fitneſs of the Epithites, compariſons, and circumſtances.

How the formes of ſalutations ought to be ordered

They are to be ſuch as are moſt Court-like, and in faſhion with the Nations, time, perſon, and circumſtances, as any of them in the Method or Phraſe may admit of variation.

General Directions for the ſtiles and Superſcriptions of Letters.

Excogitate and conſider the perſons relation, and qualifications, how he is honour'd in the Commonwealth, and ſo accordingly make uſe of ſeaſonable and fit applications, deviſing of ſuch titles, words, and expreſſions, as are anſwerably requiſite in reſpect of his preheminence of place, or ſupremacy of authority either in Civil or Eccleſiaſtical matters. More particular Directions, for Superſcriptions and Subſcriptions, follow in their order.

Stiles and terms uſed to the King or Queens Majeſty, either in our Speech, or in Superſcriptions of Petitions directed to them.

If you preſent any thing.

SIr, May it pleaſe your Majeſty.

If you write in form of a Petition to the King.

Sir, may it pleaſe your Majeſty, to underſtand, or to grant.

To the Queen.

Madam, May it pleaſe your Majeſty.

On the ſuperſcription of ſome buſineſs, directed both to the King *and* Queen.

To the moſt excellent, and moſt high, *Cæſar Auguſtus.*

To the moſt excellent, moſt mighty Lady, the Queen.

A ſtile uſed by men of quality, when they ſpeak to the King.

Sir, May it pleaſe your Majeſty.

To the Queen.

Madam, May it pleaſe your Majeſty.

Stiles used to the Nobility in our Superscriptions are divers; but the most general are these.

If to a Nobleman eminent in place.

To the Right Honourable.

Or otherwise.

To the honourable.

To persons of more inferiour degrees.

To the Right worshipful.

Otherwise.

To the Worshipful.

Superscriptions with Subscriptions adjoyned to them, as they are most properly applyed.

TO the most sacred, most gratious, most high, most mighty, most puissant, and victorious Monarch, His Majesty of great Brittain, *&c.*

Your Majesties most faithful and obedient Subject.

To the most illustrious Prince.

To the most renowned Duke.

To the Right Honourable Earl.

To the Right Worshipful Knight.

To the Worshipful Esquire.

To the most just and upright Judge.

To the most circumspect and prudent States-man.

To the most grave, most sincere, most religious, and most learned Clergy-man.

To Professors of Sciences: (if Rhetoricians) To the most eloquent, most learned.

To the approved Physitian.

To Logitians, the term of most subtile or cunning.

To Poets, the stile of the sacred adorers of the Muses.

To Lawyers, the Superscriptions of skilful, wise, singular and learned.

To

To the Right Honourable.
Your Honours most humbly devoted.
To his Honourable Lord.
Your Honours in all duty and service.
To the Honourable, and his highly respected Ladie.
Your Honours to command: Or,
Your Honours devoted.
To the Worthy and Noble. *Ever yours, to serve you.*
To the Right Honourable, and his highly esteemed Patron, *Your Honours observant.*
To those of consanguinity, thus:
To his most loving, well beloved, right good Father
Your obedient Son.
To his most dear, most loving Mother.
Your dutifull Son.
To his beloved, and most affectionate Sister.
Your loving Brother.
To his dearly beloved Wife,
Your most loving husband.
To his loving Uncle. *Your observant kinsman.*
To the Honourable Colonel.
Yours sworn to worthiness.
To the only life of his desires.
Your afflicted Friend.
To the fulness of his contentment.
Your living, and dying Friend.
To the only hope of his Fortunes.
The honourer of your matchless perfections.
To the noble, and truly vertuous Gentlewoman.
Yours in death it self.
To his best choice. *Yours in the midst of fear.*
To his vertuous, and dearly beloved.
Yours ever resolved.
To the Mistris of his thoughts. *Yours dying in constancy.*
To his beloved Friends. *Yours assured.*
To the lovingst of all my Friends. *Yours inseparably.*

To

To his highly esteemed friend.
Yours as I have professed.
To his tried, and trustie friend. *Not living without you.*
To his honourable friend. *Yours in true friendship.*
To her newly displeased friend.
Yours if you wrong her not.
To her best resolved friend. *Yours whersoever.*
To his well-advised friend. *Yours, and vertues.*
To his loving, and long expected friend.
Yours with good wishes.
To his respected friend. *Yours well assured.*
To his approved friend. *Yours in true liberty.*
To her much disquieted friend.
Yours in honourable love.
To his loving Neece. *Your affectionate kinsman.*
To his deerest brother. *Yours in all occasions.*
To his well experienced, and much esteemed noble friend. *Yours, as you can desire.*
To his well disposed friend. *Yours to trust only.*
To her deerest husband. *Your ever loving wife.*
To his much disordered friend.
Yours in reformation.
To his unkind friend. *Yours, if you will have it so.*
To his ill-advised Son. *Your displeased Father.*
To his miserable rich friend.
Yours, if you can be your own.
To the worthy Ladie. *Yours, as a lover of honour.*
To her unkind husband. *Your true wife, till death.*
To his perjur'd, and lascivious wife.
Your husband, if you do not divide him.
To her jealous husband. *Yours in her very thoughts.*
To his suddenly displeased friend.
Yours, when you conceive aright of me.
To his well esteemed friend.
Yours, whilest mine own.
To her unkind friend. *Yours, and yet displeased.*

To his honourable and good Friend.
Yours if you think me worthy.
To his well esteemed Friend.
Yours, most dutiful, if you will accept of humiliation.
To his true helping friend. *Yours recovered.*
To his worthy friend, Adventurer in the Straits.
Yours undevided, though far off.
To his noble and constant friend.
Yours, though amongst Infidels.
To his respected and worthy friend.
Yours, as you have made me.
To his careful friend. *Yours, mindful of you.*
To the worthy Doctor. *Your sick patient.*
To his honourable, valiant, hardy, merciful, worthy Captain. *Yours, though we nevtr meet again.*
To his approved friend.
Yours in all places, and at all times.
To his special friend. *My own, if in your memory.*
To the most perfect of Women.
Yours in the midst of temptation.
To his honourable enemy. *Yours ready for all danger.*
To his well deserving friend. *Yours unfainedly.*
To his over-suspicious friend. *Yours to trust only.*
To his wilful and seduced friend.
Your poor abused Friend.

For the Readers greater pleasure and variety, these Subscriptions are here only placed by themselves.

YOur careful Father. Your dutiful Son.
Your loving Master. Your obedient Servant.
usque ad aras. Affectionately devoted to your service.
The unfortunate. As you shall determine of me.
Your wel-wishing friend. Thy discontented friend.
In all humble duty. Thy most constant friend.
Ever thine. Your Worships poor Tenant to command,
In all obedience. Yours, not safe till I enjoy you.
Faithfully

Faithfully yours. Yours, in boundleſs affection.
Thy true friend. Your Servant in all humility.
Never leſs his own. Your loving Land-Lord.
Thy ſometimes friend. Yours irremoveably.
Your Honours moſt obliged. Yours as I finde cauſe.
Yours, as far as modeſty will ſuffer me. Your true love
Yours, if you pleaſe to accept of me. Thine to the end.
Yours prepared to ſuffer. Yours, more then my own.
Your beſt counſellour. Remaining your faithfull end.
Your injured Miſtris. Yours in reſpective duty.
Your affectionate poor friend. Once thy friend.
Your entire vaſſal. Your plain and true friend.
Remaining your friend. Yours in reſpective duty.
Yours as a lover of vertue. Yours fearfully loving.
Yours, well-affected. Your friend to his ability.
Your Worſhips to be commanded. Your loyal Wife.
Animæ dimidium tuæ. Your impriſoned friend.
Yours in unutterable affection. Thine, or not my ſelf.
No longer your friend. Your diſtreſſed Debtor.
Yours, ſo I may be mine own. One, alwaies yours.
Your ſorrowfull friend. Yours, what you will.
Your forſaken friend. Yours, ever to his power.
Your vowed Servant. Thine own from all the world.
Your enemy till death. Your faithfull & ready friend.
Yours moſt paſſionately, loyally and perpetually devoted.
Yours wholly, and only, if you will.
Yours, as you ſhall deſerve by your ſervice.
Your friend, whether you will or no.
Yours, in all good ſort to be entertained.
Deſirous of your reformed imagination.
Yours, more ſorry for your ill condition, then for the wrong you have done me.
Your moſt humble and paſſionate Servant.
Yours in the infringible bonds of affection.
The ſervant of your worthy vertues.

Yours.

Yours moſt reſpectfully engaged..
Your ever friend and ſervant.
Your Lordſhips unfeigned, honoured, and loyall ſervant,
Your friend *dum Aurâ athereâ Veſcor.*

A Character of Complements.

COmplements are a ſhort collation of Sweetmeats, to banquet and pleaſe the daintieſt taſte; they are the Quinteſſence of wit, the refiners of ſpeech: and fit the minde better then the apparel doth the body: for the clothes may be too ſtrait, or point device; but Complements are the minds free exerciſe. They have ſome droſs in them, as well as Silver. They are a kind of Bell metal; they have in them both the preciſian and the paraſite; the moral of which is, That Wit and Women are frail things, gilded hypocrites, ſpecious out-ſides; to which Complements, like feathers to ſmal birds, make a proportion, though the body it ſelf be but little. They are multiplying-glaſſes, and flattering Mirors, that conceal age and wrinkles. *Fayes* finely dreſt up for a Preſence. A Complementive Submiſſion, is the Flatterers and Politicians Key to open the moſt ſecret Cabinets of Princes breſts with. For there is a Congee of the loweſt humility, that reaches to the higheſt flight of Ambition. Thus Complements may bring the Court with them; the Court, Behaviour; that Behaviour will make an iſſue in Love; that Love will conquer Maiden-heads. The preface to a Complement, is the motion of the body; the grace of it, the diſpoſing of the countenance; the zeal or oath of it, the hand upon the book of the breſt. Complements are the language of gallants (the melt-

ings

ings of their language) the musical ravishings of their perswasive tongues, the odors of their perfumed breaths; loving sighs, and the business of their afternoons. To conclude, their power is such, that they gain admittance into a Ladies private retiring room; or else by their force break open their locks and doors at midnight, to give us access to the mistrisses of our hearts.

The Postscript.

WOrthy Reader, I hope it will fare with thee now, as with a guest, whose eye being first allured with a magnificent Banquet; His appetite is the better pleased, when he hath relished some of those dainties: So having but at the first delighted the eye of thy fancy with the Architecture of the frontispiece of this Book; and since with a more discreet perusal you have now taken a view of every room; I know thou canst not but be wonderfully pleased with the whole building and fabrick of this Academy: Love and eloquence led thee with pleasure into it, may thy content and favorable censure let thee forth again.

Thine, Philomusus.

A Table for the understanding of the hard *English* words contained in this Book.

A

ACute witty.
Amiable lovely.
Apt fit.
Austere sharp.
Aspire to look high.
Abstemious temperate.
Amplifie to enlarge.
Advertise to advise.
Augment to encrease.
Aspect to look upon.
Absurd foolish.
Applaud to like.
Altitude height.

Acknowledgment confession
Attractive drawing to
Aspiration breathing
Abhor to hate
Audacious bold
Alacrity cheerfulnesse
Apparent open
Abjure to forsweare
Active nimble
Anguish grief
Appertinent belonging to
Auspicious betokening successe.
Abruptly disorderly
Ambiguity doubtfulnesse
Arrogant proud
Accommodate to make fit
Aggravate to make more grievous
Adverse contrary.
Apprehension understanding
Affable courteous
Artificially workman-like
Affectation curiosity
Academy university
Amity friendship
Abbreviate to shorten
Ardent hot
Adorn to beautifie
Antipathy contrariety
Adore to worship
Affectionate loving
Acurate curious
Act to do or perform
Accident chance
Assent to agree to
Accomplish to finish
Amaze to strike with wonder.
Admire to wonder at
Absolutely fully
Adventure to hazard

B

Beneficiall profitable
Blisse happinesse
Bashful blushing
Brevity shortnes
Benevolence good will
Bruit report
Barbarian a rude person
Beatitude blessednesse
Besiege to set upon or court

C

Complexion constitution of body
Convince to confute
Credulity rashnesse of belief
Celestiall heavenly
Civill honest behaviour
Comprehend to contain
Circumspect heedy
Celebrate to keep solemnly
Compassion pity
Consequent following by order.
Correspondent answerable
Contrite sorrowfull
Capacity largenesse of place
Circumstance quality of time and place
Condescend to agree to
Cogitation thought
Catastrophe the end
Credible to be believed
Contribution bestowing
Confirm to establish
Casualty chance
Compose to joyn
Clemency gentlenesse
Convenient fit
Consecrate to make holy
Center the point of a circle
Competent convenient
Circumvent to deceive
Compendious short
Certifie to give to understand
Confer to talk together
Corrivals partners in affection

Con-

Contract to covenant
Circumscribe to compass about
Commencement the beginning
Contemptible to be despised
Commemoration remembering
Circumlocution many words
Converse to be familiar
Continent chast
Charms spels or witchcraft
Conduct guiding, governing
Curiosity neatnes

D

DIrect, to rule or guide
Distracted mad
Divert to turn from another
Divulge to publish
Delineate to draw a proportion
Desist leave off
Dissimilitude unlikeness
Disperse to scatter abroad
Deity Godhead
Disloyal untrusty
Distinguish to put a difference
Decipher to describe or lay open
Distant place between
Dispose to appoint
Deformed ill shapen
Disturb to disquiet
Dialect a maner of speech
Define to shew what a thing is
Dissolve to unloose
Dissuade to perswade to the contrary
Discuss to search narrowly
Digress to leave a matter
Decent comely
—Disanul to make void
Dilate to enlarge
Destitute forsaken
Defame to slander
Destinated appointed
Disputable questionable
Determine to conclude
Dedicate to give for ever
Dismis to send away
Difficult hard
Defraud to deceive
Desertion leaving
Display to spred abroad
Dexterity aptnes
Dejected cast down
Demeanor behavior
Diffuse to pour out
Disability unablenes
Deprive to take away
Disjunction dividing
Deride to mock
Dismal unlucky
Diffident doubtful
Delude to deceive
Dissent to disagree
Depend hang upon
Deliberate to take counsel
Dehort to perswade to the contrary
Degenerate to fall off from goodnes
Defects weaknes of capacity
Dissipate scatter abroad

E

EXpression laying open of any thing
Expert skilful
Extract to draw out
Exact perfect
Erroneous full of errors
Effect a thing done
Emblem a shadow of a thing

Evident plain
Expect to wait or look for
Exempt free
Extinguish to put out
Efficacy force.
Enflame to set on fire.
Expedient fit.
Expire to die
Extenuate to lessen.
Essence the being of a thing.
Eccho a sound.
Experiment triall.
Extend to spread forth.
Elaborate curious
Exhibite to bestow.
Expostulate to chide with.
Evasion an escape.
Eclipse darkenesse of the Sun.
Extempore without study.
Exanimate to trouble the minde.
Education bringing up.
Epithite a title given to any thing.
Expence cost.
Exasperate to anger.
Evitable to be shunned.
Excessive too much.
Effeminate too womanish.
Exorable to be intreated.
Elegancy finenesse of speech.
Expedition speed.
Exigent necessity
Election choice.
Explicite unfolded.
Elocution good expression.
Exile banished.
Explicate to declare.
Estimate price or rate.
Enjoy keep or possesse.
Engaged indebted.
Event end, successe.
Extraordinary more then common.

F

FRivolous trifling.
Fortunate happy.
Fiction a tale.
Fatall mortal
Fortitude valour
Fervent hot
Fulgent glistring
Figurative shadowed
Faculty power or ability
Finite having an end
Fruition enjoying
Fabulous feigned
Fraudulent deceitfull
Fragrant smelling sweet
Falacy deceit
Fidelity trustinesse
Fantasie imagination
Felicity happinesse
Feature shape
Foundation ground-work
Falsifie to break ones word.

G

GRatifie to pleasure
Genuine naturall
Gratulate to be glad.
Generosity nobility
Glorifie to give honour.

H

HAbitude disposition
Heroicall beseeming a nobleman
Harmony agreement
Hereditary by succession
Habit apparell.

I

IMproper unfit.
Incident happening
Introduction entrance.
Issue event
Immature unripe
Improvident careless
Irefull angry
Judicious understanding
Indulgence sufferance

Impru-

Impr udent ignorant
Illustrate to make plain.
Inamoured in love.
Immurable unchangeable:
Ineffable unspeakable.
Include shut in.
Ignoble of base birth.
Interpret to expound.
Insolent proud.
Incur to run into.
Invective speaking against.
Indignation anger:
Immaculate unspotted.
Incommodious hurtful.
Instinct an inward motion.
Intricate doubtfull
Improbable not to be proved.
Interrupt to let.
Induce to move to.
Impediment hinderance.
Incommunicable not to be imparted.
Intolerable insufferable.
Intercept to prevent
Impenterable not to be pierced
Insist to stay upon
Indecent not comely
Interdict to forbid
Imperious deliring rule
Infallible not deceiveable
Institute to appoint
Intimate to signifie
Intermission breaking off
Implore desire with tears.
Impertinent not pertaining
Implacable not to be pleased
Insult to triumph
Incompatible insufferable
Inftable inconstant
Individual not to be parted
Inspire to breathe into
Inculpable without fault
Incomprehensible not to be conceived
Insensible not to be perceived
Incredulous hardly to be believed
Inseperable not to be divided
Intentive earnestly bent
Integrity pureneſſe
Insensity without feeling
Indisposition backwardneſſe

L

Ingenift skilfull in tongues
Lenity gentleneſſe
Labyrinth full of windings
Loyal obedient, trusty
Languishing pining
Literature learning
Laudable worthy of praiſe
Lascivious wanton
Luſtre brightneſſe

M

Mollifie to make ſoft
Maxime a principle
Mutable changeable
Manifeſt open
Metamorphoſis changing of ſhape
Magnificent ſumptuous
Mitigate aſſwage
Mental belonging to the mind
Malecontent diſcontent
Mature ripe
Mirror ripe
Metaphor ſimilitude
Muſes goddeſſes of learning
Menace to threaten
Morality civill behaviour
Multiplicity variety
Magitians ſorcerers, witches
Melancholy grief, ſadneſſe
Merits deſerts.

N

Nuptiall, belonging to marriage
Notion inward knowledge

Nuncupatory declaring
Native where one is born

O

Oprosite contrary
Odious hatefull
Originall first beginning
Obscure dark
Object a thing set against
Oratory eloquent speech
Obsequious serviceable
Officious dutifull
Obdurate hardned
Omit to let passe
Opprobrious reproachfull
Obliged bound to
Occurrences occasions
Ominous signifies good or ill luck
Operation effect
Observant dutifull
Odoriferous smelling sweetly
Ornament adorning
Ordained appointed

P

Propitious favourable
Ponderous weighty
Period end of a sentence
Prolix tedious
Persist to continue
Parragon patern or example
Prostrate to fall on the ground
Perplexity trouble
Placable easie to please
Progress going forward
Position a question disputed
Paradox a strange speech
Project a plot
Prefixed set before
Patronize to defend
Promiscuous confused
Perfidious traiterous
Polish to make faire
Prohibit to forbid
Pretermit to passe over
Permanent continuing
Precipitate to cast down
Prosecute follow after
Prejudice hinder
Permission sufferance
Prograstinate to delay
Perspicuous clear
Prescription limitation
Participate to partake
Personate to counterfeit a person
Probable proved, true
Perpetuity continuance
Phantasie imagination
Peculiar proper
Pathetical full of passions
Perfections gifts of nature
Perfumes sweet smells
Passionate truly loving
Perpetual everlasting.

R

Rigorous cruel
Repulse to drive back
Rustical unmannerly
Reject to cast away
Reduce to bring back
Revolve to determine in the minde
Resemblance likeness
Ratifie to confirm
Resigne to give to another
Repeal to call back again
Repute to esteem
Resplendent shining bright
Ridiculous to be laught at
Reserve to keep
Real substantial
Reiterate to repeat again

Re-

Respite to defer
Remit to forgive
Refractory obstinate
Re-assume to take again
Remunerate reward
Reliques the remainder
Reference pointing at
Regal princely
Recribution a reward
Refulgent shining
Reflection casting back
Reputation credit, good name
Reflect to look, cast an eye
Remain to continue constant
Reproveable to be blamed
Rarities things hard to be found.

S

Supreme highest
Splendent glittring
Succeed to follow
Structure building
Serenity calmnesse
Sympathy fellow-feeling
Supposition thinking
Sollicite to move
Succinct short
Suspence a doubt
Sable black or mournful
Submisse lowly
Superiority above another
Select chosen out
Subsequent following
Spacious large
Sustain to suffer
Seduce to deceive
Sublimity height
Survive to outlive
Soveraign highest authority
Scruple a doubt
Superfluous needlesse
Symmetry due proportion of parts
Sensual brutish
Stupifie to astonish
Simplicity plainnesse
Subsist to abide
Society fellowship
Servile slavish
Suspicious doubtful
Suitable agreeable.

T

Tresses locks of haire
Transcendent climming over
Timorous fearfull
Triumphant rejoycing in victory
Tedious troublesome
Transform to change
Terrene earthly
Tranquility quietnesse
Tolerable may be suffered
Tragicall sorrowfull
Temporize to serve the times
Transparent may be seen
Tenent opinion

V

Universal generall
Unanimity of one mind
Vitall lively
Variable changeable
Value esteem
Vulgar common
Vnde value discommend
Vigorous strong and lusty

VV

VVreath Garland or Crown.

A short Table of delightful Fictions of the Heathen Poets, with other useful Collections out of ancient and modern Histories.

Of the gods.

Apollo the god of Learning, and of the Muses. *Dissolving.*

Æolus, the blustring god of the windes. *Various.*

Bacchus, the god of wine, and good fellows. *To bowl.*

Cupid, the god of Love, the son of *Venus*, whom the Poets describe blinde, with a bow in his hand, and two arrows of different effects; the one tipt with gold, to cause Love; the other with lead, to force Disdain.

Demogorgon and *Tellus*, gods of the earth.

Faunes, gods of the Woods and Forrests,

Glaucus, a fisher-man turned into a Sea-god.

Harpocrates, the god of silence.

Hercules, for his twelve Labours adored as a god. *Brightness of the aire.*

Janus, an Italian King, for his extraordinary knowledg of times and seasons, was pictured with two faces, and deified.

Hymen, the god of marriage. *From a Membrane.*

Jupiter, the Planet whom the Poets faigned to be the god of heaven. *A helping Father.*

Mars, the god of War. *From men.*

Momus, the Critical god.

Morpheus, the sleepy god. *From counterfeiting the visages and gestures of men.*

Mercury, the god of eloquence. A messenger to the gods. *The care of Merchandize.*

Neptune, the Sea-god. *From covering.*

Nereus.

Nereus, a god of the Sea, called *Grandævus*, from ſwiming.

Pan the god of ſhepherds, and the carer for their flocks. *Penates*, the houſhold gods.

Sapho, one that taught birds to cry, *The great god Sapho*; for which he was deified.

Priapus, the god of gardens. *Laſcivious.*

Saturn and *Pluto*, gods of hell. *Tilling, Riches.*

Serapis, the Egyptian god, worſhipped in the form of an Ox.

Sylvanus, the god of the woods.

Vertumnus, the ſpring, deified.

Vulcan, the lame Blackſmith, husband to *Venus*, The god of fire.

The Goddeſſes.

Ægeria, the goddeſs from whom *Numa Pompilius* is reported to have received his laws.

Aſtrea and *Themis*, the goddeſſes of juſtice. *Amongſt the gods lawful.*

Belona, the goddeſs of war.

Cibele, called *Rhea Bericinthia*, the mother of the gods.

Diana, the goddeſs of chaſtity. *Jupiters daughter.*

Egeria, the pregnant goddeſs of the womb. *From bearing.*

Flora and *Cloris*, goddeſſes of flowers.

Feronia, the goddeſs of the woods.

Thebe and *Juventa*, the goddeſſes of youth.

Juno, the goddeſs of riches, *Jupiters* jealous wife: *From helping.*

Laverna, the goddeſs of theeves. *From making clean.*

Lucina, the goddeſs of birth.

Mnemoſyne, the mother of the goddeſſes called the Muſes. *Memory.*

Murcia, the goddeſs of idleneſs. *Sluggiſhneſs.*

Minerva or *Pallas*, the goddeſs of the arts and war. *Threatning.*

Nemesis, the goddess of revenge. *Distribute.*
Parca, the goddess of the destinies. *Sparing.*
Pomona, the goddess of fruits. *Apples.*
Proserpina and *Ops*, the goddesses of hell; sometimes the unconstant Moon is called *Proserpina.*
Pitho, the goddess of eloquence.
Venus, the delightful goddess of love and beauty.
Voluptia, the goddess of riots and pleasures.
Vesta, the goddess of chastity. *The earth, From clothing.*

The Graces.

Aglaia, Thalia, Euphrosyne; the daughters of *Jupiter* and *Venus:* they were painted holding hands in a ring, to signifie the truth of friendship, and pleasantness of conversation. *Cheerfulness, flourishing, joy.*

The Furies.

Alecto, Megæra, Tisyphone, three snaky-tressed sisters, that punished offenders. 1. *Not idle* 2. *Envy.* 3. *Revenge of murther.*

The Destinies three sisters.

Clotho puts the Wool on the Distaff; *Lachesis* draws the thred; *Atropos* cuts it off. 1. *To spin.* 2. *To alot.* 3. *Inexorable*; *not turned.*

The Judges of Hell.

Æacus, Minos, Rhadamanthus. To be a.

The Hesperides.

Aegle, Arethusa, Hesperethusa, the three sisters, who had an Orchard of golden Apples, kept by a Dragon, which *Hercules* slew, and took away the Apples. 1 *Splendor.* 2. *Vertue.*

The nine Muses.

Cleio, Melpomene, Thalia, Euterpe, Terpsicore, Erato, Caliope, Urania, Polymnia. 1 Glory. 2 Singing. 3 Flourishing. 4 Delighting. 5 Delighting in dancing. 6 Loving. 7 A good voyce. 8 Beauty. 9 President of praise.

Nymphs

Nymphs of the Woods.

DRyades and *Hamadryades.* From Okes.

Nymphs of the Meadows.

LImonides. Meadows.

The Nymphs of the Sea.

NEris, the goddeſs of the Sea, with her Nymphs. *Cimothea, Amothea, Dexamine, Croſis, Cymedocea, Zantho,* with many others, *Neris,* from ſwimming.

The ſeven Stars.

AMbroſia, *Eudor, Paſithoe, Coronis, Plexauris, Pitho,* and *Tithes.*

Naiades, Fairies of the waters. *From flowing.*

Nappea, Fairies of the woods. *From the groves.*

Of Beaſts.

THe *Beaver,* highly eſteemed for his skin.

Bucephalus, Alexanders great horſe. *An Oxe head.*

Bores of *Pannonia,* the cruelleſt of all others.

Chamæleon, a ſmall beaſt, lives by the ayr: it is ſo tranſparent, that it changeth it ſelf into any colour it ſets on. *A little Lion.*

The *Crocodile,* by the river *Nilus* in Ægypt; a beaſt of 30 foot in length. A woman for her faigned tears is compared to this beaſt. *Afraid of Saffron.*

Ermin, a ſmall beaſt, whoſe rich Fur is worn of Princes.

Hiena, a beaſt that hath the voice of a man, which in the night calls, and if come to, kils him. *From gaping.*

Libard, a ſpotted beaſt, the male of a Panther.

Lynx, a ſpotted beaſt like a Wolf, of ſo perfect a ſight, that it is ſaid to look throw a wall.

Panther, a cruel beaſt, of a ſweet ſmell, and of a fair ſpotted skin, with which ſhe allureth other beaſts to her; but leſt her head ſhould affright, ſhe hideth it, that ſhe may the more eaſily prey upon them. *Of all beaſts moſt fair.*

Pegaſus

Pegaſus, the horſe of the Muſes. *From a fountain.*

Rhinocere, a beaſt as big as an Elephant. *A horn in his noſe.*

Salamander, a ſhort venemous beaſt, which lives in the fire, and at length, through its extream cold, puts it out.

The *Tyger*, a ſwift beaſt: thoſe of Hyrcania are the moſt cruel.

Of Birds.

Alcyon, by ſome called the Kings-fiſher; a bird that builds her neſt in the ſea, when it is a ſign of fair weather. *Hatching her eggs in the Sea.*

Griffin, a four-footed cruel bird.

Harpies, monſtrous devouring birds: *Virgil* ſings of four of them, *Aello*, *Ocypote*, *Cilene*, *Thiella*. Stealing.

Ibis, a ſtrong bird that devoureth Serpents.

Oſtrich, a huge bird that ſwalloweth and digeſteth iron: her feathers are our beſt plumes.

Pelican, a melancholly bird that wanting food, feeds her young with her own blood.

Phœnix, a rare bird of *Arabia*, which buildeth her neſt in a Cynamon-tree, with the twigs of Frankincenſe, and other Spices: She lives ſix hundred yeers: with the laboring of her wings in the Sun, ſhe ſetteth her neſt on fire, and there conſumeth in it; out of whoſe aſhes there grows a worm, and out of that worm another Phœnix.

Philomela, the raviſhed raviſhing Nightingal, that ſings her ſad ſtory ſo prettily. *Lover of melody.*

Stork, a famous bird, for mutual love to its parents; this bird builds in countries where there are no kings

Turtle-Dove, a bird famous for conſtancy: if the male or female dye, the other ever liveth ſingle.

Of Fiſhes.

Cantharis, an admirable chaſte fiſh.

Cephalus, a fearful fiſh, which by hiding of his head,

head thinks he is safe. *From a head.*

Dolphin, the swiftest of fishes, and loving'st to man.

Polype, a fish that hath many feet, often changing. The inconstant are resembled to this fish.

Remora, a smal fish that stays the ship. *From staying.*

Sargus, an adulterous fish, that ingenders with the Goat.

Scolopendra, a fish which taken with the hook, vomits out his bowels, looseneth the hook, and then swalloweth them again.

Sturgeon, a fish whose Scales are turned backwards: it swims against the stream.

Torpedo, a Crampfish, that benummeth the hands of those that touch it.

Of Stones.

A *Damant*, vulgarly called the Diamond, the hardest and most precious of al stones; which is softned by Goats blood, being warmed, and steeped in it.

Bezar stone, of great esteem in Physick. *Not yielding.*

Chrysolite, a stone that shineth brightest in the morning. *Shining like gold.*

Jasper, a transparent stone of divers colours: it shews fairest in silver.

The *Load stone*, is coloured like unto rusty iron: it hath a secret vertue, not onely to draw iron to it self, but also to make iron, on which it is rubbed, to draw iron too: it loseth this vertue, if the Diamond be joyned with it, or if it be rubbed with Garlick,

Obelisk, it is a great stone, large beneath, and rising still higher, smaller & smaller to the top, *Pyramidis*-like

Saphire, a stone of clear sky-colour, by nature cold.

Topaz, a precious stone, which put into boyling water, it presently cooleth.

Of Trees.

THe Coral-tree groweth in the bottom of the sea: there are two sorts, red & white: the red is the best either

either of them taken into the ayr, inſtantly wax hard.

Ebone, a black tree that bears neither leaves nor fruit.

Mandrake, a tree that beareth apples: the bark of it is cold in the fourth degree.

Myrtle, the tree of *Venus*. 'Tis low, and groweth in hot countries.

The *Pine-tree*: of theſe ſhips are made; for that this tree is not ſubject to worms, or rottenneſs, but is green all the year; the ſhadow of it ſuffers no plant to grow near it.

Sycamore, a ſhady tree that bears fruit 4 times a year. *From fruit like a Fig, and leaves like a Mulbery tree.*

Of Rivers and Wells.

Acheron, one of the Rivers of hell. *From flowing with troubleſome waters.*

Alpheus, the river where *Hercules* cleanſed *Augeus* his ſtable.

Athamus, a river in Theſſaly, whoſe water ſets wood on fire.

Cocytus, a river in hell. *Mourning.*

Hellicon and *Aganippe*, Wells conſecrated to the Muſes. *Made by a horſe.*

Sylla and *Charibdis*, two dangerous Sea gulphs, in reſpect of contrary winds.

Stix, a River of hell. *To make ſad.*

Tiber, a famous River of Rome.

Avernus, a Lake dedicated to *Pluto*, the ſuppoſed entrance into hell. *Killing birds.*

Phlegeton, a River of hell. *Burning.*

Danubius, a famous river of Europe; it riſes out of the hill *Arnoba* in Germany. It receives 60 rivers into it.

Ætna, a hil of Italy, whence riſeth horrible ſmokes, and great flames of fire, and ſometimes burning ſtones in great numbers are caſt out of it.

Alps, the high Mountains that divide Italy and France.

Of

Of Serpents.

Amphisbena, a two-headed Serpent.

Asp, a venemous Serpent, whose bite is deadly; famous for *Cleopatra* the Egyptian Queens death, who applied two of them to herbreſt, to die more inſenſibly

Baſilisk or *Cockatrice*, the king of Serpents; it breaketh ſtones, and blaſteth all plants with its breathing; and frighteth away all other Serpents with its hiſſing: if it be touched with a long pole, or ſpies one afar off, it kills; they breed in the hot ſands of Aſia. The onely ruine of this ſerpent is the Weaſel.

Hydra, the monſtruous Serpent of the lake of Lerna; that having one head chopt off by *Hercules*, immediatly two grew again. *From the water.* (young

Scorpion, a moſt venemous Serpent, that eats her own

Viper, a ſerpent that ingenders by putting his head into the females mouth, which ſhe bites off; her young eat their paſſage thorow her. *From bringing forth with the death of the female.*

Of Mermaids.

THe moſt famous were *Parthenope*, *Lygia*, & *Leuſia*: they are ſo called, becauſe their upper parts are like Maids, their lower like fiſhes. With their ſweet ſinging, they allure Marriners till they fall aſleep, and then they kill them. *Of Monſters.*

Cerberus, the dog of hell, that had three heads. *A devourer of fleſh.*

Chimera, which with the Monſter *Solinus*, was ſlain by *Bellerophon*. *A Goat.*

Gorgon, a fearful monſter with one eye.

Meduſa, a monſter whoſe golden hairs *Minerva* turned into Adders, and cauſed thoſe that beheld her to be turned into ſtones.

Minotaure, a half man, and a half bull. This monſter was ſlain by *Theſeus*.

Centaures, monſters ſuppoſed to be half men, half horſes.

Argus

Argus, the keeper of *Jo*, that had a hundred eyes; he was ſlain by *Meraon*.

Satyrs, monſters that had the bodies of men, but all hairy; their legs and feet were like Goats, they inhabited in woods: The Poets deſcribe them to be luſtful and ſavage. *Libidinous.*

Sphinx, a monſter, that ſlew all that could not diſſolve her riddle; the meaning thereof being unfolded by *Oedipus*, ſhe threw her ſelf from a high rock, and brake her neck.

Men famous or infamous.

Cyclopes, the ſons of *Vulcan*, that was faigned to make weapons for *Jupiter*. *From having but one eye in the middle of their forehead.*

Achilles, a moſt valiant captain amongſt the Greeks that ſlew *Hector* and *Troylus*, but was himſelf at laſt ſlain in the Temple, where he intended to marry *Polixena*, by her brother *Paris*, who ſhot him in the heel, where he was onely vulnerable. *From caſing of grief.*

Æneas, the ſon of *Anchiſes* and *Venus*, a moſt famous Trojan. *Praiſe.* *Curtius*, who for his countries good caſt himſelf into a gaping cave of the earth.

Cyrus, a Prince of ſo excellent a memory, that he could call his ſouldiers particularly by their names.

Hector, one of the nine worthies, that ſo long preſerved roy, was ſlain by *Achilles*. *From preſerving the city*

Mutius Scævola, that ſaved his life by the patient toleration of the burning of his hand.

Perſius, that delivered *Andromeda* from the Seamonſter, and after married her.

Cæſar, the Roman Emperor that vanquiſht *Pompey*, whoſe Motto was, *Veni, vidi, vici.* He was ſlain in the Senate houſe by *Brutus* and *Caſſius*.

Scipio, that brave Commander, who ſubdued *Hannibal*, with many other Kingdoms.

Pompey, that choſe rather to die, then to crave of *Lucullus*. *Zorzello*,

Zorzelo, saying that the gods had made him to give, not to crave.

Themistocles and *Aristides*, that were both angry with themselves, that in 20 years no man ever envi'd them

Theseus, that Worthy, which slew the *Minotaure*.

Scylla, that famous Captain, that was past intreaty for trifles, but easie in weighty matters.

Hephestion, a Captain that *Alexander* dearly loved.

Fabius and *Marcellus*, the one was held to be the sword, the other the buckler of *Rome*.

Paris, that stole *Helena*, a carpet-Captain.

Zopyrus, that by cutting and mangling himself, saved Babylon from the fury of King *Darius*.

Augustus, a wise & merciful Roman Emperor. *Happy*.

Titus, the Roman Emperor, who having over-slipt one day in not gratifying some one or other, would bewail himself, saying he had lost that day.

Tiberius, the Roman Emperor, that wore a Laurel, to protect him from thunder and lightning.

Vespasian, the mild and temperate Roman Emperour. A miracle of courtesie.

Octavian, a Roman Emperor, who when he was angry, would read over the Greek Alphabet before he would put any thing in execution.

Xerxes, a puissant Prince, that lost the greatest Army by a handful of men, that ever was raised.

Atlas, King of Mauritania, who for his skill in Astrologie, was faigned to hold up heaven.

Giges, that had a ring to go invisible with.

Jason, who in his youth bore away the golden Fleece

Philip, King of Macedon, that had a skull ever on his Table, and a boy every morning to put him in minde that he was but a man.

Priamus, King of *Troy*, that lost both his Kingdom and life. *Sardanapalus*, a light Prince, that habited himself in womens apparrel, and carded and spun amongst them. *A buffoon.* *Zoroastes*,

Zoroastes, the Bactrian, a famous Magitian, the first inventer of that Art.

Ajax, the famous Grecian Captain, that slew himself, because *Ulysses* got *Achilles* armour from him.

Busiris, a cruel tyrant, that sacrificed strangers to *Jupiter*. (nature.

Dionisius, a tyrant, that was called the Monster of

Lycaon, whom *Jupiter* for his cruelty to strangers turned into a Woolf.

Nero, a cruel tyrant that thought none chast: he ript up his mother, to see where he lay, & spurned his own wife *Poppea*, big with childe, into another world.

Phaleris, a bloody tyrant, that caused a Bull to be made to torment men in.

Polycrates, that for grief that he was never unfortunate, hanged himself. *Very strong.*

Thersites, a most deformed person, of Cynical and most dogged conditions.

Nestor, that lived 300 yeers; a most wise man,

Amphion, one that by his natural eloquence caused rude people to lead a civil life.

Roscius the Orator, famous for his gesture.

Tully the Orator, famous for his eloquence.

Demosthenes, an incomparable Greek Orator. *The strength of the people.*

Sinon, a perfidious fellow, that betrayed Troy.

Gnatho, a notorious flatterer.

Sophocles, a learned Athenian Tragical Poet.

Ixion, whom the Poets faign continually to turn a wheel in hell.

Sisiphus, the Emblem of vain labor, whom the Poets feign continally to roll a stone to the top of a hill, which being almost up, doth tumble down again.

Tantalus, an emblem of a worldly miser, feigned to thirst in hell, yet stands up to the chin in a river; & to die for hunger, yet hath apples bobbing at his mouth.

Architas,

Architas, who through his great skill, made an Iron Dove to flye in the ayr.

Flamo, who first invented the Seamans Dyal.

Endimion, that found out the course of the Moon, and therefore is feigned to be the man in the Moon.

Oedipus, that dissolved the riddle of *Sphinx*. *Swelling feet.*

Staphylus, who first mingled wine with water.

Titius, the first inventer of Rhetorick.

Ulysses, the first inventer of shooting at birds: a famous eloquent Grecian.

Milo, famous for his gluttony, that bred a Calf up to a Bull, and then eat it himself.

Orpheus, the excellent Harper, that with his musick drew after him wilde beasts, woods and mountains; & which is more, by it thought to have got his wife home.

Apelles, that famous Painter, who left the picture of *Venus* unperfect, which none durst undertake to finish after his death.

Xeuxis, that so cunningly painted a boy carrying grapes, that birds came and pickt at them, as if they had been very grapes; which *Xeuxis* beholding, in anger said, if he had made the boy as lively as the grapes, the birds durst not have come so near them.

Anaxagoras, the Philos. that was never seen to laugh.

Copernicus, a Philosopher, that affirmed, that the Earth turns round, and the Heavens stand still.

Crates, the Philosopher, that to better his study, threw his wealth into the sea.

Democritus, the laughing Athenian Philosopher, that gave away his wealth.

Damon and *Pythias*, the Philosophers, that offered to suffer death one for another.

Diogenes, the Cynical severe Philosopher.

Gymnosophists, Philosophers that lived naked and solitary in the Indian woods.

Heraclitus

Heraclitus, the Philoſopher, that never had tutor: he alwaies wept.

Menippus the Philoſopher, that having loſt his goods hanged himſelf.

Pythagoras a Philoſopher, that held tranſmigrations.

Plato and *Seneca*, the two divine Philoſophers; the laſt took his name from chuſing his own death.

Socrates, the moſt wiſe Philoſopher, that had the ſcold *Xantippe* to his wife.

Stoicks, a ſect of Philoſophers, that held that wiſe men were free from all paſſions. *From the Gallery where they uſed to diſpute.*

Paracelſus, a Chymical Phyſitian, that did admirable but violent cures.

Galen and *Hippocrates*, two moſt famous Phyſitians.

Homer, the chief of Greek Poets, that was blinde.

Ariſtophanes, the Greek Poet, whoſe heart, when he was ript up, was found to be hairy.

Lucan, a Spaniard, a moſt famous Poet.

Juvenal, a Satyrical Poet. *Pindarus*, a Lyrical Poet.

Tyreſias, the Poet, who by killing two ſnakes, knew both ſexes.

Zoilus, the father of all envious Poets: he railed againſt *Homer*.

Cacus, a famous thief, ſlain by *Hercules*.

Prometheus, who for ſtealing fire from heaven, to put life into men, was tyed by *Jupiter* to *Caucaſus*, where the Poets faign a Vulture gnawes his heart continually. *Foreſeen.*

Icarus, for whom his father *Dædalus* made waxen wings, to flye with, was drowned in a part of the Sea neer Creet, ſo called by his name.

Phaeton, the ſon of *Apollo*, whom he permitted to ride in his chariot: he ſet the world on fire. *From light.*

Antemon, the abſolute coward, that would never go out of doors without a brazen Target before him.

Cataline,

Cataline, the famous Roman Conſpirator.

Charon, the Ferry-man of Hell.

Bellerophon, that brought Letters to cut his throat.

Ariſtarchus one that wrote 200 Books.

Oreſtes, that for ſlaying his mother, was haunted with the Furies to death.

Ovid, *Virgil*, *Horace*, three moſt excellent Roman Poets.

Marcus Craſſus, a private Roman, that died worth eight hundred two and fifty thouſand pounds.

Cato uticenſis, who becauſe he would not ſee the calamity the Common-wealth was like to fall into, ſlew himſelf.

Philoxenus, a Paraſite, that wiſhed that his neck were as long as a Cranes, that he might feel the more pleaſure in ſweet meats and drinks.

Joſeph Scaliger, skilled in thirty languages.

Linceus, that could ſee ſhips 130 miles off, and number them.

Acteon the hunter, that for ſeeing *Diana* bathing her ſelf, was turned into a Hart, and torn to pieces by his own dogs.

Valerius, that loved his maſter ſo well, that he ſuffered himſelf to be ſlain in his bed for him.

Antipodes, a people that live under us, whoſe feet are againſt ours. *Cannibals*, thoſe that eat mans fleſh.

Cimmerians, a people which for half a year together ſee not the Sun.

Lacedemonians, a people that firſt found out the uſe of the ſword, ſpear, and helmet,

Scythians, people that firſt invented bows and arrows.

Thracians, that firſt found out the pleaſures of hauking and hunting.

Mermidons, a moſt warlike induſtrious nation, that accompanied *Achilles* in the Trojan wars.

Pygmies, a little Indian people, of a cubit in length, that war with the Cranes.

Adonis, the darling of *Venus*, ſlain by a Bore, turned into a flower. *Atis*, a ſweet boy, beloved of *Cybele*.

Ganimed, a Trojan boy, whom *Jupiter* loved, and carried into heaven with him, & made him his cup-bearer

Narciſſus, a fair boy, who being in love with himſelf, was turned into a flower.

Spurina, a boy, that every one for his beauty made love to; which was ſo troubleſome and diſtaſtful to him, that he poyſoned himſelf.

Maids and women, famous or infamous.

Echo, a Virgin rejected of her love; ſhe pined into a voye, which ſhe reverberates upon every hollow.

Hero the fair, that drowned her ſelf for *Leander*, who endured the ſame fate, in attempting to ſwim to her.

Sappho, that drowned her ſelf for love of a fair boy.

Sylla, that ſtole her fathers purple hair from him, out of the love ſhe bore to *Minos*, who by that means overcame him; but he, loathing her treachery, forſook her; which cauſed her to drown her ſelf.

Thisbe, that ſlew her ſelf for the love ſhe bore to *Pyramus*: both ſhe and her ſweet-heart were turned into a Mulberry-tree.

Atalanta, the ſwift chaſte maiden Huntreſs, that *Hippomanes* ſo neatly won into his arms imbraces, by the ſlight of the three golden Apples.

Cleopatra, the famous Egyptian Queen, that put Aſps to her breſt, that ſhe might die for her *Anthony*.

Caſſandra, the daughter of *Priamus* king of Troy, to whom *Apollo*, upon the promiſe of her maidenhead, gave the gift of prophecy; but ſhe not keeping her word, he added to it this property, That ſhe ſhould never be believed, though ſhe predicted truth.

Iphis, a fair Virgin, who by the prayers of her mother, was transformed into a man.

Salmacis, a nymph that loved *Hermaphroditus* ſo dearly, that upon requeſt to the gods, ſhe grew into one body with him.

Nictimene,

Nictimene, that for lying with her own Father, was turned into an Owl. *From night.*

Philomela, raviſhed by *Tereus*, turned into a Nightingal.

Andromeda, the wife of *Perſeus*, whom *Minerva* turned into a Bear.

Weeping *Niobe*, who for preferring her ſelf before *Latona*, had fourteen of her beautiful children ſlain, and was afterwards her ſelf turned into a ſtone.

Lucretia, a chaſte Roman dame, that ſlew her ſelf becauſe proud *Tarquin* hadraviſhed her.

Penelope, the chaſte wife of *Ulyſſes*, that had ſo many woers in his abſence.

Helena, that was raviſhed at nine yeers of age by *Theſeus*; yet afterward cornuted *Menelaus*, and run away with *Paris*; for whoſe rape, the Trojans ſuſtained a war of ten yeers.

Meſſalina, the inſatiable wife of *Claudius* the Emp.

Leda, with whom *Jupiter* accompanied in the form of a Swan; ſhe laid him two eggs, the one called *Caſtor*, the other *Pollux*; two brothers, afterwards turned into Stars.

Rodopis, a noted Thracian whore.

Omphale, the Lydian Queen, whom *Hercules* ſerved at the diſtaff to obtain her love.

Tuccia, a veſtal Virgin, who being accuſed for Fornication, cleared her ſelf by carrying water in a ſieve.

Medea, a Sorcereſs, by whoſe means *Jaſon* got the golden Fleece. *Lamiæ*. Witches ſo called.

Thymele, a woman that firſt taught to dance.

Xantippe, the ſcolding wife of *Socrates* the moſt wiſe Philoſopher. *Cornelia*, a chaſt noble Roman Lady.

Amazons, warlike women in Scythia, that in their infancy cut off one of their breſts, that it might not hinder them in martial exploits. *Penthiſilea* was their Queen.

Virag

Virago, a ſtout woman of a moſt manly courage.

Semiramis, the wife of King *Ninus*, who after his death, her ſon being young, took upon her the government, and performed many admirable things above her Sex, but at laſt falling into all manner of beaſtly and ſenſual luſt, ſhe endeavored to lie with her ſon; for which unnatural attempt he ſlew her.

Euridice, the wife of *Orpheus*, who running from the raviſher *Ariſteus*, was ſtung in the heel by a Serpent, of which ſhe dyed.

Alceſte, that died to ſave her husbands life.

Pandora, to whom *Pallas* for her chaſtity gave the gift of Prophecy. *Æmelia*, who out of the love ſhe bore to her husband, fancied his Paramor.

Artemeſia, famous for the royal Sepulchre ſhe built for her husband.

Evadne, a vertuous woman, that at the ſolemnization of her husbands funeral, out of the love ſhe bore him, burnt her ſelf, to mingle her aſhes with his.

Valeria, a chaſte Matron, who being asked why ſhe married not another husband, anſwered, her firſt was ſtill alive with her.

Pompeia Paulina, the wife of *Seneca*, who when ſhe heard of her tyrant *Nero*'s ſentence of death on her husband, deſperately opened her own veins, determining not to ſurvive him, whom ſhe loved ſo dearly.

Paula Romana, after her busband death, was ſo far from being perſwaded to a ſecond, that ſhe was never known from that time to eat or drink in company of any man.

Antonia, a beautiful woman, who to avoyd the temptation of ſuitors, after the death of her husband, married her ſelf to the ſtrictneſs of one chamber, to which her younger ſiſter being a vowed virgin, had confined her ſelf: Thus in one bed the heat of her youth was extinct; and in the other, the ſolitude of her widowhood was waſted. *Finis.*